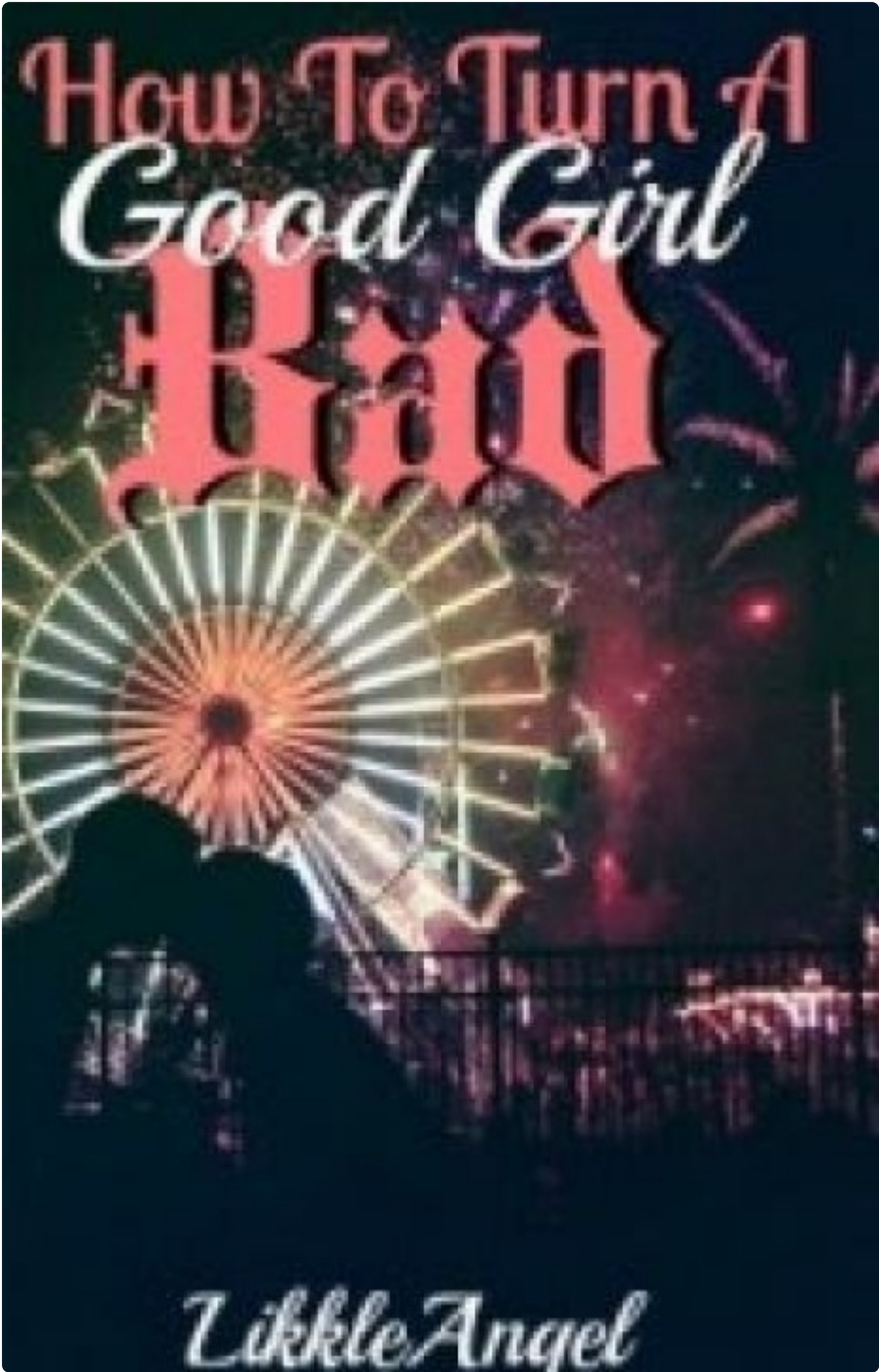


How To Turn A Good Girl Bad

[LikkleAngel](#) • 9 hrs 27 mins

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How To Turn A Good Girl Bad by LikkleAngel

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Summary: Hailey is a good girl. She gets good grades, she never argues, and even she knows that she's a pushover. Her Sister Rebecca is the popular head cheerleader and every schools 'queen bee' it's hard to tell they're even related. Moving from place to place has become their life. When they start another new school Hailey doesn't think this will be any different. Daniel is the Bad boy. He doesn't care what people think. He plays with heart strings as if they were the strings on a guitar and he never listens to anyone. When he meets Hailey no one would expect anything to happen. They're two opposites, they shouldn't even talk, but Haileys good girl days are reaching their end. She's tired of being told what to do and following everyones orders. When Daniel becomes a part in her life it might just be enough to turn a good girl bad... [(special thanks to books-r-better for making me this awesome cover)] xxx [(Dedicated to my beautiful likkle sister Megzi)] xxx

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Step One: You Starts With An A**

Okay I know I haven't uploaded keep moving on WHICH IF FULLY INTEND TO DO but I can't get to it. So I've uploaded something new for in the mean time...try reading it it can't be worse than nothing at all! :D

How A Good Girl Turns

Chapter 1: It Starts With An A**

I tapped my toe against the ground waiting impatiently for Rebecca to come outside. I glared at the ground knowing she was probably just making out with Kyle, her new boy toy of the week. Sighing I checked the time. It was already twelve minutes since school ended. And I will tell you now Rebecca wasn't in any after school activities that didn't involve pom-poms, short skirts, and LOTS of boy attention.

I bit my lip considering if it would be worth it just to leave. After a minute I decided against it as it would only make her pissed off for the rest of the week. The car park was almost completely empty now; the only cars left were the ones for the people who most likely had detention.

Great I was probably the only SANE person left at this school. I didn't get stuck with the bad kids. I always went out of my way to keep away from them. I was the good girl, never got in trouble type. Honestly I had never had so much as a tardy on my report. I'm the 'little miss perfect' of the school.

I pulled my sleek black phone out of my front pocket to check the time. It had been twenty minutes since school had ended, and she had asked me to wait for her today. Sighing I scrolled through my contacts, until I reached Rebecca's name. Pressing the call button I placed it to my ear. She better have a bloody good excuse for leaving me like this.

"What?" Her velvety voice snapped through the receiver with annoyance. Great! SHE was annoyed? I bit deeply into my lip to stop myself yelling. I didn't yell. I was the calm cool and collected one. Pinching the bridge of my nose I sighed.

"I've been waiting for you for about twenty minutes now." I said my voice low. "Where are you?" I kept calm concentration on my breathing.

"OH." Rebecca said. "I left with Kyle." She giggled. "He told me he would give me a lift and, hello, he is so freaking hot. I couldn't say no." My eye twitched then.

"Why did you ask me to wait for you then?" I said through clenched teeth. "I've been standing in the car park looking like an idiot." I complained.

"Oh chill out." She said in a way that I could imagine her rolling her bright blue eyes. "I forgot okay? You could have left you know!" My grip on the phone tightened. I wanted to scream in annoyance, but stopped myself. It wouldn't do any good.

"Yeah got it." I told her slamming my phone shut, without waiting for a good bye. "Ugh!" I screamed kicking the car in frustration. "I couldn't say no." I imitated her high pitched voice. Two weeks at this school so far and I was going mental. How hard could it be to say no really? I mean it was a one syllable word! How much easier does it get? Then again I wasn't one to talk. I said yes to everyone.

"Wow looks like someone's in a bad mood." A strong masculine voice came from behind me making me jump in surprise. I turned swiftly on my heels to come face to face with the Greek God that stood before me. My green eyes soaked in his beauty. He grinned, obviously noticing me looking at him. "Nice view?" He asked waggling his eyebrows.

God yes. Like hell I was going to say it though. My mouth gave a slight twitch and I looked up to his eyes. "I've seen better." I said shocking even myself. It wasn't like me to say things like that. Usually I blushed and stayed silent in this sort of situations. Apparently I didn't only surprise myself. The boy's eye brows shot skyward. And a flash of amusement crossed his perfectly sculptured face.

"Really?" He said smirking. "I doubt that."

I rolled my eyes and laughed mockingly. "Obviously you've never been to London, now those boys are something to stare at." I licked my lips and wriggled my eyebrows. Realising what I was saying I fought back a blush and quickly turned away to open the car door. A chuckle came from the boy behind me.

"You're the new girl right?" He said, making it sound more like a statement. His eyes rolled over me. "I think I would have noticed someone as hot as you roaming around our hallways." He said grinning at me devilishly. I had to admit it made him look even better if that were possible.

"Hmm. I think you've got me mixed with my sister." I told him. "She's the one all the guys go after." I winked at him. "You do look like her type." I told him, taking this as an opportunity to roll my eyes over him. And damn, he didn't seem to have a single flaw in his body.

He put on a cocky smile. "And what's her 'type' exactly?" He asked folding his arms and raising his eyebrows.

Tall, hot, dark, and sexy. I thought immediately. I pushed that aside though. "Annoying, obnoxious, full of himself, prick." I said trying to knock him down a peg. OMG. I can't believe I said that. I bit my lip and looked down so he wouldn't see my cheeks aflame. "Anyway I've got to go."

"Hey aren't you going to tell me your name?" He asked stopping me. I looked over at him raising an eyebrow.

"Aren't you going to tell me yours?" I retorted smirking.

"You don't know it?" This was obviously a shock to him.

"Obviously." I said laughing. "I've never talked to you before and I've been going to this school for that which is two weeks." I told him fighting an eye roll.

"Still..." He muttered under his breath, taking a sideways look at me. He shook his head. "I'm Daniel Blake, A.K.A the sexiest man alive." He said regaining his previous composure, and grinning at me.

"I'm Hailey Winter's, A.K.A. totally not interested." I winked at him sliding into my car and driving away before he had the time to answer, leaving his open mouthed as I sped down the street. I grinned to myself. God that felt good. I felt a small stab of guilt in me though. I wasn't like that. I was Hailey Winter. Calm, level headed Hailey, who did everything she was told, whenever she was told to do so. I pushed that away though. It wasn't like I was going to see much of Daniel Blake anyway.

I sighed and drove into my parking space. I didn't know how wrong I was. Once you get involved with a guy like Daniel Blake there was no going back.

XxX

Did YOU LIKE IT? Vote and comment!!!!



Step Two: You Make The Good Girl Blush

How to Turn A Good Girl Bad:

Step Two: You Make Her Blush

"HEY HAILEY!!! HURRY THE HELL UP!!!" Rebecca's words echoed around the house ringing in my ears. I could hear her from my room. And I'll tell you now this house is huge! Then again so is her gob. Not that I'd ever say that to her. Annoyed I slammed my hairbrush on the dresser a little harder than what should have been necessary.

She had spent the whole morning in the bathroom and I hadn't even got enough time to brush my hair after a short, and cold (thanks to her using all the hot water), shower. Slinging my hair untidily in a pony tail I risked a glance in the mirror. Annoyingly my hair still had a few strands falling out and around my face, however now that my hair was up, you could see my face. That however is not necessarily a good thing, despite what my mother says. I mean she was my mother; she couldn't just come out and tell me I wasn't pretty. No I had the fun of noticing the off bits all by myself. Like how my hair wasn't brunette or blonde, but a mix of the two. Or how my green eyes were the same colour of moss, (needless to say it wasn't the most attracting colour of them all) and they were just that bit too wide, giving the looks of an innocent child. I would list a whole lot more complaints I had about myself, if I had the time, right now my sister was about to burst a lung yelling at me.

"HAILEY! I'VE GOT CHEER PRACTICE TO GO TO BEFORE SCHOOL!" Her voice was loud enough to bring about the rise of all the dead in a hundred miles radius. Sighing I slung my overused brown shoulder bag

over my head, before racing down the stairs. Wow two weeks and already on the cheerleading squad, man this girl works fast. It didn't surprise me though. Unlike me, Rebecca was the one every single girl in the school would kill to look like. She had the looks of a model, her beach blonde hair, crystal blue eyes, dazzling smile, and amazing figure, had boys dropping to the ground, begging to be with her. Shame about the personality. That could use a little work. She was possibly the meanest girl in school. And I only say possibly because I don't know most the people in school yet. She was defiantly the meanest at our old schools. I didn't see why this one would be any different.

"FINALLY!" My sister burst, flipping a long piece of blonde hair of her shoulder. She scowled at me and looked disapprovingly at what I was wearing. Which just so happened to be the school uniform! For Christ sakes, I swear, just because I'm not wearing it to be revealing and slut-tish, like every other girl with no self respect did. She narrowed her eyes, turning her nose up in the air slightly as if she had caught a bad smell. "Doesn't even try!" She muttered to herself, sounding annoyed.

'Hmm maybe it's because I don't have the time!' I thought sarcastically inside my head, not daring to say it aloud though, it would only piss her off further. Instead I pretended that I didn't hear anything, like I had oh so painfully obviously not meant to. I brushed past her walking to the door, my keys jingling as I smoothly grabbed them off the table, twirling them around my tall index finger, whistling a high note to myself.

Rebecca didn't say anything as I drove down the street. Instead she stared blankly at the trees we passed, so fast that they looked like huge green and brown blobs. Unfortunately, it being my sister meant the quietness didn't last long. Not long at all. Soon her phone started belting out the lyrics to Justin Beiber's Baby. I cringed slightly at her choice in song. Just how much more repetitive could it get? I mean it was great the first time I heard it, however it was like a joke, if you hear it too many

times it kills it completely. I'm talking about serious murdering going on here; you know the latex gloves and black bin bag, partnered with a huge six foot hole in the middle of nowhere, kind of killing.

While this ran through my mind, Rebecca was talking harshly on her phone. "Look I said I'll be there, my sister made me late okay?" She snapped. I gripped harder on the steering wheel, my knuckles turning paper white, and my lips thinning in to a pencil straight line.

I pulled into the school. Rebecca let out an irritated sigh. "I'm here okay. Back off a little." She snapped her phone off and jumped out of the car, without saying goodbye. I sighed and started to hit my head on the steering wheel. It felt like I was being stretched to the limit, and Rebecca just wanted to keep on stretching me.

"Are you okay?" An overly concerned voice asked from outside the window. My head snapped up to meet a pair of grey eyes. A tall girl with wire rimmed glasses and acne running across her face asked me. Her eyes widened when I looked up at her. "I-I was just checking b-be-because y-you looked..." She trailed off her face bright red. I smiled a little at her concern.

"Thanks. I'm fine though. Just sister trouble." I told her grinning. I couldn't let her worry about me. I'm the one who worries for everyone else. "I'm Hailey." I told her sticking out my hand to her. She took it eagerly.

"I'm Mary-Anne." She said delighted by my response. "You're new here right? I think you're in a couple of my classes." I raised my eyebrow in interest.

"Oh sorry I mustn't have noticed before." I told her. "I just moved here everything's a little hectic." I explained throwing her another easy smile. "What classes are you in?"

She blushed. "Pretty much all of them." She mumbled. I frowned a little. Great! Now I felt like a bitch because I hadn't noticed her before. I cocked my head to the side trying to remember what my first lesson was today.

"Are you in my maths class?" I asked her curiously. She nodded her head. "Do you want to come in with me then?" I asked her smiling. She nodded again, her own smile lighting up her face. "Cool." I told her grabbing my bag and clambering out of my car oh so gracefully narrowly avoiding hitting my toe on the door. As you can tell my sisters cheerleading talent also completely leaped over me. It was like we were two completely different people.

"So what made you move schools anyway?" Mary-Anne asked as we walked together through the crowds.

I looked over to her and shrugged. "My parents are always moving. We even went to live in Paris once. That was fun, seeming as the only French I used to know was the small amount they teach in school." I said. "I don't know though. Maybe this will be the place they finally settle down to." I said trying to hide the hope and disbelief in my voice. I knew it wouldn't happen. "They said I was staying until at least the end of this school year."

Mary-Anne nodded. "That's great. You seem like a really nice girl." She said truthfully. "I like you." I smiled up at her slightly. She wouldn't be the only one. Conceited right? But it was true. I can't help being the same push over people pleaser I had always been.

We entered the maths class together and sat beside one another. She grinned over at me; her braces had green in them making them the same colour of snot. I didn't say anything though. She was a sweet girl. Instead a shot her a small smile back, and struck up a conversation with her. I didn't even have to contribute that much.

She seemed a genuinely cheery person. Her eyes lit up as she talked all through the lesson, only stopping when the teacher yelled at her. Obviously she didn't usually get into trouble. She had flushed a deep red and buried her face in the book not even looking back up to me again in case the teacher spotted.

I fought back a laugh at her discomfort. Once the lesson was finished she looked back at me, and started talking a mile a minute to make up for lost time. As it turned out she was in most of my lessons today, up to lunch. She walked by my side.

"My mum says people are just trying to get others' attention by being mean." I shot her a sympathetic smile. I didn't know what it was like to be bullied. I would never wish it upon anyone though.

"Look Mary-Anne, the world is full of mean people." I told her. "If they bully you it means they're dicks, and dicks aren't worth worrying or crying over." Mary-Anne shot me a grateful smile. I threw one back at her and continued to walk. That was up until the point she slapped her forehead loudly. I turned back to her with a questioning look.

"DAMN I FORGOT SOMETHING IN MY LOCKER!" She fretted loudly. "Can you wait here for a minute? I swear it's just around the corner." She promised. I sighed and gave her an 'if you must' look. Her grin widened. "Thank y-" She stopped instantly, her eyes widened trained on something over my shoulder.

"What are you doing with Manly-Anne?" The question came from an annoyingly familiar voice. And although I had only heard it once I recognised it. My shoulders tensed slightly and I turned on my heels. However, I didn't expect him to be quite so close. I was practically sniffing his chest. Frowning I took a step back. I could see his grinning face looking down at me.

"Have you EVER heard of personal space?" I asked running a hand through my hair, and glaring heatedly at him. He frowned slightly at my words to him.

"Are the first words out of your mouth to me always going to be mean ones?" He asked his mouth twitching slightly upwards. I narrowed my eyes and put my hands on my hips.

"Are you always going to say things that piss me off? Her name is MARY-Anne." I told him heatedly. "And I'm sure you're not so stupid as to have not of figured out we're friends." I told him raising an eyebrow, using my long sentence as a hope of confusing him.

He just glared. "I'm not stupid." He said. "And her name's been MANLY-Anne for five years now. She's never complained once." He told me smugly. My jaw dropped open.

"OF COURSE SHE DIDN'T!" I yelled. "SHE PROBABLY DOESN'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU IF YOU CALL HER NAMES LIKE THAT? WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE CALLED GIRLY-DAN?" I questioned, throwing my hands in the air.

It was his turn to be shocked now. He stared at me with wide eyes. "Don't talk to me like that!" He ordered. "Do you even know who I am?" He asked incredulously.

I smirked. "Of course you told me yesterday, Daniel Blake. Right?" I quipped. His jaw fell slack slightly. And then he let out a chuckle.

"You're a funny girl Clover." He told me grinning.

My brows wrinkled in confusion. "My name's not Clover. It's Hailey." I told him annoyed that he had forgotten.

"I know," was all he said.

I blinked all my anger fading. "But you called me Clover." I told him.

He smiled. "You're cute when you're confused." He said pinching my cheek slightly.

I couldn't stop the blush rising to my cheeks. I slapped away his hand. He let out a loud laugh. My blush only grew and I pouted, crossing my arms over my chest. "Quit laughing." I snapped. "It's rude." I looked at the ground. "You know it's a normal human bodily function to blush." I said avoiding looking at him. I used my hair to hide my cheeks.

His laughter died a little, but I could still hear the smile in his voice when he spoke. "Hey want to see another 'normal humanly body function' take place?" He asked, wiggling his eyebrows at me. My head whipped up and he wriggled his eyebrows.

"OF COURSE NOT YOU PERVERT!" I hit him with my bag. That only made him laugh harder.

"Don't worry." He told me patting my head. "I just wanted to see how red I could make you. Apparently very." He said as if this amused him, which it probably did. "You look like a tomato." He winked. "However if you want to see I'm not going to stop you. It's a beautiful thing; sex." He clarified.

I brain scrambled, and my jaw dropped. "Why did you say tomato?" I asked saying the first thing that came into my mind. "I would expect you to be more original." I told him. "You know, like...a fire engine!" I shouted. "Yeah they're red!"

This was obviously not the reaction he was expecting. A confused look swept over his face, and I quickly regained my composure. I turned to see Mary-Anne staring at me as if I had three heads. "What?" I questioned, still annoyed from my banter with Daniel. "Didn't you have something you needed from your locker?" I asked.

She nodded mutely before scurrying down the hall as quickly as possible, leaving me behind. I turned to Daniel pouting. "You scared her away from me." I accused.

He frowned. "Why are you bothered?" He asked curiously. "I mean you're a hell of a lot hotter than she is." My jaw dropped in surprise before the anger set in. I glared at him.

"Looks aren't everything you know!" I told him my cheeks heating at being called hot. Seriously? He must have never met my sister. "Look what will it take to get you to leave me alone?" I asked. "I could give you my sister's number if that's what you're after." I told him. She wouldn't mind in the slightest. Not if I knew my sister. Which I did. Probably better than anyone else sadly.

His faced turned to one of surprise. "Why would I want your sister's number?" He asked confused. I shook my head. He probably hasn't met her. Otherwise he wouldn't even bother trying for me.

"She's the one the boys are gaga over." I told him bringing out a sharpie and taking his hand in mine. "Give her a call and leave me alone." I told him flatly scribbling her number and name clearly onto his smooth skin. "Okay?" I told him, putting the lid on my sharpie.

He frowned annoyed. "I don't want your *sister's* number. I want *yours*." He said in a 'what kind of idiot are you' kind of way. I smiled wickedly.

"Once you've met my sister you'll change your mind." I told him laughing. "Trust me if you think I'm good looking you'll be going crazy after her." I told him putting a hand on his shoulder. "Seriously, you don't know how many guys come to me, flirt for five minutes and then nervously ask for *her* number." I laughed shaking my head.

He looked at me, his mouth hanging open in disbelief.

"Bye." I said walking past him and waving over my shoulder, leaving him alone with my sister's number scribbled on his hand. I shook my head to myself. He would be grateful later. After he had met her. Anyone would be. I didn't have to be a boy to know that she was hotter than me.

He would find that out soon enough and leave me alone. Because Good Girls And Bad boys don't go together.

XxX

AN: *I hope you liked it I've been wondering if I should write more to this and I'm still not sure so Comment and Vote to tell me if I should continue*



Step Three: You Wear The Good Girl Down

Okay i know more people like my other story but I would appreciate it if people would read this and comment on how to improve. I'm working on it and to me it sounds alright but i got no votes or comments last chapter I've uploaded this in hopes to get a more positive response ENJOY:::

How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:

Step Three: You Wear The Good Girl Down

Small things don't always get recognised. I know that from experience. Here I am sitting tiredly at the kitchen table with Rebecca snippily telling me to hurry up eating. I forced my eyes to open and my jaw to chew faster. I sighed inwardly swallowing the huge mouthful.

Now you are probably wondering why I'm practically falling to sleep right now, I'll tell you. I was up until five in the morning trying to find Rebecca's bracelet. I know it sounds ridiculous that I would stay up to that god awful hour searching for something so stupid, but Rebecca was going mental looking for it. It wasn't an extremely special bracelet. It was a simple silver chain with small charms on it, but it was from our parents, and as shallow as Rebecca can get, she always wears it, every day since she first got it.

Rebecca would never in a million years admit it but it was important to her. She had barely said anything last night because she was that upset. And if you knew Rebecca you would understand how much of a big deal her not speaking much was. Usually it was impossible to get her to stop talking about idle gossip.

But getting back to the topic of people not noticing what you do for them, Rebecca doesn't know I spent my night doing her a favour. No. She thinks it was on her nightstand all along, which in case you didn't work it out is where I put it for her. Where I had found it was actually on the car floor stuck in between the pedals. It had taken forever to get out, and Rebecca didn't even know. So I got no thank you for what I had done. Instead I got the complaining I always got from her, meaning she was defiantly back to normal, which right now I'm convincing myself is a good thing.

I scooped the last mouthful of cereal into my mouth before putting my bowl up by the sink. I could always wash it later. I rubbed my eyes picking the keys from the table on my way past. Rebecca continued to complain about how she could have curled her hair in the time it took me to eat. I rolled my eyes sliding into the driver's seat. My eyes momentarily flickered to her wrist where the charm bracelet lay as usual. It was like she had never lost it.

I smiled to myself a little. Even though it had taken me hours to find it had been worth it. Rebecca was the only family that I ever saw on a regular basis and though she does make me want to throttle her, I love her to bits.

“WELL DRIVE THEN!” She snapped at me, breaking me away from my thoughts. I turned my attention to the car, twisting the key in the ignition. I didn't bother arguing with her. There was no point. This was her in a good mood; I wasn't going to risk putting her in a bad one. Trust me; you won't like her when she's angry. I pictured her momentarily turning green and growing massively muscles from hours of cheerleading growing even bigger, as her veins popped out under her skin.

I couldn't help but smile a little at the image, as I pulled out of our driveway. The whole way to school was filled with the topic of my slow driving. “Wow you take forever.” Rebecca told me unclipping her belt and sliding gracefully out of the car. I followed her lead and slammed the door shut, checking to see if it locked, which it sometimes didn't. “I think an old lady with a walking stick passed us.”

I rolled my eyes, but still didn't argue. She just stalked off, her heels clicking loudly against the stone pavement. “SHELLY!” I heard her squeal to a girl who was an inch shorter than her, with brown hair and beautiful features, wearing a skirt just above where the tips of her fingers reached and a tight top that showed everyone her belly button piercing. I ignored it. That was the kind of people she always made friends with. I went to run a

hand through my hair before remembering I had tied it up this morning. This wasn't unusual; it was rare that I wore my hair down. It was just so much simpler to tie it up. It never got in the way that way.

I adjusted my bag on my shoulder before starting to head to where Mary-Anne and I met now. It had been three days since I had met her, and since I had talked to Daniel. I shook my head violently, I don't even know why I had thought that. Stupid boy. I wondered for a second if he had called my sister. For some unknown reason the thought made my stomach tighten a little. I shook my head again, before stopping myself. If I kept doing that someone would probably think I was crazy. I bit my lip. It didn't matter if he had called her anyway, I told myself. I had given him the number for god's sake!

I walked slightly quicker to her locker, which happened to be about six lockers across from my own. I saw her instantly, struggling with a pile of books, which reached higher than her head. I quickly rushed over to her to help, dropping all thoughts of Daniel Blake. "Whoa!" I said taking half of the books into my hand. She shot me a huge smile, which I returned with a small one of my own.

"Thanks." She said gratefully before grabbing another book from her locker and adding it on to her pile. She slammed her door shut, and turned to me.

"Um..." I said eyeing the arm full of books I was holding. "Is there a reason you've got all these books or have you decided to start your own library?" I asked, raising an eyebrow. She shot me a sheepish smile.

"Actually these are for my history project." She said. "I'm partnered with Drake and he refuses to do any of the work so..." She trailed off. "My first two lessons are free so I thought I would make a start." She nodded to the direction of the outside seating where there were one or two kids study-

ing for a test they had first thing. “I don’t know how I’m going to get it all done though.” She sighed.

I winced slightly, falling into step next to her. She frowned her eyebrows knitting together. “I can help if you want. I have my first two lessons free as well anyway.” I offered as we went into the sun. It was actually a nice day today. Mary-Anne turned to me with wide eyes.

“Seriously?” She asked hopefully. “There’s just so much to do.”

I shrugged my shoulders. “Sure I mean, I’ve got nothing else to do anyway.” I dumped the books down, and sitting into the chair next to her. “What are you doing it on?” I asked, my eyes flickering to the spines of the books.

“World war two.” She groaned. “It’s so boring.”

I nodded my head in agreement, opening the book closest to me. To be honest anything to do with work was boring. I skimmed through the thin small text pages. Wow there was a lot. I bit my lip looking back at Mary-Anne. “Shall we start?” I asked her.

She nodded her head looking resigned. I didn’t blame her either. Judging by what was here there was going to be a lot of work ahead of us today.

We spent the rest of the time with me reading out chunks of the text book for her, whilst she scribbled down everything she needed. I didn’t do too much but it at least halved the time it took her to do it. By the end of the two hours she was over half way done.

I couldn’t hold back the large yawn that escaped my mouth at the sound of the second bell. I dropped the book I was reading out of on to the table with a heavy thud. I stretched my arms high over my head, hearing my joints click at being moved. My back let out a loud crick and I swung my arms to my side.

Mary-Anne grinned happily at the pieces of paper she had been writing on. "I really owe you one Hailey." She said as I helped her gather all her work into a pile, once again lifting up half the books. I rolled my eyes a little at that. How many times had I heard that line? Enough to know that people who said it often didn't mean it. Most people forgot about it later or just didn't bother mentioning it again.

"It's fine." I told her making my way back inside. We went by her locker stuffing as many as the textbooks as would fit into it. Mary-Anne closed it quickly, proud of her work. We put the remainder of the books in my locker so that we could return them at lunch. Now we had Science.

Just great. I hated science with a passion. It was by far the hardest subject I've ever had the displeasure of taking. However it was a good thing to have on job applications and all that. I said goodbye to Mary-Anne who went to history with her report clutched tightly to her chest inside her ring binder. I walked to science with a frown engraved on my face. Not only was I dog tired from helping people today but I also had the worst lesson in the world to follow it. I bit my lip chanting to myself not to get into trouble by falling asleep. It wouldn't be surprising if I did, it was hard enough to stay up in Science to begin with and that's without spending most the night awake looking for misplaced jewellery, and I highly doubt that is counted as a valued reason for sleeping in lessons.

I walked through the small doorway into a room crammed with people shouting to each other waiting for the teacher to arrive. A few students nodded at me as I went towards my seat. I smiled unenthusiastically back at them. Less than three weeks here and already everyone knew I was the goody-two-shoes girl, friends with one of the most unpopular girls in the school.

I was about to take my seat and take out my folder when I saw a very familiar brown haired boy sitting in the seat next to mine. My jaw tightened slightly at the sight of him. He looked up at me and smirked. I

looked at him in annoyance. “What are you doing in here?” I asked eyeing my seat, not sure if I should just pick somewhere else to sit.

“I came to learn, duh.” He said rolling his eyes. I narrowed my eyes at him, fighting back the blush that wanted to take over my cheeks without much success of either. Great he was already being sarcastic with me, and my body chose to be embarrassed instead of angry!

“I meant, what are you doing in this class, and next to my seat?” I said pursing my lips.

He smirked wider. “I know.” He said. “And my answer stays the same. I’m here to learn.”

I could swear my eye twitched. “Yes but why are you in THIS lesson!” I snapped exasperated. How did he know how to hit my nerves? Not even Rebecca had the power to make me snap in such little time, and she’s almost always infuriating to be around.

“Because I HAVE this lesson.” He imitated me. I glared crossing my arms.

“No you don’t.” I pointed out. “I’ve been here for three weeks; you’ve never been in here once.” I said disbelievingly. Did he think I was an idiot?

“It’s called ditching genius.” He said sarcastically. “I’m sure you’ve heard of it.” I blushed bright red and opened my mouth to respond when the teacher walked in.

“Take your seats if you don’t want a detention.” He said loudly, dropping his briefcase onto the floor and writing in big block letters on the board, ‘VELOCITY’. I clenched my jaw and dejectedly sat in my seat, all too aware of the fact that Daniel Blake was sat next to me, his smirk the only thing big enough to compare to his head.

This day just keeps getting better and better. Not.

XxX

that's it for now but I'm looking forward to writing the next chapter of this, I should be able to uplaod Keep Moving On soon but probably not tonight, All I ask for today is some feedback of what you guys think!

EVEN IF YOU HATE IT!

I want to know how to improve!!!!



Step Four: You Get The Good Girl A Detention

Okay it's not very long, but the important bit is that I uploaded! Yay me! It was about four pages on word I swear, plus it gets a little more interesting in this chapter. Though you can probably guess that from the title. ENJOY!

VOTE

COMMENT

FAN if you really like it!!!!

How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:

Step Four: You Get The Good Girl A Detention

I kept staring straight ahead of me whilst the teacher talked about something I was completely bored by. I honestly didn't care for the fact that velocity and speed were different because velocity told us the direction. That was what he felt the need to tell us about though. Ignored the fact Daniel was sitting next to me, a smug smile painted on his perfect face. And by 'perfect face' I mean 'annoying face'. Yeah. That's what I meant.

I almost snorted out loud at my brains awful attempt at cover up. I pressed my lips into a thin line, trying to focus on the lesson. That was difficult because the teacher's words seemed the meld into one another, though I think that had something to do with his heavy accent, so I couldn't blame him. It wasn't something he could help having.

The longer his lecture continued however the more I wanted to blow my own brains out. I bit into my lip trying to take notes. I could feel Daniel watching in amusement as I did so. I was almost grateful when he finally stopped talking. I say 'almost' because of, the simple fact his last words were by far the worst ones he had said all lesson.

"Now please work with the person, next to you to complete this work sheet." I stifled a groan as I turned to Daniel. He looked at me with a loud laugh, earning himself a glare from the teacher. I smiled smugly as he got snapped at. A sheet of white paper marked with computer ink was slapped onto our table. I let my eyes flash to the writing, pleased to see that it was simple. I let out a sigh and started to scribble the first answer down.

I knew Daniel was reading what I wrote, as I wrote it. He let out a low whistle. "So, you're one of those really smart chicks huh?" He asked leaning close to my ear his hot breath tickling my skin. I fought back a shiver as I elbowed him away from me. I shot him a quick glare. He just laughed again. I narrowed my eyes. Were my glares that unthreatening that they were funny?

"So you're, one of those delinquent boys right?" I quipped back, starting on the next answer. Unfortunately he didn't seem the slightest bit surprised with my answer back. I pressed harder on the paper with my pen. How was it he could get to me so much? I decided to start on another subject. "Did you call my sister in the end?" I asked moving onto question four. That seemed to take him by surprise. I smiled happy that I had gotten to him.

"No." He said after a minute.

I looked up at him shocked. He didn't? "Why not?" I asked my eyebrows pulling together "Don't tell me you accidentally washed it off." I said amused at the thought. To my surprise he let out a loud snort, causing a few heads to turn in our direction.

"I don't think it was possible to 'accidentally' wash that off." He said sounding slightly annoyed. "It took three hours of scrubbing to remove that thing." My mouth twitched up slightly into an almost smile. I held back my laugh, and bit my lip.

"Why didn't you call her then?" I asked shaking my head. It just didn't make any sense.

His jaw dropped slightly. "Are you seriously asking that?" He said as if it was the most obvious thing in the world. I brought my eyebrows together in confusion, and nodded my head. He laughed at me again. I narrowed my eyes. Did he have to keep laughing? I frowned in annoyance, waiting for him to continue. "I wanted your number not hers." He said clearly amused. I flushed bright red at his bluntness. I avoided his eyes and focused on the paper in front of me.

"Well you can't have mine." I told him defiantly. There wasn't a chance in hell I was going to give him that willingly. Nope. It just wasn't happening. I refuse.

He leaned in closer, making it impossible not to look into his greyish purple eyes. I blinked in surprise. I didn't even know you could get that colour eyes. "Really?" He asked his sweet breath fanning my face. I shook my head, clearing my thoughts. I quickly pushed him away making him chuckle lightly.

"Nope. You'll have to do better than that." I lied, trying and not succeeding to force down my blush. I quickly turned away from him trying to hide their redness. That however would have been a lot more effective if my hair was down. Instead my cheeks stood out like neon green amidst a sea of black. It was impossible to miss.

He obviously felt the need to comment on this. "Wow, you blush easily." He said reaching a finger out to poke my cheek. I blushed harder and slapped his hand away.

"Quit that." I ordered, looking up at him annoyed. Did he have to keep touching my cheeks? Was there honestly a reason for that? Did he find something oddly interesting about cheeks? You know that ones on faces?

He grinned again. "I will if you give me your number." He bargained. I rolled my eyes. Was he seriously expecting that to work?

"No." I told him bluntly looking back at the work sheet. There were only two more questions left. I looked down at it determinedly. Usually I would be finished by now. However sitting next to Daniel Blake was more than slightly distracting. I tried to focus on the microscopic font the teacher for some reason deemed appropriate to print our work off in. Somehow I couldn't concentrate though. All my mind seemed to register was the smooth sound of Daniel's breath going in and out; close enough to warm my ear.

I gritted my teeth in annoyance. What could I do about it though? Ask him to stop breathing? That was clearly unreasonable. Sighing in frustration I scribbled down an answer to the few words I did manage to make

out of it and hoped that was the right answer. Bets were that he wouldn't even look these sheets over. Doing the same for the last question I placed my pen down and leaned back in my chair. What was wrong with me? It usually would take a bolder slamming into the wall next to me to distract me from my work, now breathing was bothering me?

I shook my head slightly. I was probably too tired. I had gotten practically no sleep last night. I closed my eyes, trying to block out the world around me. It didn't help when Daniel decided to ask me something now. "Do you ever smile?"

The question made my eyes snap open. I looked at him in surprise. What did he mean? I was a smiley person! Wasn't I? I frowned at him. "I smile." I said annoyed. Why would he say otherwise? I smiled all the time!

"I haven't seen you smile yet." He said. "Not properly."

I blinked at him. What was he talking about? I quickly flashed through my memories of when I had encountered him. Trying to think of when I had smiled, to prove him wrong. I couldn't think of one. My eyes widened slightly. I quickly tried to disguise my shock. "I just don't smile around you because you've never said anything to make me smile." I told him determinedly.

He laughed. "Right." He said smirking. "You keep on walking into denial. Just my presence is enough to make people smile." He joked sticking his nose in the air. I rolled my eyes at him.

"Are you always so obnoxious?" I asked him leaning forwards subconsciously. His smirk widened.

"It's all part of my charm!" He said.

My eyebrows crinkled together. "Obnoxious isn't charming." I told him confused.

"Everything I do is charming." He smirked.

"So far I've got obnoxious and conceited." I knocked them off on my fingers. "How is any of that charming?" I argued. I sighed inwardly. This was coming to be a bad habit. Every time I was with him I always seemed to find something to argue about. Usually I just kept my mouth shut.

"You forgot funny and extremely good looking." He said smugly.

"Are you sure you didn't mean extremely funny looking?" I corrected, raising an eyebrow.

He leaned forwards. "Are you disputing my good looks?" He asked.

I took the opportunity to roll my eyes over him. "What if I am?" I asked leaning slightly forwards too. "What would you say?"

"I would say you're dumber than you look." He said cocking his head to the side, a smirk taking over his features.

My jaw dropped. "Are you disputing my intelligence?!"

His grin widened. "What if I am? What would you say?" I mocked my words with a smug smile. I narrowed my eyes. This, 'what if', conversation was starting to get on my nerves.

I frowned. "I would say you're an as-"

I never got to finish that sentence because right then the teacher brought the attention onto us. "Miss Winter, Mr Blake, is there something you want to share with the class?" He snapped. He was standing as tall as he could in front of them, which considering they were sitting down was considerably taller than them both. The anger was evident on his face. He

wanted to get back to his teaching, which no one was going to listen to anyway so I don't see his problem really.

I was about to open my mouth to tell him 'no', when Blake decided to cut me off and speak for us both instead. "Hailey here was just asking me out on a date, when I said no she just kept asking sir." He lied, with wide innocent eyes.

My jaw dropped. "NO I D-" I started to yell.

Unfortunately that seemed to make Mr what's-his-name angry. "There will be no shouting in my class room." He said stonily.

"But-" This obviously wasn't my day to finish sentences. I was cut off for the fourth time in a row.

"There will be no backchat either Miss Winter." He said.

Somehow I didn't get the message, determined to set my side of the story straight. "I was just going to s-"

"I'm warning you Winter." He said eyes glaring and his nostrils flaring. Some stupid part of my brain congratulated me on the 'clever' rhyming. I still for some odd reason decided to open my mouth once again.

"Sir that's not fair I-"

"Miss Winter."

I sighed ready to apologise. "I'm s-"

"Miss Winter, stop talking this instance!" He commanded. What I couldn't say sorry now?

"For god's sake can't I finish one fucking-" OMG I'm saying that out loud! I realised when the next shout came.

"DETENTION!" He yelled loudly.

Some 'smart' part of my brain obviously wanted to try again because I couldn't stop myself saying the next sentence. "I thought there was no yelling in your class room Sir." I said without being stopped. Finally!

"Two hours!" He said now, a menacing look on his red face.

"I-"

"Do you want to go for three?" He threatened. I frowned we were back to the cutting me off thing again?

Finally the part of me that was begging I shut up finally one. I slumped back in my seat frowning. I looked over at a smirking Daniel and glared. Suddenly what I had just done caught up to me. I had just gained my first ever detention. And swore at a teacher. For some reason I didn't even feel that bad about it. Actually I felt a little like smiling. What was wrong with me?

Maybe I've finally gone crazy. I nodded to myself. I looked once again at Daniel, and for some reason noticed how cute his smirk was. The way the corner of his plump lips twitched ever so slightly upwards and his eyes sparked with humour. His whole face showing he was proud of himself. Was it supposed to be that sexy?

Yeah. That decided it. I've gone crazy.

MWAHAHAHA!!!! The end for now. I'm working on my other two stories and I'm just writing Keep Moving On. I've had Let The Games Begin, for some time now and I've decided I am continuing with it!!!! So it will be uploaded too!

Vote Comment and fan if you really like it!!!!



Step Five: You Flirt With The Good Girl's Sister

OMG OMG OMG I FINALLY UPLOADED!!! I FEEL A SENSE OF ACCOMPLISHMENT!!!! (probably undeserved with how long it took!!!!)

ENJOY FAN VOTE!!!! BUT MOST IMPORTANTLY COMMENT FEEDBACK!!!!

How To Turn A Good Girl Bad

Step Five: You Flirt With The Good Girl's Sister:::

My stomach was tying itself in knots. Do you remember me saying that I wasn't too worried about detention? Well I was wrong. I guess I must have been going through a state of shock or something. However as more time passed, the more I wanted to throw up my entire lunch, which due to my nervousness consisted of exactly half of an apple and a bottle of water.

I think I wouldn't be as bothered, if it wasn't for all the looks of disbelief I was receiving. How hard was it really to believe I had landed myself in detention? Not only that, but a lot more people were coming to talk to me that never had before. The majority of which were boys.

I was stood in front of the girls' bathroom mirror gazing at myself.

My reflection was exactly the same. The same green eyes stared back at me. The same dirty blonde hair sat in neat perfection. My cheeks still held all the colour they had before, if not a little more form embarrassment.

So why didn't I act like me in the classroom?

What happened to trusty old, would-never-talk-back-let-alone-swear-at-a-freaking-teacher Hailey!?

I groaned, frustrated at myself. If I were myself I would have just kept my trap shut. I'd had more than enough practice in the years living with Rebecca. I let out a deep breath. This was stupid.

Why was I even worrying? This wasn't even a big deal! Millions of people go through detentions every year.

But you don't. My mind taunted me silently. I never got detention. This was ridiculous! I shouldn't be worried! I let out a loud groan, grateful for the fact I was the only one in here. How did Daniel – a boy I had only met weeks previously – make me act stupid enough to land myself in detention, when my own, slightly neglectful very cryptic, parents couldn't get a rise out of me? What was it about that boy that made me forget who I am?

Or who you pretend to be... I pressed my lips into a thin line, wanting to send my fist through the glass. My eyes widened at that thought. Great! Now simply thinking about *him* was enough to make me want to be violent. Something I had never had the desire to be before. Great now I was referring to the boy as him...is this what it's like to have someone you don't get along with? I filed through my thoughts. There weren't very many people that I didn't get along with, and practically none that I ever argued with. If I didn't like someone I ignored them. Yet every time I crossed paths with Daniel I had ended up in an argument! Surely that wasn't healthy!

I settled for slamming my palm down on the smooth marble surface, surrounding the huge sink in front of me. Cold water was truckling slowly out from the tap, letting me know I hadn't tightened it properly when I had finished splashing my face.

I brought a slightly shaky hand forwards, closing it around the tap with more force than necessary. There was about five minutes left until I had to go to the very first detention that I had earned. And I was growing more and more worried with every second that ticked by.

I glanced at my phone. 3:57. My detention started at four. I bit my lip and breathed deeply through my nose. And then, probably out of craziness, let out a shaky laugh and smiled. There was at least one good thing about this detention. Daniel Blake wouldn't be there to annoy the crap out of me.

~

I think I jinxed it. I blinked at the room before me. There were about seven people sat at desks. Two people I recognised very well. One was my sister who was filing her nails under the desk, with a bored expression on her face. And the second was none other than the boy I somehow had managed to jinx in here. Daniel Blake.

While I gawped at both of them the teacher, who somehow my eyes had skipped over, cleared their throat loudly, making everyone look up at me. "Winters, why don't you take a seat?" I jumped out of shock and looked up. There stood the third person that I didn't want to see here. The teacher I had sworn at. Fantastic. Could this day get any better? I had to hold back a glare when I remembered that he was part of the reason for this hell. Why couldn't he leave me alone like every other teacher that had ever taught me? Which, considering that I moved school to school all the time, was a lot.

Instead of answering him in words I nodded curtly at him before sliding into the seat at the back which wasn't very well thought out on my part, considering it was in between Blake and my sister, my sister being in front and Blake on my left. Both which were sending me very different

looks. Rebecca was shooting ones of disbelief, and Blake ones of smugness. Asshole.

I shook my head at myself. No. I refused to swear, even mentally. That was what got me in detention. That and seeming to forget how to keep my trap shut. After ten minutes of uncomfortable silence and the other people shooting me oh so subtle glances, the teacher decided to 'leave for a minute' telling us to behave because there was a camera recording us. I stared at him in disbelief. As soon as he closed the door people started to talk. And not surprisingly Rebecca turned to talk to me. I just wanted the ground to swallow me whole right then and there. This was my own personal hell.

"What are *you* doing here!?" She asked a small sign of a smile on her face. I glared at that.

"Serving my detention." I said sticking my jaw out stubbornly refusing to answer her properly. She just rolled her eyes at me. An action; that I almost couldn't imagine her not doing.

"I know that, I meant how did the perfect Hailey Winters land herself in detention?" She said in a way that almost sounded mocking. I narrowed my lips.

"Yes, 'how did the perfect Hailey Winters land herself in detention', do share." A condescending, annoyingly familiar, voice came from my left, obviously holding back a laugh, making me want to smash my fist in his face.

"You know very well how I got in here Blake." I said icily, not even turning to look at him. Unlike my sister who had turned to gape at him in adoration. I could almost see his ego inflating from here. That was what he needed; I thought sarcastically, a reason to be more conceited.

I kept looking forward while my sister's face lit up. "Hello, I'm Rebecca, you are?" She asked trying to be seductive. I knew her flirting face almost too well seeming as she was my sister.

"I'm Daniel." *He* answered, smugly. "How do you know Hailey, Rebecca?" He asked, I saw him motioning towards me from the corner of my eye.

"She's my sister." Rebecca said dismissively. "What about you? How do you know her?" She asked leaning forwards and batting her eyelashes. I felt my stomach flip. I scrunched my eyebrows in confusion, glaring at my stomach. I searched my brain for a solution to why I had reacted like that. I took a quick glance at them to see him flirting back. My stomach did another flip.

I shook my head. It must be seeing my sister flirt. I thought scrunching my nose. It's not a sight that would ever be a welcome one.

Somehow in the split second that my sister had noticed Blake in, I had gone from the focus of their attention, to being ignored completely. For some reason that thought made me bitter. I shook my head. That wasn't right at all! I had somehow found myself managing to lose the interest of the two people who managed to annoy me more than anything else, and for some reason I was more annoyed!

A sour expression crossed my face, which of course Blake managed to catch with his oddly accurate, 'what I can annoy Hailey with' ability. He shot me a smug smile and began to scribble on a piece of scrap paper with a pen, both of which he had produced from his pockets. I wrinkled my nose. Just what else did he keep in there? My forehead crinkled as I realised I had never seen him carry a bag, ever! Maybe he kept everything in his pockets. I thought with surprise.

How could he possibly carry everything in his pockets alone!? I was broken from my oddly random thoughts when a note came, sailing over onto

my desk, and landed squarely in front of me. What possible interest to me could it be if he carried everything in a bag or in his pockets???

I scrunched up my nose again, as I noticed that Blake defiantly had good aim. I picked up the paper from where it had landed perfectly.

Jealous?

That was all it said? Jealous of what? What had I got to be Jealous of??? I looked over at him in confusion, but he was back to flirting with my twin sister. My stomach did another flip. I shook my head, and picked up my own pen to scribble back a note back.

Why should I be jealous?

I aimed it before flicking it over to him. I small smirk came almost naturally to me as it hit him on the forehead. I had tried to aim for his desk, but that had worked out so much better than I had planned. For once I was grateful for my awful aim. Sending me a quick glare he read over the note. I just continued to smirk back smugly. Sure it hadn't been intentional, but I still managed to hit directly in the middle of his eyes. And he sure as hell didn't know that had been a mistake.

I watched as he wrote back to me, and landed another perfect shot in the middle of my desk. My smugness dropped a little. Show off.

Your sister hitting on me.

I screwed my face up in disgust.

That's just sick. She's my sister, why in hell's name would I want her to hit on me?

I flicked it back at him, with a look of horror on my face. That was seriously messed up. Like I wanted my sister to mall over me like she had

done to him??? What was wrong with this guy??? That was just wrong. Plain wrong.

Blake read my message and looked up at me in disbelief. Confusion ran through me. Why was he the one in disbelief? He just told me I should be jealous of him because my sister's hitting on him and not me! Any disbelief of this situation by right was owned by me!!!

He quickly wrote back to me.

Not of me!!! That's just-no.

I screwed my whole face up. This guy wasn't making any sense!!!

What did you mean then???

He took no time writing back to me.

Of her idiot! Geez! I thought people like you were smart!!!

I looked at the message confused before deciding to take offence to it.

People like me??? What's that supposed to mean??? I glared at him.

I mean the goody-two-shoes, has-to-run-to-the-bathroom-to-be-sick-over-a-detention-type. He replied. I could almost hear his obnoxious voice drooling out these words, in a offence intended kind of way. My jaw clenched in anger.

Have you been stalking me Blake?

This time my aim had defiantly improved. This time I had intentionally managed to flick the paper at his face. It hit his nose and bounced off again. Sure I had been aiming for one of his eyes, but improvement couldn't be denied.

He picked up the paper and read it and tossed it back to me with more writing on of his own. A grin had taken over his face.

I had been guessing genius! You seriously ran to the bathroom???

Red burned my cheeks and I ducked my head. Shit that was embarrassing!!! As my cheeks flared I glared at the paper, trying to think of some kind of response to that. None came to mind. Instead i scribbled furiously back.

NO! Shut up. Anyway, regretting not keeping my sisters number?

I denied everything and went for the subject change, very smoothly in my minds eyes. Obviously not smoothly enough. Blake started shaking with silent laughter as he read it. I glared hatefully at him, and turned in my seat. A minute later, after he had finished laughing at my expense and my sister had given me the ‘what the hell did you write’ look, he replied.

Real smooth on that subject change there. Avoiding the subject? You’re cheeks are seriously red!

I sent him another glare.

I’m not and they’re not!!!! Are you??? I asked noticing he hadn’t answered on the number front.

Of course not. If I want her number I can always get it again easily.

When I read that for some reason I felt my heart sink a little. I frowned. It was probably because I had been outsmarted by a guy who managed to skip class so often I hadn’t even known he was in it! Now that thought was depressing. I had spent so much of my life revising and trying to get good grades, and he, the truanting bad boy of the school, can outsmart me!!!! That was just brilliant!!!

I sunk further into my chair and wrote back.

Shut up smart arse.

I folded my arms neatly, pouting at the front of the class.

You shouldn't say shut up so much! It's bad for the health!

I glared at him.

I don't say shut up a lot; you just bring out the mean in me.

That's all the mean you have in you??? That's sad!

My eye twitched, was this guy just waiting for me to punch him?

Seriously???

Bite me Blake! I wrote back with a scowl.

Just tell me where Sunshine!

My jaw dropped at that response, and blood ran to my cheeks once more. This guy I swear!!! I clenched my jaw and lowered my head. I could hear Blake's low laugh coming from my side, making me scowl or the more. Geez. Only he would write something like that. I really should have seen it coming. Maybe he also brought out the dumb in me.

I decided the best thing to do now was to ignore Blake. I stayed staring at the front. I'm not sure when, but somewhere through the note passing and jaunts at me, the teacher had returned. I stayed staring blankly at the blackboard for all the time I was there. Surprisingly it wasn't that long. I had wasted a lot of time talking to Blake. Soon enough my two hours were up.

I felt sort of idiotic about the huge over reaction I had. What had I expected them to do really? Make me carry all the science text books in the school on my back while they whipped me with a cane and made me run five thousand laps around the school???

I shook my head at the image. What really didn't help was that I was now imagining Blake running topless around the school with sweat dripping slowly down him. I hadn't wanted to let the image in. Hell I hadn't even wanted to let any thoughts of Blake in. But somehow I thought of him.

I didn't even get that! The boy did nothing but annoy me and that triggers my mind to imagine him topless!!!! I thought back to the urge to kiss him as well. That makes it twice in one day. That surely wasn't a good sign!!!

~~~~~

More chapters to come...hopefully much much much quicker than the last!!!!!!



## **Step Six: You Leave The Good Girl Alone For A Week**

*hello fans sorry it took so long I had a holiday and everyting!!! One week-ish by the beach!!!!!! WHHOOOOOOOOOPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!!! Anywho, I hope you enjoy!!!!!! It's not that good but there is some of Daniel Blake's P.O.V at the end for you all!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*

*ENJOY!*

*FAN!*



***VOTE!***

***AND PLEASE COMMENT!!!!!!!!!!***

## **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:**

### **Step Six: You Leave The Good Girl Alone For A Week:::**

“I still can’t believe you swore at a teacher.”

It’s been a week. A whole week and Rebecca doesn’t seem capable of letting it drop. She hadn’t stopped reminding me at every opportunity there was, this morning was particular she hadn’t left me alone. We were walking down the hallways of the school, and for the first time in a long time Rebecca didn’t immediately vanish as soon as we pulled into the parking lot. Instead she walked with me. Maybe a week ago I would have been happy, even ecstatic that my sister and I were talking properly, but no. The one time I wanted to be left alone was the one time she decided to follow me.

I walked a little ahead of her, my jaw clenched and my grip on my bag was tighter than it needed to be. I was determined to ignore her so she would go away.

I stopped once I reached my locker. My sister still didn’t leave me alone, but carried on talking. “I mean I haven’t heard you swear since...” She trailed off trying to think back in her memory. “Now that I think of it I

can't remember you swearing ever." She said. "Come on; cuss." She prodded my back with a sharp nail.

I gritted my teeth. "I'm not going to swear Rebecca." I said placing my books carefully into my locker. Why couldn't she just leave me alone? Usually it was hard to get her to share more words than necessary. What was it about me getting a detention that made that change?

"Come on!" She complained loudly. "You can swear at a teacher but not say one rude word for your own sister?!" A few heads turned to give her a questioning look, this was probably the first time she had ever herself said that the two of us were actually related in public.

I turned to give her a cold look. "That's about right."

"Come on one word and I'll leave you alone."

As tempting as that sounded I shook my head. "No." I told her flatly closing my locker.

"Just say fuck."

"No."

"Shit?"

"Not happening."

"Crap?"

"Leave me alone Rebecca."

"Twat?"

"I'm not going to swear." I said lazily.

She muttered something indistinct under her breath. "Fine I'll call mum and dad!" She said triumphantly, like she had just had an ingenious plan.

I wanted to roll my eyes at her, but stopped myself. Instead I stopped and turned to face her with a questioning look. “And tell them what? ‘Mum, Dad, Hailey is refusing to swear on my command’?” I asked her with an eyebrow raised. “I’m sure they’ll punish me severely for that.” I said turning back around to walk along the halls.

I could almost hear her eyeballs rolling. “Obviously not.” She said in annoyance. “I’ll tell them that you were in detention.” That made me stop dead, in my tracks. She wouldn’t.

I turned to look at her; she had a smug look on her face. “You wouldn’t.” I said through my teeth. “Not after all those times I covered for you. I could tell them you were in detention as well anyway don’t forget.”

She just smiled more. “Yeah but I’m not the perfect child. Mum and Dad would be far more disappointed that their golden daughter landed herself a detention.” She stated evilly. My jaw dropped.

“You can’t do that.” I protested folding my arms with a pout. “I still covered for you all those times.” I pointed out. “Who told mum that you were ill in bed, and stopped her going in your room to check on you when you snuck out to the party? Who made dad believe that some random kid took his favourite car joy riding and crashed it into the bins, when really it was a drunk dare preformed by you? Who’s the one who got you out of having to go on a date with Benny Rice by giving him private tutor sessions, where he did nothing but make dirty, sex related, puke worthy, sickening, jokes? Who’s the one who convinced Mr Sterling to not give you a detention when you wanted to go to your first ever cheerleading tryouts? And who was the one who managed to break their leg climbing up the tree when we were six to get you that kite? That was me!” I told her. I could have continued, but her smug look was completely gone now. “You owe me this much.”

Rebecca frowned moodily, folding her arms and pouting. “That’s not fair. I didn’t ask you to do all that stuff.” She said pointing her nose in the air haughtily.

I narrowed my eyes lightly. “But I still did it.” I told her. “So I should have to ask you not to tell mum and dad about my detention.”

A small shocked and slightly confused look passed through her eyes before it disappeared. Now she looked the same as she always did. “Fine.” She said, giving me a small questioning look. “What’s with you anyway? You’re not acting like...well you’re not acting like you.” She said, in a voice that almost sounded like concern, but didn’t at the same time.

I sighed bringing my hands to my forehead and rubbing gently in circles. I defiantly felt a headache coming on. I sighed again. “Nothing’s wrong with me. I’m just...” I paused frowning. What was making me act out like this? I mentally shook my head. “I’m just tired.” I told her offering her a small smile. “Let’s just let it drop okay???”

Rebecca looked at her with suspicious eyes, but slowly nodded. “Whatever.” She said smirking a little. “I’ve got cheerleading practice today, and Missy said she’d give me a ride home. Don’t wait up *mum*.” I smiled back at her.

She always called me since the first time our parents had left us alone, and not with a baby sitter. It was simply because of the fact that if she hadn’t told me I *would* have waited up for her. It wouldn’t be the first time either. “Sure.” I told her with a bright smile. We almost never talked anymore. It felt good to have a conversation with her that lasted more than three minutes. It reminded me of when we were younger. It reminded me of the old Rebecca. We used to be practically inseparable. Then Mum and Dad started leaving us alone for long periods of times. Something changed then.

*You changed.* The thought echoed around my head. I shook my head pulling out of my wandering thoughts for a minute, just as Anne scurried around the corner. Her face was down, looking at the ground. And she was hunched over her books. I knew she was trying to make her way unseen by anyone. As if feeling me looking at her, her head snapped up. She stopped when she saw me and quickly shuffled towards me. Smiling she showed her bright braces.

“Hi Hailey.” She said, not noticing my sister standing with me. That had to be a first. Someone not noticing the great Rebecca Winters!

Rebecca made a disgusted noise in the back of her throat. “You hang around with this loser?” She asked rolling her top lip up in a sneer. I looked over at her with a frown. Anne froze completely and looked at Rebecca shocked.

“Uh-I-I di-” She stuttered. I felt a little bad for her.

“What’s with the stutter?” Rebecca asked annoyed. “Just spit it out.”

My frown deepened. “Rebecca.” I warned her. “Leave Anne alone, she didn’t do anything to you.” She looked over at me exasperated, and slightly wounded, like she was hurt that I was defending the girl against her. Great there goes old Rebecca.

She looked like she was going to argue for a second, but she decided against it. “Whatever.” I narrowed my eyes a little. “See you later Hailey.” I bit back a sigh.

“Sure.” I told her with a wave of my hand. Anne looked like she was seriously upset, and was about to cry any second. “But at least apologise to Anne.” I told her, just like a mother would. Why was I the mother out of the two of us? I thought sadly.

*Because someone had to be. That thought was a sad one. Without parents someone has to fill in the parental roll.*

Rebecca glared slightly at me, but I didn't even waver slightly. She looked like a little girl who was being told off by her mother. "Whatever." She said between her teeth. "Sorry geek girl." I would have told her off again but her had already turned on her heels, and was stalking down the corridor. The sea of students parted for her, as if she were their goddess. I rolled my eyes a little. A month. A month here and she was already their leader.

*Only Rebecca.* I thought to myself. Only she could get everyone wrapped around her little finger so quickly. I turned to Anne who was staring at me like I had three heads. I raised an eyebrow at her questioningly.

"How on god's green earth do you know the Queen Bee; Rebecca?" She asked astounded. I frowned at her.

"She's my sister." I said in an 'isn't it obvious' way. Anne's mouth fell open.

She shut it quickly though. "I guess that makes sense." She mumbled after a minute. I raised my eyebrows further. She saw my questioning look and rolled her eyes. "Well you both have the same last name and you're both really pretty." She stated, throwing my 'isn't it obvious' tone of voice right back in my face.

I blinked at her. Did she just say I was pretty like my sister? My lips wobbled in to a smile. Was she serious? Next to my sister I looked like I had my face rearranged by an angry bus driver. I couldn't help the small laugh that escaped my lips. "You're kidding me right?" I said raising an eyebrow at her. "My sister's pretty sure, but me?" I let out a small laugh.

Anne looked at me like I was crazy then, which recently I've been wondering if I was. It would explain the weird thoughts about Blake (which I

was successfully avoiding by avoiding him), and the weird new compulsion to violence. Not to mention the swearing at my teacher. I would have to face the fact that I was slowly starting to lose my mind.

I blame Blake. I thought. Everything was fine until he turned up. Him with his cocky smile and over confident personality. I shook my head. No. I told myself. No thinking about him. He makes you crazy.

The day seemed to drag by slowly. Slower than usual. It seemed like a relief when the last lesson of the day rolled in. I almost wanted to collapse with exhaustion. I suspected Blake wasn't going to come to this lesson. He rarely did, and he hadn't attended it at all this week, not since the detention.

I slumped into my seat, wishing more than anything I could just close my eyes and go to sleep. I had never even wanted to do that in a lesson before. I was always happy to learn something new. But right now I couldn't imagine what I wanted more than to do that right now. That would make it twice this month in this class. I bent my head low, somehow coming up with the idea of slamming my forehead on the table to wake myself up. Before the logic of that, or the lack of it, could come to me I had already sent myself face first into the wood.

"Ouch!" The word left my lips from shock. That hurt more than I thought it would. Geez the table was strong. Of course it is you idiot. My head yelled at me. It's made of freaking wood! I almost wanted to cry for my stupidity, but the few tears that gathered in my eyes were ones of pain. Why did I slam my head down that hard?

"Did you just slam your face into the table?" The shocked voice came from beside me. Horror and embarrassment seeped through my veins. My head snapped up to see the person talking to me. Of course it was none other than Daniel Blake himself. Why was it that whenever he was



around I did something embarrassing? I don't think I've ever blushed this much before I met him.

### Daniel Blake's P.O.V

I was leant against the school wall, listening to the bell ring loudly, but not moving an inch. I could almost hear my mother complaining at me for it. She had managed to corner me this morning to talk to me about my grades slipping. Despite that fact that she was several inches shorter than me and had the looks of a frightened bunny (wide eyes and cuddly), she still had a glow of authority about her; that made just about everyone shut up and listen to what she had to say. She wasn't one to be argued with, by anyone.

So that's why I slowly made my way to Science class. It had to be my least favourite lesson in the whole school. Hence the skipping. I almost never came to this class. This was the second time this month that I was even there. And if the school board hadn't called my mum I wouldn't have bothered to show up today either. I clenched my jaw at the thought of it.

Stupid assholes. Why would they need to involve my mother of all people? And why couldn't it at least be my dad? He would say a stern word or two and then forget. My mother however had the memory of a super computer, which meant she would be checking I went to this class for a while. I frowned at the thought of actually having to come to this class regularly.

Science and I just didn't get along.

That was the thought running through my head as I entered the class. It hadn't even started yet. The teacher hadn't arrived, and everyone was still talking loudly. My eyes immediately fell to my seat where a familiar blonde girl was sat, looking like she was about to fall asleep.

Hailey Winters. I stood there looking at her. My eyebrows scrunched up in confusion. It had been a week since I had last seen her, and I still remembered her name. She was reason two that I had been skipping class for the last week. The last time I had seen her was in detention. I almost smiled at that thought, as I made my way over to her. It defiantly hadn't been her scene, when she had walked into the room she looked like she was about to pass out, pale and frightened. The smile dropped when I remembered the reason for my avoiding her. Sure teasing her had been fun, but once I had gotten home I found myself thinking about her there too, which I'll tell you now just wasn't normal for me.

Sure she was even hotter than her sister, which was saying something because she was defiantly hot. But hot girls were something I was used to. Hell I was good looking girls all the time, but I didn't usually remember their names, and I never thought about them when they weren't around.

I looked at her again; she had long hair you could tell that even though she always wore it up. It made me wonder what she would look like with it down. Her eyes were wide and green, that jumped out at you when you saw them, and she had an innocent look about her, that somehow dragged you in and made you want to open up and trust her completely. I frowned at that. See this is why I was avoiding her. She made me think weird things. She was practically a stranger and since I walked into the classroom the only thing I had thought about was her. I felt a surge of annoyance towards her. How did she even do that? Make you think about her?

I probably looked like an idiot, half staring and half glaring at the girl, but no one seemed to notice. She slowly started to droop forwards. A small smirk tugged at my lips. She was probably falling asleep. Oh how Mr Styles was going to love that. He seemed to hate the world, and would jump at any chance to have a go at anyone.

Suddenly, catching me by surprise, she face planted the table. What the-? The table gave a powerful boom, letting me know just how hard she had hit it. Ouch. "Ouch." She whimpered, mimicking my thoughts in a low sound of pain. I just sat there in shock. Did she just...yes she defiantly had. She sat up a little rubbing her forehead.

Why did she?

"Did you just slam your face into the table?" I asked to be sure. Suddenly her head snapped up to look at me in shock. I blinked when I noticed that there were a few tears from pain in her eyes. Wow that must have hurt. I had the urge to reach over and wipe the tears out of her eyes, but held myself back. That would honestly be a little weird.

All thoughts of me ignoring her vanished as I took in her face. Her forehead was now a bright red colour, and her lips were stuck out in a pout, whilst her eyes watered. A blush rushed to her face, lighting her cheeks up with colour. I smiled a little smugly at the sight. That must have been the hundredth time that she had blushed since I had met her.

"Maybe." She mumbled looking away. "You don't need to look so happy about it. It hurt." She complained, folding her arms. I let out a small barking laugh.

"Why did you do it then?" I said amused. She sent me a glare, and her blush deepened. Then she mumbled something so low I couldn't make it out. "What was that?" I asked confused, which made her glare at me again.

"I said to wake myself up." This time I heard her. I blinked and laughed again. To wake herself up? I doubled over with laughter, and somehow her face went to an even deeper red. Just how red could she go? It only made me laugh more.

“Are you serious?” I asked once I had stopped laughing so much that I couldn’t talk.

“Shut up.” She hissed at me moodily. “I was tired I’m allowed to have a stupid idea. Anyway don’t you know it’s rude to laugh at the injured?” She snapped, still glaring. Why was it when I was with her she was always glaring? I bet if she smiled she would be much prettier.

I shocked myself with that thought. Why would I care if she looked prettier? “You’re right.” I said calming my laughter. “Are you okay?” I asked her seriously. Her scowl dropped completely, to be replaced with a look of surprise.

She down casted her eyes slightly and nodded slowly. “I’m fine.” She murmured. “I guess I deserve it for being that stupid anyway.” She looked at the table. I blinked. That was probably the only thing we’ve managed to say without it being something that would annoy the other person. Of course I would have to be the one to ruin something like that.

“You glare too much.” I told her honestly after a second. Don’t know why I said it. A confused look past on her face, soon she glared at me again.

“I do not glare that much.” She contradicted herself with the hard look on her face.

I laughed at her again. “You realise you’re glaring right now right?”

Her face heated up and she but she didn’t argue back, as the teacher came into the room. “Wow Little Miss Goody-Two-Shoes don’t dare to say anything in front of the teacher right?” I teased, whispering into her ear.

Her face glared at me as if to say ‘I’m not a Goody-Two-Shoes’ but she still didn’t say anything. My smirk deepened at that. She was a good girl through and through. As her eyes narrowed at me, alight with anger and

annoyance though, I completely forgot there was a reason for me avoiding her for the past week.

\*~\*

Did you enjoy it???? I worked at it but i'm afraid Daniel Blake's P.O.V isn't so good but it gives you a little insight!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



### **Step Seven: You Add A New Guy And Ask The Good Girl For Help**

*Third upload as of recent-ish!!!! WHOOP!!!! I Thanks to everyone who has voted commented and fanned there were more of them then I expected!!!!!!*

**HUGE SMILE!!!!!!**

***ANYWAY ENJOY!!!!!!!!!!***

**How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:**

## **Step Seven: You Add A New Guy And Ask The Good Girl For Help:::**

Two months and counting. That's how long it's been since I last saw my parents, and it's been even longer since I've had a proper conversation with them. I slumped moodily down the halls, trying not to show how crap I felt. Even Rebecca seemed to be deflating too. Her seemingly never ending energy seemed to be dwindling. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad, but it was our birthday in just under a week, and I didn't even know if they were going to call.

*No they wouldn't forget.* My mind told me, but the logical side of my brain seemed to want to argue. They hadn't called in weeks. I ignored it. They were our parents, and as neglecting as they were I doubted they would actually forget to at least pick up the phone. It was one day a year, how hard is it to remember really? Oh so surprisingly that thought didn't help me at all?

I frowned stopping at my locker. Why couldn't it be the holidays? Usually I didn't care either way, but recently I've started to dislike school more and more. Once I had collected everything I needed I didn't close my locker, instead I rested my head inside. The cool metal felt good on my skin. Letting out a sigh I let my thoughts of my parents disappear. The thought that replaced it though was what I was going to get Rebecca for her birthday. I didn't even know what she didn't have. The thought was almost as stressing as the first one.

Why didn't I ever have happy thoughts anymore?

"Miss Winters?" The voice behind me was an authoritative one you could tell by the way the voice flowed with command. I immediately straightened my spine, which resulted in me banging my head on the top of my locker, very loudly. None too surprisingly it hurt too.

“AH F-” I cried out as pain lanced through me. I was cut off however by someone clearing their throat. I quickly spun on my heels to come face to face with a tall thin stick like woman, with her blonde hair tied tightly into a swirl on the top of her head, and a pair of thin glasses perched on her perfectly straight (and highly pointy) nose, shielding her blue eyes with their thin layer of glass. Her dress code was a formal one, she wore a pencil skirt, and a crisp white shirt tucked into it, held up with a thin brown lady’s belt. All in all she looked very professional, as she should seem as she was the principal of the school.

Her facial expression was completely blank, so you couldn’t tell if she was about to praise you or tell you off. I recognised her from our first day here, where my sister and I had both been lectured about the school rules and standards on the first day. I blinked at her. What could she possibly want with me? I guess my face must have portrayed my question as she started talking again.

“You were just the girl I was looking for.” She said in a clean, emotionless, and completely business like tone. “Come with me.” There was no room for argument in her voice. She didn’t wait for my reply as she quickly started marching down the hall, not waiting for me, just expecting me to follow. And that’s exactly what I did.

She led me straight to her office, making me wonder what all this could possibly be about. I didn’t say anything as she strode robotically leading the way. I hadn’t done anything wrong, well besides swear at a teacher, but I had already served my detention, and I highly doubted that one thing would send me to the principal’s office over a week after it had happened. But then again, I hadn’t done anything particularly good either. I hadn’t entered any competitions, I hadn’t offered to tutor, and I hadn’t done anything out of the ordinary. So why would she have been searching for me of all people?



I politely took my seat across from her in her small but spacious office (if that even made any sense). It was small but everything was placed so specifically and there was hardly anything to take up the room left. The only personal item in the whole room that I could spot was a picture of a small girl who looked barely older than three. I would have told her that the girl in the picture looked cute – which she did, she had blonde wavy hair that fell just past her shoulders, and she was sat on a swing licking her ice cream with a huge smile printed on her face, despite the fact half of her chocolate ice cream had been wasted on her face, and flower print dress – but there was something about her that made me think a comment like that, wouldn't be appreciated. She clearly liked to keep her home life and work life as separate as possible. That much was clear. Everything else about the woman however seemed impossible to tell behind her mask of complete control.

I had met a lot of principal's (more than I would like to think about) due to school changes, yet none held themselves as elegantly and properly as this one did. She seemed far too important for a job like this, making sure a bunch of teenagers stayed in line and running a school. I sat uncomfortable, feeling like I didn't fit in well at all. Something about her made me feel like I was being examined.

I shifted slowly, clearing my throat as she watched me. "So? Um....What is it you wanted?" I asked trying to be polite, but I couldn't think of a way to say it. I still felt like a bumbling idiot. Her eyes continued to scrutinise me, as she took an agonisingly long time to answer my question.

"Just a minute, he will be here soon." She said in a calm voice. I desperately wanted for the awkward bubble of silence between them to end. The principal, Mrs Graham, however seemed completely at ease in the quiet room. And she didn't look even slightly inclined to talk. I pressed my lips together...waiting. Who for? I don't know. She seemed like she wasn't going to tell me either.

I almost sighed out in relief when there was a loud knock at the door. I whipped my head around, at the same time that Miss Graham called out a 'come in'. On her command the person walked inside. I was a little surprised. It wasn't anyone I knew, but that didn't mean I would want to get to know him. I almost blushed at my own thoughts. He was defiantly good looking. There was absolutely no denying that. He was working the whole angel fallen from heaven look. He had blonde hair, piercing icy blue eyes that were looking directly at me. On top of that he had high cheekbones, a strong jaw, long nose, plump lips, and eye lashes that were long enough that I was jealous of them. Damn him.

One thing was for sure. When my sister met him, she was going to flip! This was the second drool worthy guy in this school, because as much as I hated to admit it, even mentally, Daniel Blake was most defiantly 100% worthy to drool over. Not that I would ever in a million years tell him that. I was broken out of my thoughts when the principal spoke, demanding attention.

"Hailey Winters, this is Markus Reith." She introduced. "His is starting this school as of today." She continued. "Markus take a seat." She told him, nodding to the seat next to me. He silently took it, obviously feeling the same power rolling off of her that I did. We both waited for her to carry on, me waiting mostly for her to tell me why she needed to have me here. I glanced at Markus, not that I was complaining. He was so worth getting a look at.

"Markus is a very talented student, much like you Hailey." She said, for the first time calling me simply by my first name. "This means he will be in all of your classes." She tone that meant business. I nodded my head, still not sure where this was going. "So if you both don't mind, I will like you to show Markus around." She said still addressing me.

I blinked at her. "I don't mind." Markus said making me look at him with surprise. He had a huge smile painted enthusiastically on his face, my

lips automatically pulled up in response. It was one of those smiles.

I looked back to the head teacher. “Not that I mind.” I said slowly, “but wouldn’t it make more sense to pick someone else?” I asked. “I’ve only been here myself a month or two.”

The principal nodded. “That’s why you would be perfect.” She said simply. “You’ve been here long enough to know what’s what, but you also remember what it’s like to be the new person, having not been one yourself long ago.” I nodded.

“Okay.” I said shrugging. “I don’t mind then.” I looked at Markus, once again taking in his good looks. I completely, one hundred and ten percent, definitely did not mind one bit.

Mrs Graham nodded, filling me in with his lesson timetable (though I’m not quite sure why, it was as she said identical to mine, then again I think it was more for Markus’s benefit than anybody else’s). She finished finally dismissing us both with a ‘goodbye’ and a wave of her hand. Though the goodbye was more a formal thing than a friendly one. Something told me she didn’t get to really know, know, her students. I didn’t mind though. I beckoned Markus to follow me.

“So Hailey.” Markus said as soon as we left the small office. “Anything I should know as the new kid?” I crinkled my nose thinking for a second.

“Yeah, there is one thing I wish someone had told me about when I first came here.” She said looking at him seriously. “Don’t, under any circumstances, eat the macaroni, it may look fine but trust me it tastes like it’s sitting in the open for a week, and then reheated in a microwave.”

He laughed at that. “You know what, I think I like you Hailey.” He smiled a heart-breaking smile, and sadly I didn’t feel anything though. Not like in the books, where a cute person smiles and their heart flips. Nope, nothing. Still I smiled back.

“You aren’t so bad yourself Markus.” I said laughing.

He winced slightly. “Call me Mark.” He said. “I hate Markus.”

“Alright Mark.” I said flashing him another smile.

He blinked looking oddly surprised for a moment but after a split second smiled back with more force than before.

“Come on let’s go to maths.” I told him leading the way. He followed next to me.

Mark was surprisingly easy to talk to. Hell he even talked to Mary-Anne too (I swear she now has a dull blown crush on the boy). She kept shooting him dreamy looks, well her and every other girl in the vicinity.

“So you like to play guitar huh?” I asked him as we strolled to lunch. “What do you play?” Mary-Anne listened intently not saying much, but that was just her personality. Mark shrugged modestly.

“A few things.” He said vaguely. I raised a thin eyebrow at him. Could that answer be any less informative? He obviously picked up on my unspoken question because he continued. “Whenever someone asks me that, it’s like all the names of the songs I’ve learnt have flown out of my head.” He explained. “I would have to have my guitar here to show you.” He told me.

I laughed lightly. “Maybe some other time then?” I said suggested, waving my hand in front of myself dismissively. I really wasn’t that interested anyway. Sure I thought it was hot, what girl wouldn’t find a super cute boy that also happened to be a musician hot? Only a crazy one; was the only answer. But that didn’t mean I needed him to play for me. I highly doubted ‘some other time’ would actually ever come around.

In the lunch hall more people than usual came up to then. I had a sneaking suspicion that it was due the crazily hot guy sitting at our table.

Maybe that was due to the fact that it was mostly girls, and the only person they said more than ‘Hi, why don’t you introduce us to your new friend’ to was him. I wanted to roll my eyes at them. Mark squirmed in his seat, but his face had never looked so relaxed.

I wasn’t surprised in the slightest when my sister came up. “Hailey!” She practically shouted. “How is it that both of the hottest guys in the universe seem to know you?” She asked in front of Mark. I laughed at that. Her voice was demanding, but there was humour underneath them.

“I was wondering how long it would take for you to come along.” I said smugly. “Rebecca this is the new guy Mark, Mark this is my sister Rebecca.” I gestured between them. Rebecca immediately jumped into flirt mode. I smiled and ate trying to ignore my sister’s flirts. It was better this time though, probably because I knew it was coming. Unlike when she had flirted with Blake, I didn’t have the urge to throw up, and my stomach wasn’t twisting itself either.

Speaking of the devil...Blake suddenly appeared behind me whispering ‘boo’ into my ear. I jumped about three feet into the air, much to his great amusement. I put a hand over my heart; it was beating twice its normal speed due to fear. Blake laughed loudly.

“JESUS ARE YOU TRYING TO KILL ME!” I said jumping up and glaring at him. He just continued to laugh.

“You should have seen your face!” He laughed doubling over. Luckily there were enough people that he only attracted a little attention. I narrowed my eyes at him annoyed. “You looked so scared! Did you think I was a serial killer or something?” He gasped for air.

“Shut up of course I was scared!” I defended myself. “You appeared out of nowhere!” If anything it had the opposite of the desired effect. He laughed harder. I narrowed my eyes further at him. Asshole. “You know

laughing at someone is no way to get them to do you a favour.” I told him crossing my arms.

That stopped him. I smiled smugly. He blinked at me. “What makes you think I was over here to ask you a favour?” He asked. I noticed now that Markus, Rebecca, and Mary-Anne were the only other three at our table, and they were all listening in on our conversation.

“You came over here to me on purpose, and seeming as we are not even close to being friends there has to be a reason.” I told him. He looked a little surprised too say the least.

“And what? I can’t come over to grace you with my company without some kind of ulterior motive?” He questioned with a raised eyebrow. I raised my own back at him.

“So there isn’t an ulterior motive?” I asked settling back in my seat.

He flashed me a quick grin. “Well I never said that...” I rolled my eyes at him.

“What is it you want?” I asked wanting to get this over with. He took the seat next to mine.

“Well you remember Mr Glass’s homework assignment?” He asked. I almost wanted to laugh at him.

“You mean that one that he said he would give a month’s detention to for anyone who didn’t complete it.” I asked amusement lighting my words, they came out in a sing song voice. “I remember that assignment yes.”

“Well that would make one of us.” He said down heartedly. “I completely forgot about it, until Katie said something to me this morning about it.”

“Aw that sweet little Red head in our Science class. Tell me you didn’t.” I said in a mother-like disapproving tone. A small red flush tainted his



cheeks, making my delight grow. “You did.” I said laughing evilly. “And now you don’t have to assignment.” I gloated. “My, my, what a predicament we have.” I said tauntingly.

My sister was giving me shocked looks. And Blake pouted at me.

“What do you expect me to do about it?” I said chewing slowly on my food. He looked up at me with a puppy-dog face, his eyes wide and his bottom lip jutted out into an adorable pout.

“Well Mr Glass said we could do the assignment in pairs, and I’m going to bet you’re about the only person who did it alone.” He hinted. “And I was wondering if you could add my name to it.”

I stared at him blankly. “You can’t honestly say that you thought I would go through with that plan, can you?” I asked

“Please!” He begged.

My sister scoffed loudly. “Good luck Dan.” She laughed. “My sister won’t ever help you with that; hell, she wouldn’t even help me if I asked her to do that!”

Ignoring Rebecca he continued to beg. I looked at him. Damn I was a sucker for a cute pleading face. “Why should I?” I asked. “It’s not like you won’t end up in detention somehow anyway.”

He blinked. “Well as of recently my mother has taken a very keen look into my attendance to my science lesson, and the detentions I get, and well if I got a month’s worth of detention she would tear me a new one!”

I looked at him, shocked that he would admit that. I looked around the table; Markus and Mary-Anne were both looking at me, observing the situation, waiting for my answer. Rebecca seemed confident that I would say no.



I bit my lip, looking at Blake's pleading face. God he had got to be the most annoying person on earth, yet I couldn't ignore his pleading expression. Letting out a sigh I glared at him.

"You so owe me big time, Blake." I told him seriously, reaching for my bag so that he could write his name on my assignment. Rebecca looked at me flabbergasted.

"NO WAY!" She screeched. "YOU ARE ACTUALLY LETTING HIM PUT HIS NAME ON IT!" She had her jaw hanging open, even Mark and Mary-Anne looked slightly surprised. I frowned at her. I was a nice person! And Blake really sounded like he needed my help...

She narrowed her eyes at me. "You wouldn't even let me copy your homework when we were thirteen, and I had to get Greg to let me copy his, I had to go on a date with him and everything!" She said in disbelief. "Now you're helping him?" I blinked at her.

"Oh come on Rebecca, that was years ago, let it drop. And in case you forgot you had broken my i-pod." I reminded her.

"You said you forgave me for that!"

"Yeah, well I was still mad."

"What about when we were ten and I wanted to copy your music work? You wouldn't let me then either!" She said defiantly.

"So?" I said narrowing my eyes. "I wasn't as nice as I am now when I was ten." I told her shrugging.

"So if I wanted to copy your homework now would you let me?" She asked raising her eyebrow at me.

"Of course not." I told her. "One, we don't have any classes together, we don't even have the same homework anymore. And two this isn't a regu-

lar thing. I can't just let everybody steal my credit. I do actually work at this stuff you know." I said annoyed. It didn't just all come to me magically because I was smart!

She shook her head at me. "Those aren't the reasons." She said leaning forwards. "OH MY GOD!!!" She screeched jumping to her feet. "You have a CRUSH on him!" She declared, making me choke on my food and Blake to send me a smug grin.

"Do you, now?" He asked wiggling his eyebrows. My cheeks flamed.

"Of course I don't!" I said shocked that she would jump to that conclusion.

Blake simply rested a hand on my shoulder. My heart jumped. *Out of surprise.* I told myself silently. "It's okay if you do." He said calmly. "You wouldn't be the first."

I blinked at him. He had to be kidding me. I ground my teeth together. "Don't make me change my mind about helping you out." I said snatching the assignment off the lunch table and carefully placing it into my bag. "I will you know."

He retracted, holding his hands up in surrender. "Alright, alright." He said backing up. "Point taken, you don't have a crush on me and I owe you one for the help." He said running a hand through his hair.

I flashed a smirk at him. "Damn straight you do, Blake." He saluted me and walked off, hands stuffing into his pockets. I felt a slight drop of my mood when he left. Confusion swept through me. Why would I care if he left? I shook my head, looking to my sister whose face could be read as easily as if she were saying what she was thinking out loud.

*You don't have a crush? Yeah right!*

I ignored that, starting to finish my now cold dinner. Damn him straight to hell for making my food go cold, well at least damn him for not letting me eat it before it did. A crush on him? Not in a million years. You would catch my sister giving hugs to the homeless before you would catch me being even the slightest bit attracted to the arrogant, obnoxious, big-headed, funny, and annoyingly good looking Daniel Blake.

A.K.A. that wasn't going to happen.

Ever.

The world would probably end first.

\*\*\*

*okay so it needs some work, and this had a lot happening (sort of) hence the long title..*

*VOTE*

*COMMENT*

*FAN IF YOU REALLY ENJOYED IT!!!!!!!*

*I'll try to upload again soon!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*

\* \* \*

## **Step Eight: You Torment The Good Girl With Compliments**

*I know this is short!!! I intended it to be longer but I have a plan for the next chapter and I don't want to have anymore on the end of this!!!!*

*Hehehe!!!!*

*ENJOY!!!*

*VOTE*

*COMMENT*

*FAN IF YOU REALLY LIKE IT!!!!*

## **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:**

## **Step Eight: You Torment The Good Girl With Compliments:::**

“Blue.”

“Purple.”

“Blue!”

I looked over to the infuriating, annoying, big headed ass, which was sat next to me. “It’s purple.” I told him with a singe of annoyance. Blake’s smug grin didn’t leave his lips though. I narrowed my eyes at him. This has got to be the most pointless argument in history. Well we’re in science actually...but you know what I mean. Our work was laid abandoned on our desk, while the small liquid substance which was most defiantly of

the purple variety was being held loosely in Blake's grasp. He dangled it in front of my face as if to prove some kind of point. All I saw was a purple mixture in a glass tube being waved inches away from my eyes.

"That is blue in there." He said tapping it lightly. The glass made the sound of a wind chime as his nail collided lightly with it. I scrunched up my face.

"Yeah and also there's some red in there, which makes it purple." I pushed his hand away from my face and glared at him. He just glared straight back.

"It's not purple!"

"Yes it is!" I argued back stubbornly.

"Not it's not."

"Yes it IS!"

"Is not!"

"Is too!"

"Is not!"

"Is too!" I felt as if I had the mental age capacity of a five year old now! Who actually argued like this? Feeling stupid or not, when Blake said #is not' I still had to argue back. I had to have the last say!

"Look I don't care what you say, it's blue!"

"Obviously you do, otherwise we wouldn't be having this argument! It's purple!"

"Blue."

"Purple."

“Blue!”

--

As you can see we are straight back to the same argument all over again. This is how we've been for the past ten minutes. It was even stupid how the whole thing started. Had I of been partnered up with any other partner in the planet, there would have been no argument. Either the other person or I would have dropped this a long time ago. But instead I was partnered with Daniel Blake, the one person I had a strange compulsion to prove wrong, without any concern to how much argument would have to be involved.

“I don't think we can take your opinion in to consideration on this one, after all maybe you messed something up in that pretty little head of yours when you slammed it in to the table.” Daniel countered this time. My lips thinned at that.

I glared at him. It had been three days since I idiotically slammed my head on a table to wake myself up. And something's telling me I'll probably never live it down. Still my glare was a little too forced, the crazy half of my brain was a little too happy about the 'pretty' comment thrown in there.

“It's not an opinion it's fact. The damned thing is PURPLE!” I shot at him.

He smirked at me. “Blue.”

I groaned in frustration. How stubborn could this one boy be? I opened my mouth to argue again but was interrupted by someone quickly making it on to the 'need to hire someone to kill' list, which funnily enough only consisted of Daniel so far.

“Mr Blake, Miss Winters, why haven’t you finished your work piece?” Mr Glass asked (I have finally learnt his name). I looked up to him, doubting he would take ‘we couldn’t decide what colour this was’ as an answer. I bit my lip.

“We ended up having a scientific disagreement on our results.” I decided was the best answer, not telling him it was about the colour was probably the best thing to do. He seemed a taken aback by my answer. He slowly nodded his head, annoyance clear in his muddy eyes. My words were respectful to him, but he could hear the silent challenge inside them.

“Well then right down both of the results.” He said. “We don’t have the time for ‘disagreements’ in this lesson.” His clipped voice held anger at the fact he couldn’t really complain (though if he knew what the ‘disagreement’ was I’m positive we would have both landed ourselves in detention). He turned back to the front of the class room, continuing with the lesson.

“A scientific disagreement on our results?” Blake asked humour laced into every word. “Was that what it was?”

I pressed my lips together in a thin line writing ‘a purple-blue liquid’ on our paper, smug that at least the first colour written was purple. “Technically.” I said seriously. “It was a disagreement, and it was about the results of our science project.” I shrugged my shoulders. “All I did was make it sound like the argument was more important than it was. And hey it got us out of a detention.”

Blake laughed lightly. “True.” He nodded. “I can’t argue with that logic. Mr Glass has been jumping for an opportunity to get us into detention again.” I frowned at that. I had never been on the bad side of a teacher before. It felt weird being targeted in specific by one, even if he seemed to hate everything with so much as a pulse.



In the new silence that brewed between the both of us, I continued to work on our project while he leant forwards, looking bored out of his skull as he pouted, gazing at the PURPLE mixture. His head was rested casually on his folded arms, he watched me do OUR work alone.

“You can help you know!” I snapped at him frustrated. I was not going to let him off without doing work again. WE had gotten an A plus on MY homework, and although I had allowed him to have his name on it, I was regretting that decision as he bragged about ‘his’ high mark on it. Lazy, good for nothing, annoying-

I was broken from my inward rant when Blake spoke. “What do you want me to do then?”

I blinked at him, narrowing my eyes slightly. “Just follow the instructions.” I pointed to the steps I had written down in our previous lesson. He looked over them with scrunched eyebrows.

“I don’t want to.” He complained. I narrowed my eyes at him.

“Tough. Now work.” I pointedly shoved the paper under his nose.

“Fine.” He grumbled, picking up a clear test tube, filled with a yellow coloured liquid.

~Five Minutes Later~

“Daniel I will harm you if you touch that test tube one more time.” I said annoyed. My anger was at its peak, and it was taking everything I had not to smack the boy upside the head. Instead I settled for slapping his hand that was once again reaching out for the third smooth glass cylinder in the row of ten.

“Ouch.” He snapped glaring at me. “I thought you wanted me to help!” He nursed his hand. I rolled my eyes at him. Yes I had wanted his help. That was not to say that I had gotten it. All he had done since he agreed

to help was pick up the same test tube, look at it, smell it, tell me it looked like piss, and put it back down again.

“What you’re doing doesn’t constitute as help!” I told him angrily.

“You’re just being annoying!”

He faked a wounded look. “You hurt me Clover.” He said dramatically.

“Just because I’m not as smart as you...” He trailed off sniffing back tears that were less real than unicorns. I didn’t remove my hard face.

“Back to that nickname, are we?” I asked, with a raised eyebrow. “I don’t even know how you got Clover from Hailey.” I told him, crinkling my forehead with confusion. “It just doesn’t make sense.”

Blake laughed at me, loudly. “I didn’t get it from Hailey.” He shook his head. “I really like your eyes, they’re colour of grass, but clover sounds better as a nickname.” He shrugged his shoulders, as red invaded my cheeks. Damn him. Damn him to hell. Only he could say that he really liked my eyes so casually in a conversation. I knew my cheeks were growing darker by the second.

It wasn’t like I had never received a compliment before; just they were usually said with the purpose of trying to get something out of me, like my sisters number or something. No one had ever just randomly dropped it into conversation. Of course my tomato coloured face didn’t go unnoticed, and Blake wasn’t one to let it drop.

“Are you seriously blushing because I said I liked your eyes?” He asked in disbelief. “You are so innocent.” He barked out a laugh. “What if I said you had an incredibly sexy body?” He asked leaning closer to inspect my reaction. Of course my traitor blood, rushed willing to my face. Geez I was going to get light headed at this rate.

“Shut up.” I said, willing more than anything to return to my normal colour. I bit down on my lip, not looking at him.

I could hear his amusement. “It’s true you know. I do like your eyes, and your body is incredibly sexy.” I could feel his eyes roll down me, making me want to shiver. “You know what else I like?” He asked unabashed. “Your lips. They look so full and pink. It makes them look extremely kissable, especially when you bite down on your lower one like that.”

*So kiss them!* My mind screamed at him. I quickly released my lower lip. No. I didn’t seriously just think that. I told myself shaking my head mentally. *Yes you did, admit it, you want him to kiss you!* This didn’t help my trying not to blush dilemma in the slightest. I glowered in effectively at Blake. It was reasonable to have those kinds of thought about him, although I wouldn’t admit it to him he was hotter than the sun, and it also didn’t help how close he was to me!

He was close enough that I could smell his breath; I knew instantly that he had had chocolate today. Lucky bastard. That thought at least tore me away from the fact I wanted to grab him and pull him to my lips. I shuffled uncomfortably in my seat, as I blushed all that more. I couldn’t even muster up a full glare at him. “Quit that.” I ordered him moving my hand to his chest to push him away.

He chuckled lowly in his throat. Damn that was freaking sexy as hell! Glad he couldn’t read my thoughts I tried pushing him further away. “You know I also like? Your legs, they’re incredibly long. It’s quite the turn on.” As he said that my eyes widened. His cool breath was now right next to my ear. It tickled my skin lightly, at just how close he was. I could feel his lips move.

Just then the bell rang. I don’t think I’ve ever been so glad to hear it before. I instantly jumped from my seat, gathering my belongings. Blake continued to laugh at me as I rushed to collect all my things. I was tempted to flip him the finger, but resisted. That wouldn’t be very much like me at all. Instead I settled for speed walking away from him.

“Aw come on Clover don’t be embarrassed.” He yelled after me. I threw him a glare and hurried up my pace.

“Hey wait up Hailey!!!” This time it was someone else calling after me. Mark. I turned around to see him sprinting down the hall to catch up. “What was that about? You were the first out today.” His eye scanned my face. “And you look like a tomato.”

My eyes widened. “I don’t look like a tomato!” I said all too quickly. “I’m just a little flushed from speed walking! Yeah it’s this new thing I’m doing! I’ve decided to start speed walking to class to get there before anyone else! That’s why I didn’t wait for you.” I was talking really fast so the sentences were out in a second, leaving Mark looking at me worriedly.

*Liar, liar, pants on fire!* My mind taunted childishly. I had forgotten about Mark being in that class completely. I was a horrible friend. Not that I didn’t have a valid reason to forget. It was the only class that Mark and I didn’t sit next to each other in. And you try having a hot boy whisper compliments at you in your ear and not forget about a boy you had only met two days ago.

Mark just shrugged his shoulders though. “Alright.” He said. “Come on, we’re going to be late for class.” He swung an arm around my shoulder, and spun us both around. “You were walking the wrong way.” He said casually as he led me in the other direction. I would have blushed more but I don’t think that was really possible any more. The guy had been going here two days, and he already corrected me on our schedule. That was embarrassing, though it wasn’t half as embarrassing as the compliments Blake had thrown at me one by one. My cheeks just heated thinking about them.

~

It was easy to get along with Mark. Everyone stared at us as he chuckled next to me, as we talked. Conversation flowed between the two of us as if

we had known each other for years instead of less than a week.

“Seriously! I’m scarred for life with the image of my sister doing that!”  
told him shaking my head, making my pony tail flop and loosen slightly. My hands went up instinctively to tighten it. I was just so used to having it up now. I never used to wear it up, and when I first started to, because I didn’t have time for anything else, or it got in my way while I cooked, I hated it. Now I can barely remember the last time I wore it down. My heart sunk slightly. I wanted to be the old me. I wanted to get in trouble with my sister. I wanted to be the girl who had the time to worry what she looked like every day. A small part of me wanted to be Rebecca. I wanted to be the one who got to flirt with boys and go out to parties, while she sat at home and waited for me. Okay I lied, a big part of me wanted to be Rebecca.

Mark continued to laugh louder, unaware of my inner thoughts. I smiled lightly at him. Just like I did everyone else. It was a smile no one seemed to be able to look past. He was no different. He smiled back brightly at me. He didn’t see my pain. Not that I expected him too. No one could.

Mark was now telling me a story of his own. I nodded along, humming, and laughing in all the right places. My thoughts were far away from where I was right now though. I thought back to when Blake had asked me that question that had seemed to stick in my mind:

‘Don’t you ever smile?’

The question had been a light one, a teasing one even. Right now though, I thought about the serious answer. No. I didn’t smile. Not properly. Not anymore.

And no one even knew.

~\*~

dun dun dah dah dun!!!!!!!!!!!!

enjoy it??? I hope so thanks to fans and every one who likes votes and comments on this story!!!! I'm already working on the next chapter!



### **Step Nine: You Chase The Good Girl To The Ground**

I think quite a bit of this chapter is fairly boring but I'm hoping you guys bare with it and it's worth it :D enjoy...

### **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:**

### **Step Nine: You Chase The Good Girl Down To The Ground:::**

“DON’T DO IT!!!” Blake was chasing me full speed down the crowded streets. I was sprinting away lightly on my toes, laughing at him.

I weaved my way through the throngs of staring people. I dodged into the crowds, so that I could lose him easier. I was smaller. I could get through them easier than he could. He was definitely a fast runner I would give him that. I bounded gleefully around the next corner, throwing a mocking smirk over my shoulders, only to find that he was gaining on me. He was pushing unsuspecting small children and feeble old people out of his way. He even knocked over a man who looked two times his size.

My jaw dropped. Those poor people! My natural instinct was to apologise to the people and help them up, even if it wasn’t me who knocked them down. But I couldn’t risk getting caught. Instead I sped up my pace, and

ran into the kid's park. I leapt easily over the low gate. Although I didn't have my sisters cheerleading worthy athletic skills, I wasn't completely useless. I could jump over a gate less than two feet high. Actually I'm not even sure why they put it there. I mean sure there were tiny kids, but why would they be moving *away* from the swings and other assortment of fun activity structures. To me the gate seemed highly pointless. I dove quickly between two kids who were both throwing large quantities of grass at each other. I almost tripped over them as they ran directly in front of me.

Luckily for them I didn't. I sprinted past the slide, and roundabout, keeping my distance from the swarms of little people fighting to get on. It was a bright sunny Sunday, and the park was literally packed. Parents were stood around the edges, sitting in benches, drinking coffee, and gossiping to one another, whilst making sure that their kids were playing nice out of the corner of their eyes.

As I raced past some of the people gave me a questioning look. I didn't stop though. I continued to try going faster. However I was quickly running out of energy. That settled it. I thought huffing. I'm going to join a gym. I said this lie to myself for what felt like the thousandth time. I always thought the same thing whenever my sister and I were in P.E., or if I ran for the bus but couldn't get there in time, or when I babysat these twins that were relentless in their endless amounts of energy. They had kept running away from me. I knew I wasn't ever going to actually join the gym though. I didn't have the time, and if I did I wouldn't waste it there. What fun would that be?

As my brain rambled, my feet slowed. I barely had time to catch my breath before I was pounced upon. Losing my footing completely I fell face first in to the ground. My mouth immediately became a home to stray grass.

"That's disgusting." I said spitting it out. My face was wrinkled up in disgust, I could taste the mud. I struggled to stand up, only to find that



Blake was now sitting on top of me, pinning me down. I struggled more frantically, before stopping. "Get off me Blake!" I said whining slightly.

He just chuckled at me. "Not a chance Clover, now give it to me."

I shook my head determinedly. Not a chance. This kind of thing only happened once in a life time. I clutched desperately to the slim CD case that was in my hands. I tried to crawl out from under him, digging my fingers into the ground slightly. I would have to have a long relaxing bath after this. "Not happening buddy boy." I hissed, slightly breathless.

He growled at that. "This is not a time for games." He said all too seriously.

"I know that." I told him still trying to get away. Trying being the key word there. "Lose some weight." I groaned at him, looking over my shoulder to see his triumphant face. We both knew I wasn't winning this. But that wouldn't stop me trying. "What are you a body builder? You weigh a ton!"

He threw me a mock offended look. "Don't you know never to insult a man's weight?" He said. I glared at him, and he shot me a smug smile. "I'll get off you if you give me the CD."

"NEVER!" I cried struggling once more.

I could feel the eyes of people around us, staring. What kind of country do we live in?! A boy is plainly harassing a girl and not a single person would help? That just wasn't right. What if he wanted to kill me? I knew he wasn't going to, sure, but THEY didn't! How could they abandon a small helpless girl like me?

...

Maybe I should explain a little what's going on here. See this morning I would have never imagined that I would be in this position. Lying in the

mud of a children's park, with a heavy, irritating, and honest to god most annoyingly hot person in the world sat on me, whilst parents sat a watched our encounter in shock. The useless lot!

No if you had told me this is how my day would have ended I would have stayed in bed. Then again I wouldn't have the CD...

Still confused? Let me start at the beginning of the day.

...

\*11 HOURS PREVIOUSLY\*

"Fuck!" That was the first word Rebecca said as she entered the house this morning. The door, however quite it was, was apparently too loud. She moaned, clutching her forehead. "Why is the door so bloody creaky?" She murmured. Last night she had gone to a party. Or as she called it 'the' party. Some rich kid in her class was throwing it while his parents were out of town.

I rolled my eyes. I was sat in the kitchen eating breakfast, munching on Lucky Charms. I rolled out of my stool, getting the aspirin out and filling the glass with water. She rounded the corner looking like she had just spent the night running from flesh eating dogs. She was dressed in last night's party clothes, which were all rumpled from sleep. Her hair was sticking out everywhere, and her hood was pulled tightly over her head, as if to maintain her identity a secret, and keep her dignity intact. A huge pair of sunglasses covered her eyes, and her makeup was slightly smudged.

"Here." I handed her the medicine. This wasn't an uncommon occurrence. Sometimes she would be home on the night, others she wouldn't be. I tried hard not to think about the implications of where she might have slept.

I looked over her appearance carefully. Her heels were dangling in her right hand; she had obviously wrestled them off of her feet. She had walked home bare foot. Not that I could blame her. Those heels had to be about six inches tall.

“Good night?” I asked, settling down to eat more Lucky Charms.

She nodded her head, taking huge gulps of her water. “Freaking awesome night.” She agreed. “Sharron made such a fool out of herself going after Daniel Blake, and then threw up on some nerd’s shoes. I think it was that Manly-Anne guy-girl that you’re bum chums with. As I said awesome night.” She said taking her glasses off and slumping into the seat next to me. “You’ve got to hate the hang over though right?” She said laughing a little. I rolled my eyes. I had only ever really drunk once. And that had been at the young age of ten, when my sister and I were first allowed to stay home alone. We had spent the entire three days ‘running amuck’ (or at least that’s what our neighbours told our parents when they had returned home three days later). And hell it was a lot of fun; however the consequences when our parents found out were horrifying.

That was when I started having to look after Rebecca. Our mother had shouted at me for four hours straight about how someone needed to act like a responsible young adult while she was gone. She had gone especially hard on me though, knowing Rebecca and responsible were just two words that were never meant to be put together.

And the worst thing is she was right. When she had gotten home, my sister and I were dying for a real meal, and living in a pile of chocolate wrappers and other assorted candy.

I was giving my sister a hard look, as the memories ran through my mind. “What’s your problem with Mary-Anne?” I asked. “She’s a nice person.” I told her with a disapproving frown. “And she’s my friend can’t you cut her just a little bit of slack.”

Rebecca shot me an annoyed look. “You’re being loud.” She complained, massaging her temples slowly, completely ignoring what I had said. I raised an eyebrow at her. Of course she couldn’t cut Mary-Anne some slack; she couldn’t even cut me some! And she was my twin! “I’m going for a shower.” She claimed stalking out of the room. I sighed, a chewed on my lip thinking. She was obviously annoyed about something, but what?

Finishing off my cereal I washed my bowl and put it away again. I had to go out today anyway. I would leave Rebecca alone for a bit. I strolled around pulling my hair into a loose ponytail and slipping on some flats plus a jacket. Pulling out the few strands that were caught on the inside of my coat, I wrote a quick note to Rebecca to tell her I was out. She probably wouldn’t care, and even more probably had her own plans anyway, but I wasn’t going to leave without telling her.

I sighed, picking up my purse. Today I needed to shop. Tomorrow was our birthday and I had nothing to give her. What was worse was our parents still haven’t called. Usually they called a couple of days ahead before they came home, I didn’t want to think that they could forget, but honestly I had no idea what to expect anymore.

I shook my head. I scolded myself mentally for letting myself get upset. They wouldn’t forget. I chanted to myself. The logical side of me argued with it but I shut it down. Not now. I’m not going to even think about it.

...

I couldn’t stop thinking about it. My head pounded with the beginnings of a headache. And I still couldn’t find anything! I groaned in frustration. I entered what felt like the millionth store. This time it was a jewellery shop. I entered with low expectations. This had to be the hundredth one, and it looked exactly like all the others.

This was growing to be pointless! It was already mid-day, and I'd been searching for about five hours. I was beginning to lose all hope in actually accomplishing finding her the perfect gift. Her favourite thing in the world was cheerleading. What could I actually get her? Pom-poms? Let me think...Hmm. How about no?

I looked half heartedly through the small space. There were only about three other people in here, five if you included staff. I sighed about to turn around and leave when I noticed something out of the corner of my eye.

I swivelled on my heels to take another look. On the stand there was a small, but beautiful, necklace. It was a simple one; it had a small silver chain thick enough that you knew it wouldn't brake instantly. It had three regular sized pendants hanging from it. One especially caught my eye as it was a word. Hanging from the chain in smooth elegant cursive lettering was the word sister. It hung there from a loop on the S making it slant downwards. The next two pendants were on the same loop, making them bunch together cutely. The next was a small silver love heart that glinted beautifully, and next to it was locket for a picture. I swallowed. It was perfect in more ways than one.

It was simple but absolutely gorgeous, something my sister wouldn't be embarrassed to wear. It also matched the bracelet that our parents had gotten her. And best of all I could put a couple of pictures in it of them and us. I knew how much she missed them, even though she wouldn't say it. That was just who Rebecca was. But I know she would love it.

I grinned to myself. I couldn't wait to see her face. I wanted to pump my fist in the air and scream 'hell yeah'. I was about to call out for an assistant when I was beaten to it.

"I want that one please." A cheerful voice said politely. I almost screamed in horror. The long elegant finger was pointing directly at the necklace I

was about to buy.

NO!!!

This could not be happening to me! I was a good person wasn't I? I turned around, my expression, I know, pleading. Next to me was a woman who was about the same height as me, with long beautiful raven black hair that fell to her chest in smooth waves. She turned to me with a wide smile, lighting up her whole face. She was beautiful; anyone with eyes could see that. But that wasn't what distracted me. It was her eyes. They were an annoyingly familiar misty grey colour that I was sure I had seen somewhere else before. I couldn't for the life of me remember where that had been though.

I knew for certain it wasn't a common eye colour. The thought bugged me to no end. However I was quick to dismiss this thought. Why did I care what eyes the lady had? "You can't buy that." I blurted out my hand reaching instinctively to where the necklace was.

The lady looked at me in amusement. "I can't?" She asked, with a perfect eyebrow raised towards the sky.

Blood rushed to my cheeks. "I didn't mean to say it like that!" I stumbled over my words. "It's just that I really need this necklace, it's my sister's birthday tomorrow, and this is the only thing I could find that she would really love." I continued to ramble. "Please, please, please, let me buy it, I don't know what else I could do, I've been shopping for over five hours, and my feet are killing, and I need to get home and eat, because all I've had today is a small bowl of lucky charms, which despite being extraordinarily delicious doesn't keep you very full for long. And the necklace is just so perfect, it's just what I need, especially since it's going to be our eighteenth, it needs to be special, and I just-

"Okay."

“Please, I’ll do anything you want- Wait what?” I backtracked. Did she say okay? Relief flooded through me. “Oh my god really? Thank you so much!” I breathed. I was tempted to throw my arms around her and pull her into the tightest bear hug in history. “I really don’t know how to thank you, I just-”

“I do.” She said seriously, a small glint in her eyes.

I wrinkled my forehead in confusion. “You do what?” I asked.

“You didn’t think you were getting the necklace for free do you? I mean I know how you can thank me.” She said grinning like the Cheshire cat.

I cocked my head to the side.

“Look madam’s is someone buying the necklace?” The man who was stood behind us was looking at us in annoyance. Clearly we were wasting his time talking. You could tell he thought we were being a nuisance. I bit my lip like I always did, stopping myself from speaking rudely to him. Instead I gave him a huge smile.

“I am.” I told him brightly, looking over at the woman next to me to make sure this was okay. She was looking at me strangely, but she most definitely wasn’t objecting. The scowl dropped off his face as he looked at me and nodded. I quickly handed him over the money, just in case she was to change her mind, and he wrapped up the necklace carefully, handing it over to me in a neat little cardboard bag.

I smiled once more at him before turning back to the lady to continue our conversation. “So how exactly do I pay you back?” I nodded to the necklace that lay safely in the bag he had handed to me. The lady smiled, looking slightly embarrassed. That only made me more curious.

“Well,” she started her cheeks gaining a little bit of pink. “The thing is my husband is absolutely useless.” She stated. I wrinkled my brow in



confusion.

“Where is this leading exactly?” I asked uncomfortably, taking a small step back for good measure.

“Oh no, I’m coming off as a crazy lady aren’t I?!” She asked stepping forward. “No this thing is my husband was supposed to help me take this cot down the street to my neighbours house, because they’re having a child, and our baby boy has just gotten out of it, so it seems pointless to let it go to waste. Anyway he just keeps putting it off so you know what they say, if you want something done right, don’t ask your husband to do it for you.” My lips quirked upwards, and she carried on. “And I can’t do it by myself so...” She trailed off.

“You want me to help you.” I provided her with the end of the sentence. She beamed and nodded.

“Pretty much.” She said warmly. “After all I did let you buy the necklace.” She added slyly.

My lips thinned. I couldn’t argue with that logic. I sighed and nodded my head. “Alright.” I told her. “I’ll help.”

She grinned at me. “Great my house is just around the corner. I sighed inwardly this time. Wasn’t there a rule about following strangers into their houses? But she seemed nice enough, and if she turned out to be an axe wielding maniac I did know some self defence moves, plus she was small enough that I wasn’t too worried about being able to take her on. I doubted I would actually need to though.

As if sensing my worries she smiled at me. “I’m not some murderer or anything.” She told me, even though if she was one she surely wouldn’t go around announcing it...

“You can call someone and tell them where you are if it makes you any more comfortable. My shoulders relaxed a little. Yeah I could do that. I smiled at her whipping out my phone and sending a quick message to Rebecca. She was the only one who would really notice my disappearance, and as discomfoting as it was to admit it she would have to be the one to contact the police if I did ever go missing.

A shudder ran down my spine. It was probably best not to think about that.

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“And lift.” My eyes widened slightly as I lifted the cot. It was surprisingly heavy. I remember cots being extremely light. I stumbled slightly as I lifted my end. What the hell was this thing made out of?

Stacey (the name of the lady who I met at the jewellery store) had decided not dismantling it would save us a lot of time, and effort seeming as neither of us knew how to reassemble it afterwards. I was beginning to regret that decision though. Unlike normal cots this thing weighed an elephant.

“You alright?” Stacey huffed from the opposite side of the cot.

“Yeah.” I lied through my teeth. It felt as if my arms were going to fall off with the weight. “Where did you buy this thing though? It’s really heavy!” I exclaimed.

She let out a small laugh. “I don’t know.” She replied honestly. “Now come on, I don’t want to stand here all day talking, let’s get this thing out of here.

I can honestly say that this was the most exhausting forty minutes of my life. The real problem wasn’t moving it down the stairs, across the street, or even up the two flights of stairs in the next house, which don’t get me

wrong was complete and utter hell. No. The real problem was that her neighbour happened to be very, very, picky and indecisive. She made us stand with the cot in our hands for about twenty minutes, moving it from left to right, to and fro, to get it into exactly the right place.

I had to restrain myself from lifting the cot high enough to throw at her, which, hadn't she been very pregnant, a task I'm not entirely sure that I would have been able to stop myself from doing.

I did manage however. But by the time we were finished I wanted to collapse. My arms felt like dead weight to me.

"Thank you so much." Stacey said brightly, but even she sounded dog tired much like I did. "Come on in I'll get you a cold drink." She said. I smiled at her gratefully. I needed a drink now more than ever. I nodded at her in acceptance, too tired to bother speaking properly.

We moved in silence to her house, when I had some ice cold lemonade it was like heaven. "Thank you." I mumbled before taking another huge gulp. I sighed in contentment. She nodded at me.

We made polite conversation, talking about regular things, mostly about how heavy the cot had been and how demanding the woman she had given it to was.

"She's not usually that bad." Stacey amended, smiling almost apologetically at me. "It's all her pregnancy hormones, she'll probably come over here in three hours in tears, begging to apologise." We both laughed.

"Now there's something I would like to see." I said rubbing me sore arms, the pain was lessening however, in the morning was a different matter though. Stacey opened her mouth to say something, at the same time as shuffling behind the island in the middle of her kitchen. However before she could she knocked a precariously balanced CD on to the floor.

“Damn.” She said bending to pick it up. It looked like a homemade one. It was a blank white, with some messily scrawled title over it, which I couldn’t make out from this distance. I looked at it curiously.

“What’s that?” I asked leaning over.

She let out a small laugh. “An old DVD.” She said. “It’s of my son actually.” She nodded. “He went through this phase of wanting to be a ballerina when he was four.” She looked over at me. “He’s about your age actually.” She said. “Anyway this is a DVD of him in a tutu dancing around the living room.”

I smiled. You could easily see the love in her eyes as she spoke about her son.

“Of course, he now wants me to rid of all the evidence that he was ever like that. He thinks he’s a ‘badass’ and this ruins his whole image.” She laughed shaking her head. “I was going to throw this away today.” She handed it to me. At the top you could see the messy handwriting of a four year old ‘Danny’s Dance’.

I let out a small chuckle. “If it helps when my sister was four she wanted to be a pop star.” I said smiling at the memory.

Stacey raised an eyebrow at me. “Is she a good singer then?”

I laughed. “Nope she’s bloody awful.” I grimaced. “My mother threw a party when she gave up that dream, and decided she wanted to be a cheerleader instead.”

Stacey laughed loudly.

“I do have a question though.” I said looking up at her, still holding the CD limply in my hand. “If you have a son around my age, why didn’t you get him to help move the cot?”

She frowned a little. “As I said he has this whole ‘badass’ thing going on. He always out, and at parties and skipping school. He’s rarely ever about so...” She trailed off sighing. I gave her a sad look. I was going to say something but the sound of the door opening blocked me off. “That will be him now actually.

As she said this a very familiar voice floated from down the hall. “Hey Mum I do you know where-” He stopped speaking once he entered the kitchen, his misty grey eyes landed instantly on me, effectively easing the nagging feeling I had about Stacey’s eyes looking familiar. He blinked in surprise.

“Clover? What are you doing here?” He asked.

I looked at him stunned. “Wait.” I turned to Stacey. “Blake’s your son?” I said shocked. “That means...” I trailed off looking at the CD in my hand; I tightened my grip on it. “This is of Blake?” I asked.

A small grin took over my features.

Blake looked to where I was looking, and his face paled slightly.

“Is that...”

“Oh yes.” I grinned maliciously.

“Oh no.” He groaned. “Alright hand it over.” He said taking a step forward.

“No way!” I said jumping away from him as he advanced on me. “This is being posted on my dear friend the internet!” I said gleefully. He continued to come closer. I ducked under his arm that reached out for me.

And then I started to run. “Goodbye Stacey!” I called over my shoulder. “Thanks for the CD, you’ll be able to find it on YouTube tomorrow!” I could hear Blake in the background telling her that she most certainly

would not, before I heard his thunderous footsteps taking off after me. I was already out of the door though.

...

\*IN PRESENT TIME!\*

...

I guess that concludes all explanations. As you can tell this was not an expected out come. I groaned as Blake shuffled his weight on top of me.

“Get off.” I groaned. He just chuckled darkly.

“The CD must be destroyed.” He said. “Give it back to me.”

I shook my head, now putting all my energy into protecting the thing from him. I curled over it, pulling it in to my stomach. I looked desperately over to an old couple who was watching us, in what appeared to be amusement.

“Help me!” I begged them. To this they responded by chuckling and shaking their heads, saying things about ‘kids these days’ and ‘what a cute couple’. My mouth dropped open. Seriously!? I was practically being molested! A cute couple!? Some small and obviously confused part of me was sort of happy to hear that though. Why? I don’t know. As I’ve pointed at on several occasions, I think I’m going crazy.

“Get off me!” I yelled once more, thrashing out. Much to his great amusement, as me fighting against him was like a butterfly trying to knock over a fully grown tree, or a not even fully grown tree, either way it was still just never going to happen.

“Nope.” He said.

“I’ll give you chocolate.” I offered.

He snorted. “That’s not what I want and you know it.”

“What if it’s one of those really big chocolate bars?” I said not wanting to give him the CD.

“How about no.” He said not even taking time to consider it. I frowned. Who doesn’t take the time to consider chocolate?

“Well you’re not getting the CD back.” I told him stubbornly.

“Well I have no other choice than do I?” He asked.

I frowned. What did that mean exactly? I didn’t have to wait long to find out. Before I knew it his hands were running over my stomach and sides tickling me. As you can probably guess I’m extremely ticklish.

I let out a high pitched screech of laughter. “NO! STOP IT!” I laughed uncontrollably. “PLEASE NO MORE!” I begged.

“Are you going to give it to me?” He asked his hands hovering over me. I bit my lip, shaking my head.

“Never.” I said trying to escape again. It was no use. He was back to tickling me mercilessly. I bit my lip harder. No. I wouldn’t give up. I wouldn’t. I would. I am.

“OKAY OKAY!” I yelled finally. His hands stopped and he grinned wickedly.

“Was that a yes?” He asked amused. I nodded, but my hands still weren’t loosening my grip. He raised an eyebrow. “That doesn’t seem like a yes.” He indicated my iron tight grasp.

“Okay it might have been a lie.” I admitted sheepishly. A smile graced his face. He looked different with a real huge smile across his face. He had a



smile that made me want to smile along with him. So I did. My lips lifted into a huge grin back at him. He blinked.

“Ah so you DO smile.” I rolled my eyes.

“Of course.” I said. “I’m not a depressed person you know.” I told him laughing. He laughed along with me. The contrast of his low chuckle to my overly high pitched one (I honestly hated my laugh) was noticeable to anyone.

He leaned over me grinning. I couldn’t help but notice his face now. He actually took his appearance from his mother’s side. He had the same eyes and hair, though his was a lot shorter. However that was where the similarities ended. Unlike his mother, he had a long, slightly crooked, nose, and strong, and defined jaw, which held a hint of stubble. To be perfectly honest he was sexy as hell. His hair flopped over into his eyes, which were sparkling in amusement as he looked down at me.

I ran my eyes over the more subtle features on his face now, like the small scar the ran over his forehead, and the light freckles you could only see when you were really close, and the way his eyelashes created small shadows, and the one sided dimple in his left cheek, and the lopsided smile that showed his sparkling white teeth, and the way the edges of his eyes crinkled ever so slightly- I would have continued staring at Blake for a lot longer, listing all the small features about him, that made Blake, Blake.

To be honest I didn’t even notice how quite we had both become, and I didn’t remember the position we were in, or how we ended up that way. I was however brought back to everything when a familiar voice came from above us both, making us jump.

“Having some fun are we?”

\*\*\*

*Guess who it is!!!!*

*I knew it took so long to upload but I have my reasons which I'm not going to type out now cause it's late and I have college first thing tomorrow! Hope you like it I'll upload again ASAP!!!*



## **Step Ten: You Meet People From The Good Girl's Past**

For the super quick response and everything here is more story!!!

ENJOY!!!

## **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:::**

## **Step Ten: You Meet People From The Good Girl's Past:::**

Both mine and Daniel's head snapped up simultaneously, our facial expressions changed at exactly the same speed, our mouths opened at exactly the same time. It was like we were perfectly in sync. Except when he said, 'what the hell are you doing here'; I yelled out "MARK!"

A quick fleet of surprise flitted across his eyes, before it was followed by another emotion I couldn't quite tell what was. But quicker than you could say 'my elbow tastes funny' both emotions were gone replaced by a

sly amusement. He looked at Blake and answered his question. “You realise this is a public park right?” He said, his voice sounding as if he were holding back a laugh.

Annoyance flushed through me. Yes. This was a public park, and still no one helped me! Pushing back my anger I bit into my lip. “What’s up Mark?” I said leaning back on my elbows, ignoring the fact that Blake was still lying on top of me.

“Obviously not you.” He said; his lips quirking up at the corners. I groaned at his horrible joke. He had to be kidding me. “What are you two doing down there anyway?” I could see the curiosity burning in his eyes again, along with something else. Shaking it off, I sent him a small smile.

“It’s a long story, but basically, I went shopping for my sisters birthday present, I found a necklace but Blake’s dad is lazy, so then I had to refrain myself from hitting a pregnant lady with a 100 pound cot, there was some lemonade and a CD, and then Blake pushed feeble old people and defenceless small children to the ground, and then everyone in the park seems to have no problem with a teenage boy attacking a small helpless girl in public, as they did nothing to help me whatsoever.” Okay maybe I needed to let that go now...

Blake let out a loud snort. “You suck at explanations.” He mumbled. Surely enough when I looked back at Mark his face was the picture of confusion. I thought back over what I said. I guess it wasn’t very enlightening. I sent him a small apologetic shrug. There wasn’t really a sane and quick explanation of how my day ended up like this. To be honest I wanted to know how it ended up like this. All I had planned to do was get Rebecca a present.

Lost in thought I didn’t notice until too late that the CD I was gripping between my fingers was being ripped away from me. “NO!” I yelled out in

despair. Blake jumped triumphantly to his feet. He had a victorious smile was spread out over his lips. A devilish look in his eyes.

“Yes.” He replied mockingly. He threw the CD to the ground before stomping on it over, and over again. Damn it. There was no way I could ever get that back now.

I hung my head in defeat, and held my hand up for someone to help me off of the floor. I could see Mark twitching to reach it but Blake got there first. He easily pulled me to my feet, his muscles flexing sexily as he did so.

As soon as his hand connected with mine, my heart started to pound furiously in my chest. I quickly pulled my hand out of his, but instantly regretted it. It suddenly felt very cold without his holding on to it, which was crazy considering I had been fine ten seconds ago. I wanted to scoop his back up in to mine, but honestly I knew he wouldn't take it again. And I would just appear crazy. To stop myself from doing it anyway (because admittedly the idea was extremely tempting) I dusted myself down, using both hands to do so.

Looking down at myself, I let out a small groan. My whole front was green. “It's going to be awful to get these grass stains out.” I complained. Blake a laughed, whilst Mark shot me a sympathetic smile.

I rolled my eyes, and glared lightly at Blake. “Shut up Blake.” My eyes caught onto the broken CD. I stared at it longingly for a second, before letting out a small sigh. I probably would have felt like a real bitch if I had uploaded it anyway. I turned to face Mark again. “So what are you doing in the park anyway?” I asked him, trying to fill the silence that was now there.

He laughed loudly. “I wasn't at the park.” He said rolling his eyes. “I was down the street then I saw you running like a mad woman so I decided to see what was up.” He shrugged his shoulders.

I smiled gratefully at him. “Thanks.” I said quietly. At least someone tried to help me.

“No problem, what was on that CD anyway?” He asked looked at its remains.

“Nothing-” I started to say but Blake slapped a hand over my mouth.

“It was nothing-” He cut himself off now. “Wait did you say nothing?” He looked at me in shock. I shifted uncomfortably; nodding my head because he still had his hand was still covering my lips. He quickly let it drop, but didn’t step away from me. He was still close enough that his breath tickled my ear. And as much as I hated to admit it, that fact sent tingles running down my spine.

“Alriiiight...” Mark said disbelieving. We both shrugged it off.

There is no way that there could have been anyway to predict what happened next. It was completely random; much like most of the day had been so far. So I guess I shouldn’t have been so surprised, but when someone you hadn’t seen in five years was suddenly in the same place you were you would be surprised too.

“NO WAY IN HELL! HAILEY?!” A voice screeched out over the crowds of the streets. “NO FRIGGING WAY!!! CONNER LOOK IT’S HAILEY!”

My head whipped around at the sound. My jaw fell to the floor when I saw who it was. “Conner?” I asked shocked. A small girl, with her hair dyed bright pink and punk clothes on was running towards me. A smile stretched over my lips. “OH MY GOD! KIRSTY! CONNER!”

“Hailey?” It was Conner who spoke this time, his hair was a light brown that shone in the sunlight, and his eyes were the same royal blue that they had always been.

“Clover?” Blake said questioningly from next to me. I was glued to the spot though, shock was taking over all my emotions, I didn’t even turn to acknowledge that he had spoken to me. My smile slowly turned into a full blown grin.

“HAILEY!” Conner confirmed his own question.

“I’m confused.” Blake muttered, but no one paid any attention, once again he was blocked out. And maybe I would have felt bad if I wasn’t so surprised that I barely even noticed. Maybe it would do his ego some good to be knocked down a few pegs anyway...

“Hey Kirsty, Conner, don’t run away like that, we were looking everywhere for you two!” Another two people entered the already crowded scene.

“Wait, Gabriella!?” I screeched out in shock. The tall girl with fiery red hair turned to look at me questioningly, but my eyes had moved on, growing ever wider as they did so. My eyes landed on the boy who was walking next to her, his hands shoved lazily into the front of his jeans. I still recognised him though. Even if he had grown to be about seven feet tall (that’s what it looked like anyway even though he was slouched over) he still had the same shaggy black hair. “Oh my god, RYAN!?”

Gabriella looked at me with raised eyebrows. “Who are-”

She was cut off by Ryan. “Hailey?” I smiled widely in answer to him. I could see he had gotten the lip piercing he had always wanted too.

Gabriella’s jaw dropped. “Hailey!” She squealed.

I nodded my head.

“Wait Mark?” Kirsty asked suddenly looking over my shoulder.

“Huh? May?” He asked shocked.

“Wow you dyed your hair blonde!” Kirsty exclaimed.

Mark snorted. “Yeah you’re one to talk!” He indicated her pink hair.

“My hair has always been this colour.” She defended, putting her hand to her hair.

“Okay now I’m really, really confused. What’s going on?” Blake said loudly, finally he got the attention he had wanted.

Everyone turned to look at him. “Now how did my eyes slip past you?” Gabriella asked, with wide eyes. She quickly recovered though, a mischievous grin sweeping over her features. She rolled her eyes over him, checking him out.

I laughed loudly at Blake’s bewildered expression. “Maybe we should all do some explaining.” I said looking over to Mark. Even I was confused about the part where he and Kirsty knew each other. No one else seemed to recognise him though...

—

“Wait so you two went out once?” I said my eyes flicking between Mark and Kirsty shocked. We were all sat crowded around a small table at Joe’s Pizza. I don’t exactly know who Joe is, but his pizza is amazing.

Kirsty nodded taking a big gulp of her super sized drink. For a small person she ate and drank a lot. It was good to see she hadn’t changed. “It wasn’t really ‘going out’ really, just a summer fling.” She shrugged.

“I’m confused, why did he call you May?” Blake chimed in.

I laughed. “Everyone calls her May.” I told him.

“You don’t.” He pointed out. I rolled my eyes.



“Yeah but that’s because I’ve known her longer. I told you already, Kirsty, Gabriella, Ryan, Conner, Rebecca, and I used to be best friends when we were younger.” I told him. “She didn’t start going by her middle name, May, until she was eight.”

“That reminds me.” Conner piped up. “Where is Rebecca? You two used to be inseparable.” He said his eyes landing on me.

I refused to look at him. My heart thudded in my chest. “A lot happens in five years.” I shrugged looking at the table. My voice was barely coming out as a whisper though.

“Oh god no!” Gabriella shouted. “Tommy didn’t...” She trailed off her eyes wide in horror.

“A little after me and Rebecca moved.” I said my heart clenching; I could feel my throat clogging, and tears welling in my eyes. There were four collective gasps at the table, coming from Gabriella, Kirsty, Ryan and Conner.

Blake and Mark eyes both flashed to me. “Who’s Tommy?” They both asked.

“Someone I used to know. It’s a long story.” I shrugged still not looking up. I wasn’t really aware of what I was saying; my mouth seemed to move on its own accord making up excuses automatically. I fought back the tears and looked up. “It doesn’t matter.” I could tell that Blake was about to fight back, but he didn’t get the chance or if he did I didn’t hear him. I was swept into a hug by four different people.

“I’m sorry to hear that Hailey.” Ryan said into my ear. I smiled gratefully at them all as they pulled back. I really just didn’t want to talk about this right now, especially with Blake and Mark here. I straightened my posture determined to change the subject.

“Rebecca will still love to see you guys though.” I told them wiping my eyes with the sleeve of my jacket, making sure no tears could leak out. Seeing my uneasiness about talking about this no one perused to subject.

My eyes for some reason wandered to Blake’s, and I could tell just by one look that he was going to be asking questions about Tommy later. But that wasn’t what surprised me. I had expected that completely, what I didn’t expect to see was a concern in his eyes. My heart clenched once more in my chest. Ignoring it, I bit my lip and smiled a little to him.

“Well we can come to your house, you know, as long as you don’t put ‘mud’ in our shoes or ketchup in our drinks.” Conner said giving me a small smile. I burst out into laughter at that.

“Wow I forgot about that.” I said grinning.

“I didn’t.” Ryan made a disgusted face.

“It was your own fault.” Kirsty said sticking up for me.

“Yeah, you should know never to mess with Hailey.” Gabriella chided him. She looked over at the two confused boys. “He cut off the heads to all her Barbie dolls.” She told them shaking her head.

Blake and Mark were both really shocked and slightly confused whilst everyone else was laughing. Seeing this Ryan decided to elaborate. “She put dog shit in my shoes.” He said glaring at me. “But kept telling me it was mud afterward, but I’ll tell you this it didn’t smell like mud.” He said in an annoyed voice. I knew he had gotten over it a long time ago though. He wasn’t one to hold grudges. No matter how reasonable it was to hold one. Not inside our group of friends anyway.

“Don’t you mean it didn’t taste like mud?” Kirsty jabbed him in the side playfully, and continued the story on her own. “The idiot, after putting his foot inside the shoe then decided to see if he could see what was

inside it. So he held it up towards the light, and it fell right onto his face, into his mouth and everything!”

Blake snorted, and Mark’s jaw dropped.

“And to make it worse, she had also put ketchup in his drink so when he went to get his drink after he had washed his mouth out...” Gabriella continued.

“And then Hailey snapped a picture of his face as he did the whole spit take! It was hilarious!” Conner finished with a booming laugh, causing a few people to look at them in disapproval.

“I think I still have the picture.” I said smiling. “I kept all the pictures I took.” I said looking at each one of them in turn.

All of them stopped laughing, as their eyes widened. “Oh man seriously?” Conner asked, he was by far having the worst reaction of the lot. And I knew exactly why. “What about the one where I...” He trailed off, his face going red.

“Oh especially that one.” I assured him, a small smirk lifting the corners of my lips.

He groaned and buried his face in his hands. “I should have burnt that picture a long, long, long, time ago.” He muttered darkly.

“What does he mean?” Blake asked looking to Kirsty for an explanation. She was the one who was supplying most of them after all. However this time she shrugged her shoulders.

“I wish I knew.” Kirsty said woefully. “Whenever she wanted Conner to do something for her, she just threatened to show this picture to everyone, and post it on the internet and he’d instantly become her bitch.” She rolled her eyes. “All I know was it happened when she went to his house one time, alone because no one else could make it and bam.” She clapped

her hands loudly. “She has this mysterious picture. She wouldn’t even tell us what it was.”

“And she still won’t, right Hailey?” Conner turned to me with a begging expression.

I laughed and shook my head.

“Wait!” Mark said speaking up for one of the first times since we had gotten here. “You’re telling me that Hailey, Hailey Winter, this Hailey, good girl Hailey.” He said pointing at me. “Used to black mail people?” He said completely shocked.

I bit my lip to stop myself rolling my eyes. Was it really that shocking?

Gabriella snorted loudly, uncharacteristically. “You’re kidding me right?” She said. “Hailey use to blackmail everyone. She was lucky her parents were so cool about it. One time she actually blackmailed the teacher.” She said shaking her head. Kirsty, Ryan and Conner laughed. “Okay I lied,” Gabriella said shrugging, “it wasn’t just one time.”

Mark’s jaw dropped. I had to stop myself laughing at his dumbfounded expression.

“Do you remember how she blackmailed the teachers into not giving us homework on our birthdays?” Conner added.

Kirsty nodded her head.

“I still don’t know how she did that.” Ryan said in wonderment, causing me to chuckle.

“OH MY GOD!” Kirsty jumped from her seat pointing an accusing finger directly at me. “IT’S YOUR BIRTHDAY TOMORROW!” She squealed loudly. I flinched at the high pitched screech. “HOW COULD YOU LET ME FORGET LIKE THAT?!” She accused wagging a finger at me.

I shrugged. I had actually forgotten myself.

“It slipped my mind.” I told her truthfully.

“How can you forget your own birthday?” She said accusingly.

“Wait it’s your birthday tomorrow?!” Blake said shocked.

We all turned to him and laughed. “Wow you catch on slow.” Ryan chided, causing Blake to glare at him.

“Shut up.” He mumbled at him, making me laugh with amusement.

Daniel Blake’s P.O.V

*Tommy. Tommy. Tommy.*

The name wouldn’t stop repeating itself again, and again in my mind, rattling itself around my brain. Curiosity burned at me. Who was he? I could tell he was someone important to Hailey. Even as she had spoken about him for only a second there had been affection in her voice. Maybe he was her old boyfriend that she still had feelings for. But why did it hurt so much to think that? My heart clenched painfully. I had to stop myself from rubbing my chest.

I shook myself mentally. Images of her hurt face flashed in front of my eyes. I could see her eyes glistening from held back tears. My heart stopped again. I thinned my lips into a straight line. What if he had hurt her? Unexplainable rage flitted through me, causing my hands to clench into fists. I would kill him. I really would.

I blinked shocked. No I wouldn’t. I sat there bewildered. Once more her devastated and helpless expression flashed through my mind’s eye. At least I don’t think I would...I shook my head. I was never one to be unsure of myself I never really had anything to be unsure about. But

some part of me wasn't surprised that now that I am unsure, Hailey was the cause of it.

*Every rule has an exception.* That was what my mum had always told me. I figured out a while ago that Hailey must be my exception.

I never had a problem with figuring out what to say. It had always been the opposite with me, I said too much (at least that's what my teachers told me), except when I'm with Hailey. I could think back to several moments where I had been left speechless by her.

No girl held my interest, I couldn't think of a girl outside of my family that I could have a conversation that lasted more than twenty minutes, and didn't end with me wanting to blow my brains out, except for Hailey. I actually found myself missing her once she left.

My eyes flickered over to where Mark was sitting. I remembered the smiles that they had shared between them silently at the park, it was clear that he liked her. And I hated it. I never felt jealous when a girl simply smiled at a guy, except for when that girl was Hailey.

I thought back to at the Park when she had just been laying looking up at me. I remembered my heart pounding furiously in my chest. I remembered the shadowed look over her face, stopping me from seeing what she was thinking. I could still picture her baby doll face, her sparkling green eyes, full of amusement and mischief, her button nose that was red at the tip, her flushed cheeks full of vibrant colour, her slightly parted pink lips that she always bit down on too much, and her long eyelashes that framed her eyes.

The pink haired girl, Kirsty jumped from her seat shouting something and pointing accusingly at Hailey.

Hailey was looking at the table but she was smiling. A real smile. I felt my own lips tugging at the corners at the sight of it.

No smile has ever made me want to smile at the sight of it, except for Hailey's.

Suddenly what Kirsty had said clicked in my brain. "Wait it's your birthday tomorrow?" I asked astonished. This was the first I had heard of it. My eyes were wide. Everyone burst out laughing.

"Wow you catch on slow." The guy with black hair chided. I think his name was Ryan or maybe not. Either way I glared hatefully at him.

"Shut up." I grumbled throwing daggers at him with my mind.

All my anger evaporated however when Hailey laughed from next to me. No one could do that, except for Hailey.

I smiled back at her. Not even knowing why. Shouldn't I be angry at her laughing at me?

No one could make me feel like I was completely lost but deliriously happy at the same time...

...Except for Hailey.

~\*~

*WHAT DID YOU THINK!!!!??? IT WAS A LITTLE RUSHED BECASUE FANS WANTED IT UP ASAP SO HOPE YOU LIKE IT ANYWAY GTG THERE'S CAKE AWAITING FOR ME DOWNSTAIRS!!!*

*AND IT'S OF THE CHOCOLATE KIND! BOY I LOVE BIRTHDAYS!!! :D*





## **Step Eleven: You Push The Good Girl To The Edge**

okay i admit I'm a horrible person, this chapter isn't the best and I made you wait forever for it...but the ending leads to what I hope to be a much better chapter! :D

anyway ENJOY!!!

## **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:::**

## **Step Eleven: You Push The Good Girl To The Edge:::**

“SURPRISE!”

Rebecca was in shock. At least I think she was. She was stood frozen, staring at us all with her eyes as wide as saucepans. Slowly recovering her eyes now flickered over everyone in the room. Conner, Kirsty, Ryan, Gabriella, and I were standing there; our arms spread wide and jaunty smiles on our faces.

Kirsty was the first to speak; “HAPPY BIRTHDAY BEX!” She yelled as she flung herself across the room, onto Rebecca. It was odd to hear Rebecca being called by her old nickname. It seemed like a life time ago that that was all we ever called Rebecca. Kirsty had her arms wrapped firmly around her old friend; she looked up at her with child like playfulness. “Shocked?” She asked cocking her head to the side. “Or are you just not happy to see us?” She accused with a mock frown.

That snapped Rebecca out of it. “Kirsty?” She asked in wonderment. “NO FRIGGIN WAY!” She squealed. I laughed under my breath as that was the same thing Kirsty had said when seeing me yesterday. They had always been like that. She had been the closest one to Rebecca besides me.

Rebecca was no longer in any type of shock. Instead she was screaming at the top of her lungs. “OH MY GOD! CONNER, RYAN, GABBY!” She bounced around the room, pulling each one into a bear hug. “What the hell are you guys doing here?!”

I zoned out as they went over the same story they had told me yesterday. They had come here on a whim over their school holiday (obviously theirs was different to ours, we had another two weeks until we were on holiday). Apparently they spent a couple of months saving up so that they could all come down here together for a week. It was pure coincidence that I had run into them like I had. One look at Rebecca’s face and I was a hundred times more grateful that I had than I had been before, which is saying a lot. I barely ever saw Rebecca get this excited.

A small smile etched its way to my lips. We had decided to wait until this morning to surprise her that they were here. And it was completely worth it. She had a little bit of her old life back. I could even see some of the old Rebecca shining through.

I couldn’t stop the thoughts of our old life from flitting through my mind. It made my heart squeeze painfully to think of what we had once had. My eyes unwillingly wondered to the phone. No call. Not one. They had forgotten. I bit harshly down on my lip. Our own parents had forgotten our birthday. It had never been like this before. They had always come home, even if they were locked in their rooms working, they had still been bothered to acknowledge us.

“HAILEY!” A hand was waving in front of my face. I blinked stumbling back.

Annoyance surged through me at the interruption of my thoughts.

“What?” I snapped at Conner, who was now sending me pouty looks of hurt. I groaned internally. “Sorry Conner.” I said making my tone calming and apologetic. “What did you want?”

Conner looked at me with slight wariness. “I was going to say happy eighteenth, but if you’re going to bite my head off about it...” I sighed shaking my head.

“Sorry, I was just thinking.” I said wincing slightly.

He shot me a small sympathetic smile. “Where are Rita and Joe anyway?” He asked. “I’m surprised they would sleep through Bex’s screams like that.” He noted looking towards the stairs. I couldn’t cover my cringe at his mention of our parents.

Rebecca’s head shot in our direction, one look at my guilty face had her eye’s narrowing. “They haven’t called have they?” She demanded to know. She looked more annoyed than anything, but I could see the hurt in her eyes. I looked down and shook my head.

“What do you mean they haven’t called? Why would they need to call?” Ryan joined in the conversation now, his eyes flashing dangerously.

Rebecca looked over at him in surprise. “Hailey didn’t tell you?” She asked. “Our parent’s work twenty-four seven.” She spat out bitterly. “But they’ve never forgotten our birthday before.” My heart tugged in my chest. I knew she was trying her best to act as if it didn’t affect her, which was stupid but it was just what Rebecca did. “I guess it was just a matter of time though.” She added hatefully onto the end.

“Don’t say that.” I said jumping towards her. “Don’t assume the worst.”

She turned angrily to me. “Oh stop acting as if it’s not what you’re thinking too!” She yelled out. The room turned deathly silent. I had forgotten these guys had probably never seen us argue before. “You know it’s true, even if they couldn’t organise a flight here, they should have still been able to send us a call sometime over the past week to tell us that!”

I shifted uncomfortably. “Times are different in-”

“Don’t make up excuses for them Hailey!” She screamed. “If they have an excuse, which I highly doubt they do, they can get off the fucking asses and take just two minutes to call and give tell us their excuse themselves! It shouldn’t be your job to do that!”

“I KNOW THAT DAMN IT!!!” I screamed out louder. “DON’T YOU THINK I KNOW THAT?! DON’T YOU THINK I’VE BEEN TELLING MYSELF THAT FOR MONTHS?!” I heard the collective gasp around the room. “BUT AT LEAST I’M TRYING!” I ignored them all, my focus completely on my sister. “YOU DON’T EVEN REALISE THAT THOUGH! YOU DO WHATEVER THE HELL YOU PLEASE, WHILST I HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO HOLD OUR FAMILY TOGETHER! YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HARD THAT IS, BECAUSE YOU DON’T EVEN TRY!!!”

Rebecca started at me opened jawed, scratch that. EVERYONE was staring at me open jawed. I let out a frustrated groan. What I wasn’t allowed to be feeling like that? I wasn’t allowed to have those thoughts? Why the hell not? Because I’m the perfect child?!

“Oh so now you get your voice back, huh Hailey?” Rebecca sneered a little, recovering from her shocked silence. “You pretend to be so god damn perfect but you’re not!”

I stared at her with wide eyes. What happened in the last few minutes? This wasn’t the old Rebecca I saw before. This was the new one, and I’m just starting to realise I kind of hate it. “You say I make us excuses for

them, but I do it for you to.” I said quietly, not bothering to yell anymore. “Perfect? I’m hardly perfect Rebecca; I’m just being the responsible one because someone had to. Without our parents around someone had to do something. I didn’t want you to have to lose out on your life because of our parents neglect.”

Rebecca stayed silent now. A thick fog of tension hovered around them like a swarm of mosquitoes, itching and biting at them, irritating their skin.

Suddenly out of nowhere her anger flared upwards again. “Are you trying to guilt trip me now?!” She raged. “Fuck that! I’m not letting you guilt trip me Hailey!”

“You’re kidding me!” I shouted out. “You think I’m trying to guilt trip you?!” I asked redundantly, she had already said that’s what she thought I was doing twice. Anger rushed through all my vein’s at my parents, at Tommy, at Rebecca, hell even at myself. My fists shook by my side.

Oh god! What if it was one of those things where you just explode, literally? I scolded myself at the thought. I mean I know people say holding in your feelings is bad but to think it could actually make you explode in the literal sense was clearly crazy.

“You don’t exactly make it subtle Hailey! ‘Someone had to be responsible’.” She did a poor imitation of me at best.

“I don’t sound like that!” I shouted moodily.

“YEAH YOU KIND OF DO!” She screeched back. “You know why, because you’re a fun-sucking prude! And that’s what fun-sucking prudes sound like!”

“You know what Rebecca?” I asked through my teeth. “You can shove your self-righteous, pompous, self indulgent, self centred, annoying-as-

fuck, holier-than-thou attitude right up where the sun don't shine and kiss my 'prude', 'guilt tripping', 'fun-sucking' ass because I just find it impossible to care what you think right now!" I fired back, not missing a single beat. I breathed out, finally feeling a weight being lifted off of my chest.

I didn't want to stop, I knew that I probably should, but it felt good to fight back, it had been too long. I took a look at every single one of their shocked faces. "I'm going to go out." I told them with finality. For once I wanted a go at being the one who went out all day. I wanted to be the one who had some sort of normality in life. For once I wanted to be the rebelling teenage girl, with boy and hangover issues. Not the girl forced to grow up before her time, with absent parents and an unappreciative sister that needed to be looked after.

I turned to leave.

"One more thing," I said looking at my sister. "Don't wait up." I said the words she had said so often to me. It felt great to be the one who said them, and not the one they were being said to. It just felt amazing to be on the other half of this conversation. I swivelled almost gracefully on my heels, leaving everyone behind. I wanted a day away from my past. I wanted to be free of responsibilities, just for a few hours.

I could feel the guilt wanting to rush up on me, but I wouldn't let it. Hell no. For once I was going to let myself be me. Slamming the door behind me, I didn't bother saying anything else. All I picked up was my purse and phone. Today was going to be my drama free birthday...at least from this point onwards anyway.

I stormed my way into my car, first things first I needed an outfit. I looked down to the clothes I was wearing. Baggy jeans and a loose jumper. It wouldn't do for what I had planned. I drove my way to the nearest shopping centre.

It didn't take long to find something. I ended up buying a black skirt that ended a few inches above my knees, matched up with a lacy red top, and leather black jacket, that fit my form far better than anything else I had worn. To complete the outfit I wore a simple pair of ankle boots that were on sale. I looked in the cheap mirror of a public bathroom at myself.

I looked different. I looked for once that I had made some attempt at my appearance, instead of letting myself fade away into the back ground. I actually didn't look half bad, if a little too slutty. But I had seen people in much worse. And anyway this was just for the day. Besides it was my eighteenth; I was supposed to do something I wouldn't usually do. My eighteenth birthday only ever happened once.

I looked once more at my reflection and smiled. One thing was missing though. I pulled my hair out of its bindings of a hair tie and let it fall naturally over my shoulders. The grin on my face grew wider as it fell lightly around my shoulders, curling at the ends. I forgot how it felt to let it fall so freely. It felt more like the old me. That was exactly what I needed. I needed to get away from the last five years of my life.

A girl, who looked about two years younger than me, sauntered casually into the bathroom, glancing warily at its lack of hygiene. I didn't blame her either. Public bathrooms were disgusting. She rolled up her nose and quickened her pace to the mirror where I was standing. Pulling out her small make-up kit she began to reform her face, wasting no time in doing so.

My eyes lit up. That was what I needed. The old me loved to wear make-up, however little, because it made me feel like a teenager and not some ten year old girl. "Do you mind if I borrow some lip gloss?" I asked playing it safe. Lip gloss was easy. I couldn't mess that up.

The girl shot me a sideways glance, rolling her eyes over my appearance. "Sure." She said finally, handing over a small tube of clear sparkling goo.



“Thanks.” I smiled at her, applying a light amount. Too much would just make my lips go sticky. I don’t even know why I so badly wanted some make-up, maybe it was so that I felt better about myself knowing that at least one small part of me would look good.

“Going somewhere special?” The kid asked, taking back the tube from me, and placing it into her purse.

I nodded. “My eighteenth. I’ve decided it’s ‘do whatever the hell I want to day!’” I enthused. Just as I said that my phone started to ring frantically, from an unknown number. Pursing my lips I considered rejecting it.

“Good for you.” The girl nodded at me, before leaving. I nodded back. It was good for me. I needed just for once to let go, I could always go straight back to clinging on after twenty-four hours had passed. My phone continued to buzz. Sighing I answered it.

“Hello?” I drawled, leaning on the sinks.

“HAILEY!” Gabriella’s voice was recognisable instantly. “You ran away.” She stated the obvious.” I rolled my eyes.

“Thank you for telling me that Gabby.” I said. “Look I didn’t answer to argue.” I told her. “I answered to tell you to make sure my sister has a good birthday, despite its awful start, and to tell you I’m going to be fine.”

“All alone on your birthday and you’re going to be fine?” She asked incredulously.

I smiled at that. “Who said I’m going to be alone?” I asked, humour laced into my voice. “I plan on picking someone up actually.”

I heard her give a small sigh of relief. “Who exactly?” She asked. “Everyone’s here.”

“Not everyone.” I said standing up straight again. “Look I’ve got to go, my day’s running out already. Don’t bother calling, I probably won’t pick up.” I warned her, before snapping my phone shut and turning it on silent.

I wasn’t going to let anything get in the way of my day. I raced out to my car, wanting to get this show on the road. I wasn’t lying when I said I was running out of time, it was already almost twelve o’clock. Putting the car into drive I headed to the one place I thought I really could.

There was only one person that could make my dream day come true. If I wanted to stop being a good girl for one day, I had to go to the bad boy. In a matter of minutes I was at the same green house I had been to just yesterday.

Climbing, and almost falling, out of the car in my hurry, I walked briskly up the stone steps leading to the blues front door. I lifted my hand to knock, but my fist lay hovering above the wood. What if he didn’t come? I’d beg him. What if he still refused? I’d force him. What if he was impossible to force? I shook my head at the thought. If worst came to worst I went home again and apologised, and at least I would have gotten a cute outfit out of it.

With my new found determination I knocked three times on the door.

I closed my eyes and waited. I heard the sound of the door creaking open slowly. Opening my eyes I found myself face to face with a familiar black haired, misty eyed, woman. Sighing inwardly I let a small smile slip onto my face. I could feel the excitement bubbling up inside me.

“Hello Stacey.” I greeted with a nod of my head. “Is Daniel in?”

~\*~

Do you guys hate me yet? I promise it won't be this long until the next upload but I'm ill right now and homework takes a slight 'priority' over everything or at least that's what my teachers tell me but you know they exaggerate a lot so....

anyway I'm hoping the next chapter will be much better but I really needed this fight to happen



## **Step Twelve: You Take The Good Girl On A Drive**

SO it's up and you'll probably hate me for ending it where I did, I didn't plan to but I couldn't think of a better place :S Sorry!

**OH AND THNX TO ALL THE PEOPLE SUPPORTING AND ALL THE PEOPLE WHO HAVE LEFT ME COMMENTS ON HOW TO IMPROVE ETC. I APPRECIATE IT!!! :D**

*OKAY YOU MAY NOW ENJOY:::*

**How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:**

## Step Twelve: You Take The Good Girl On A Drive

The answer to my question came before Stacey could say anything.

“MUM! DANIEL HIT ME!” A high pitched complaint of a small girl’s yell came from not far away.

“NO I DIDN’T! SHE’S BEING A BABY!” Blake’s voice cut in angrily. “I BARELY EVEN TAPPED HER!” I blinked in shock. Was that Blake? Fighting with his sister? I don’t know why that surprised me so much, but it was like going into a bar and seeing your teacher dancing in a provocative way. I mean I knew he must have a life, but you kind of expect it to be...well...he was the schools bad boy! You don’t really imagine him acting...normal. I sighed inwardly, now I was just being judging.

Stacey’s face grew a little red as she grimaced. She sent me a small apologetic smile, before turning to yell over her shoulder. “SOPHIE, DANIEL! SHUT UP AND STOP ARGUING!” She ordered them loudly. I had to roll my lips into my mouth to stop myself from smiling. Apparently they weren’t listening to her anyway, a small screech sounded from behind the door.

“DANIEL! PUT ME DOWN, ALL THE BLOOD’S GOING TO MY HEAD!!!”

“Oh my god.” Stacey muttered rubbing her head. “LUKE, DO SOMETHING!” She yelled back.

“SURE THING SWEETIE!” The person I assumed to be her husband called back. The next sound that came was the shuffling of someone standing up, and paper crinkling, before there were two loud yelps of ‘ouch!’, and a thud. Before there was some more shuffling until there was a third ‘ouch’.

My eyebrows crinkled in confusion. The yelling between Blake and Sophie had come to a halt, what was the third ouch? I looked at Stacey,

who looked like she knew exactly what was going on seeming as she was rolling her eyes heavenward.

“What was that for?!” This time it was a small boy’s voice, sounding indignant and annoyed. Actually he sounded a lot like Blake usually did, but his high voice gave away his youth.

“You were there.” The reply came, nonchalantly. “And plus you’re in my seat, move it.” I couldn’t stop the small smile lifting the edges of my lips. Who knew Daniel’s family was so...eccentric? Stacey winced once more.

“Ha, ha, sorry about this.” She said. Then something caught her eye over my shoulder. She let out a small sigh of relief. “Abby! Rick!” She exclaimed happily. “You’re early!” I looked behind me to see a couple walking hand in hand up the drive way. There was no guessing involved in telling that the girl, Abby, was her daughter. She was the spitting image of Stacey, except younger.

“Hi mum.” Abby said, confirming my already positive guess. She reached me and Stacey quickly, and dropped a light kiss on her mother’s on the cheek. “Who’s this?” She asked turning to look at me. Her eyes weren’t judging like I expected them to be. Instead they were friendly and warm. I blinked back at her, forgetting to answer. It had been a long time since I got a non-judgemental look. I never tried, or bothered with my looks and all teenagers gave you judgemental looks for that. Seeming as I was still attending high school about all the people I ever met were teenagers.

“This is Hailey, she came to see Daniel.” She said smiling. “Hailey this is my eldest child Abby and her fiancé Rick.” I nodded to them both smiling politely.

Rick let out a low whistle. “Wow the kid did well for himself this time.” He said, earning a smack in the arm from his girlfriend. A blush rose to my cheeks and I ducked my head slightly. I chose to ignore the comment.

“You better watch it; you’re already on thin ice Ricky Boy.” I could tell by the look she gave him and the blush that rose to his cheeks that there was a story, I would probably never hear, behind her statement. Curiosity burned in me, but I shrugged it away.

“Nice to meet you.” I said holding out my hand for them to shake. They both did in turn. I turned to look at Stacey. I let out a small sigh, making up my mind that maybe I should go. I mean his whole family was here, there must be something important going on right? I would hate it someone dragged me away from my family if we ever all got together. “If this is a bad time I could always leave...” I trailed off. I could feel disappointment in my chest as I voiced my thoughts; it was mixed in with relief though. The longer I stood here the more time I had for over thinking, which was something I always did.

“Oh don’t be ridiculous.” She reassured me with a wave of her hand, as Abby and Rick passed her to enter the house. “I’ll just go get-” She was interrupted though.

“Mum what’s taking so long?” A small boy entered the doorway, rubbing his forehead, his blonde fringe being swept out of his eyes as he did so. He had the innocent look from his mother, I could imagine his in fuzzy Batman pyjamas with a teddy bear gripped in his hand, as he danced along to the theme song of Thomas the Tank Engine. “Dad hit me with a newspaper for sitting in his seat.” He complained with a small frown, before looking up and seeing me. As soon as our eyes connected, though, his eyes narrowed. A grumpy expression took over his face.

His face transformed from the boy I was imagining a minute ago to a demon child. He and Blake must have both got that trait.

Stacey opened her mouth to speak, but was cut off for the second time in a row, this time by the sound of a kid crying. “OH DEAR GOD WHAT

DID I DO?!” I recognised Rick’s voice, even though it was now full of distress.

The sound of arguments, battling between the Blake family, was back once more. Stacey sighed. “I’ll be right back.” She told me looking exhausted. She shuffled away from the door holding up one finger. “DEAR LORD! RICK! WHY ARE YOU HOLDING HIM UPSIDE DOWN?” I let out a small chuckle before I noticed the death glare the kid was giving me again.

“Who the hell are you?!” He asked rudely. I blinked at him in surprise.

“Um...Hailey?” I said unsure how to answer the kid even though he asked a really simple question. It felt sort of like a trick question. Like he was asking me a riddle, that there was a complicated yet simple answer to. “Who are you?”

“Darren.” His voice was cut and dry. “I’m assuming you’re here for Daniel.” He sneered. I blinked at him shocked. How did he know that? “Don’t look so surprised.” He said. “A bunch of hookers always come here looking for him.”

My jaw dropped open. “I’m not a hooker!” I yelped out. Wow I can honestly say that was a first for me. I was never once mistaken for a hooker before. Oh wait. That was wrong, I remembered frowning. There was that time Rebecca told me to meet her outside the club. I was standing at the corner of the street when a guy came up to me with a bunch of notes, and a rather disturbing smile, paired worryingly with far more disturbing suggestions.

“So you’re not all dressed up to seduce my brother?” Darren asked, breaking me from my thinking. He leaned casually on the door frame. I stared wide eyed at him.



“OF COURSE NOT!” I yelled. I winced at my own voice. That was the second time today that I had snapped at someone. Maybe I had finally lost it. I remembered what had happened today. I had stormed off from my twin, and left the five people I knew better than anyone else so that I could stand outside waiting for a guy I barely knew to ask if he wanted to spend my birthday with me, whilst being verbally insulted by his little brother, and to top it off apparently I was dressed like a hooker, whilst I was doing so! Yep I had lost it. And you know what? Thinking about it was helping. I pinched the bridge of my nose, trying to think calming thoughts.

“It’s my birthday, and I felt like it.” I answered reproachfully, trying for a more ‘Hailey’ answer. My forehead wrinkled at that thought. Why did I have to try to be myself? That wasn’t right. Being yourself is when you don’t think about what you say and do. My frown deepened and I tried to stray my own mind from the topic. No thinking about anything serious today! I scolded myself. This was the kid’s fault for calling me a hooker! I looked down at my outfit. It wasn’t that bad was it?

He snorted in disbelief, at my answer. “Yeah right.” My eye twitched at that. Maybe I could kill this twerp. I instantly smacked the thought from my mind. Maybe it was a Blake boy talent, being able to get on my nerves. I opened my mouth to try respond, but I was saved by none other than Blake...or at least his voice anyway.

“Mum why would Hailey be at our door?” I could hear the approaching voice sound of Blake’s footsteps. I almost sighed in relief. This kid obviously hated me. Then again I wasn’t too fond of him either.

“I don’t know, maybe you’re supposed to be going on a date!” Stacey answered back.

“I think I would remember if I had a date mum!” He said indignantly.

“It wouldn’t be the first time you’ve organised a date and forgotten about it!” Stacey snapped. I laughed lightly at that. He had forgotten a date before? I felt instantly bad for the girl he had somehow managed to neglect.

I could hear Blake muttering under his breath, but only caught two words, one of which sounded an awful lot like one I had used to describe Rebecca in my mind rant over here. I’ll give you a clue, it rhymes with ditch. The other word was Know-it-all. Technically three words, but it sounds more like one when you said it like he did.

As I was thinking about this, he appeared behind his annoying brother. I looked up at him in amusement. “You’ve forgotten a date before?” I asked my lips wobbling upwards, trying to suppress a laugh. He didn’t say anything back though. Just like Rebecca had been before, he looked like he was in a state of shock.

I scrunched my eyebrows together. I had just heard his mother telling him it was me at the door (sort of...well I had heard his response anyway...) why was he so surprised? “Are you okay Blake?” I asked leaning in closer and waving my hand in front of his face.

“Oh my god.” His brother mumbled in annoyance under his breath. My eyes snapped down to him, and back to his Blake. Daniel Blake that is...ugh! This was confusing. I couldn’t tell between the two of them who was more annoying.

“What?” I asked him frustrated at his tone of voice. It had been one of exasperation.

“My brother’s so lame.” He stated in a voice that he didn’t have to add ‘duh’ on to the end of. It was pretty much implied in his tone. “I can’t believe your hooker dressing technique worked.” My jaw dropped at the second half of his sentence. Although I completely agreed with the first, that didn’t change the fact I was now plotting out ways in my head to kill

the boy. Then what he had said registered properly in my mind. Did he just technically tell me that Blake was checking me out? Albeit in an offensive way, but still...

Was he serious? I looked over to Blake to see his eyes rolling over my body.

A blush ran over my cheeks. I gently cleared my throat. Why did I have to fight back a smile at the thought of Daniel Blake finding me attractive? "Blake. My eyes are up here." I told him. I had meant to sound stern, but I ended up stumbling slightly over my words. How could he do that just by looking at me? What was wrong with me? Then I realised what I was doing. I was questioning everything. I was over thinking things that didn't need to be thought about at all. I wasn't meant to be doing that today. I shook all questions out of my head.

"Um..." Blake said swallowing. A small sense of pride filled me. I had made the playboy nervous? He cleared his throat. "You look...different." He settled on finally after a moment's silence. He sucked in an audible breath before shaking his head. "You're...um...wearing your hair down."

I let out a small snort of laughter. "How observant you are Blake." I said shaking my head in my own amusement. "Yes I'm wearing my hair down." I spoke to him like you would a five year old when explaining maths.

His eyes narrowed slightly as he gained his composure back. He straightened his posture, gaining a few inches onto his already 'too bloody tall' height. "Shut up. I wasn't expecting you here." He said glaring. "What do you want Clover?" My smile dropped a little. What if he was too busy? Or maybe he just didn't want to? Maybe this would just seem really weird to him... I breathed out slowly. No I wasn't thinking today.

"Um actually...this is going to sound weird. And feel free to say no." I said looking back up at him. "But just so you know it's my birthday and you've

not gotten me a present, so you should probably say yes.” I informed him. Now that’s what guilt tripping is Rebecca, I thought spitefully.

“Happy birthday.” He acknowledged, nodding his head.

“Thank you.” I answered. “Anyway I was kind of, sort of, hoping for a tiny favour.” I held my finger and thumb about an inch apart. I looked up at him hopefully. Yet it wasn’t him to be the next one to speak.

“A sexual favour perhaps.” My jaw dropped as I looked at the little kid still standing there. Seriously where did this kid pick this stuff up? My eyes drifted to Blake. Did he get this sort of language off him? I looked at Blake with accusing eyes.

“Tell me he didn’t get that mouth off of you Blake.” I said in seriousness. He smiled guiltily, shrugging his shoulders. I hit him on the arm. “Geez Blake! What is he? Ten? Ten and a half?” Still too young at any rate.

“I’m eleven in twenty days!” Darren sounded annoyed.

“Oh, happy almost birthday.” I nodded down to him. He looked happy at that. Blake however wasn’t paying the slightest attention. Instead he was rubbing his arm.

“Is that any way to treat someone you want a favour off of?” He asked.

I thinned my lips. “When you put it like that I guess I’m sorry.” I told him shrugging my shoulders. It wasn’t hard to tell my apology was an insincere. He rolled his eyes, making me smile. “It’s your fault. You shouldn’t teach kids-”

“Hey!” Darren interrupted.

“Sorry. ‘People’ bad language.” I said, substituting ‘people’ for kids because I couldn’t think of anything else except ‘young men’, which just

didn't work at all. Darren rolled his eyes, looking just like his brother as he did that. A small smile slipped on my face at the resemblance.

"Are you going to get to the point of what the favour is then?" Blake asked amused. I rolled my lips into my mouth, tasting the lip gloss I had borrowed. Although it smelled like strawberries, it didn't taste like it. Actually it didn't particularly taste like anything...

I shook my head. There was a something Blake had asked. Oh right. "Yeah well as it is my birthday and you neglected to get me a present, I demand you take me out for a day of fun!" I declared standing up straight. Oh wait...that wasn't right was it? I thought I came to ask a favour, not demand one.

"I knew it." Darren scoffed. I stared at him. Blake snorted loudly.

"A sex-free day of fun." I said for his benefit.

Blake's smirked widely. "That limits the options a lot..." He said leaning against the wall in perfect ease now. "But I have a question." I looked up at him waiting for him to continue. "Why me?" I smiled wryly. Of course he would ask that.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I'm not allowing myself to think, and you're the first person that came to mind." I told him vaguely. I'm not actually totally sure on the answer myself. This answer seemed to satisfy him though. He grinned. "So what do you say?" I asked him cocking my head, readying myself to having the door slammed in my face. That was honestly the worst thing that could happen right now. And that wasn't so bad.

He tapped his chin thoughtfully. Okay now he was pissing with me. Finally after a minuet he sent me a wide smile, full of amusement. "A chance to see the good girl turn bad? I wouldn't miss it for the world." He answered. I breathed a sigh of relief.

“Good!” I beamed. “Let’s go!” I gripped his arm and dragging him forwards, before he could change his mind.

“Whey!” He said stumbling as I pulled him along. “Eager much? If you wanted me so badly you just had to say so...” He trailed off waggling his eyebrows.

I blushed, looking away from him. “Shut up Blake.” I said tugging at his arm. “Could you just refrain yourself from saying anything perverted today?” I asked, not expecting much. I wasn’t disappointed.

“Nope.” He said shaking his head. “Sorry Clover, you just have to accept it as part of who I am.” He said teasingly. “You’re not one of those girls that tries to change everything about a guy to try mould him into something they’re not are you?” He asked.

I rolled my eyes. “Yep.” I nodded. “Next I’m going to make you cut your hair, dye it blonde, and then make you learn to play guitar. Oh and while I’m at it I might as well change your name to Chase, because it sounds hotter than ‘Daniel’.” I told him sarcastically.

“Well my middle name is already Chase, and I know how to play guitar. But I prefer my hair black, you’re out of luck on that one.” He said. I stopped and turned to him.

“You’re kidding me!” I said shaking my head. I had come up with all of that on the spot.

“Nope.” He said. “Glad you think my middle name is hot. And maybe I’ll play something on the guitar for you sometime.” He said shrugging his shoulders. I narrowed my eyes at him. Okay seriously?

I blinked at the guy next to me. “Wow I just realised, I know nothing about you!” I exclaimed. That kind of made me feel like a bitch... I bit my



lip. “You seriously play guitar?” I asked him starting towards my car again and unlocking it.

He nodded his head. “Yeah. Don’t feel bad though, not many people outside my family know that.” I blinked in surprise. I felt kind of special knowing it now. I knew it wasn’t much, but my stomach did flips when he told me that. Odd right?

“In that case, I used to play piano. But no one that I talk to now knows that but Rebecca.” I said starting to slide into my seat. His hand came and stopped.

“Nuh-uh.” He said shaking his head. “I’m driving.” He held out his hands for the keys expectantly. Sighing I handed them over to him. It was easier than constantly asking for directions anyway. “So why don’t you play piano anymore?” He asked, continuing the conversation off where we had left it.

“I don’t have time.” I told him climbing into the car without any interruption this time. “I gave it up a year ago.” He looked at me in shock.

“You don’t seem like the giving up type.” He told me reversing out of the parking space smoothly. “What made you stop piano?”

“I just said why.” I said rolling my eyes. “There wasn’t enough time. But before it was the only thing keeping me sane.” The lie came far too easily to me for my own comfort. I don’t even know for certain why I am lying. I shivered as I remembered the real reason I had given it up. My parents had kind of slapped down hard on me when they started to expect me to look after both Rebecca and myself. One time I had managed to have the teacher call my parents about my grade slipping. The results weren’t pretty. Hence why I had been desperate for Rebecca not to tell our parents about my detention. They would have had a complete fit. They had forced me to give up piano saying that it was too distracting.



I looked down to my hands, remembering how it felt to play the piano. My hands flying over the smooth white keys, that when pressed in the right order and combination made a beautiful sound. I used to love the low spine chilling notes the best. I used to get a thrill at hearing it.

I sighed as I thought about how I wasn't allowed to play it again. Not all the time like I used to. I leant my head back on my seat, staring up at the ceiling. I groaned to myself. This was depressing. I shook my head to clear all thoughts of it. Then I noticed we were driving in silence.

"So where are you taking me?" I asked sitting up straight to look at Blake. He eyes were fixed lazily on the road. Wow. Way to make me feel safe. He looked like he was going to drop off to sleep any second! Once I had spoke though his eyes flickered to mine and a mischievous smile lit up his face.

"Nuh-uh we wouldn't want your birthday surprise to be ruined." He said shaking his head.

I rolled my eyes. "Well it's already my birthday, so you can just tell me."

"Nope. Then it wouldn't be a surprise." He countered.

I slumped back down, crossing my arms over my chest. "Surprises suck." I said pouting moodily. "I officially hate surprises, starting now." I looked at the clock on the dashboard. I have officially hated surprises for all of one second! WHOO! I sighed internally...this was going to be a LONG ride.

Blake just chuckled from next to me. I shot him an annoyed look. Five long minutes passed. Okay this was not going as planned. What kind of excitement was this for a birthday? I bit into my lip. Suddenly I had an idea. "Let's play a game." I suggested sitting up again, an excited look lifting up my lips into a smile.

Blake however didn't even look at me before he replied. "No."

My jaw dropped. "What? Why not? I demand an answer!" I exclaimed loudly, banging my fist against my knee, then wincing once I realised how hard I had hit myself.

"I don't like games." He shrugged.

I think I'm going into shock now. "What kind of person doesn't like games?" I accused.

"Me." He answered flatly.

I narrowed my eyes further. "You're lying."

He chuckled. "Why would I lie about whether I like games or not?" He asked clearly amused.

I stuck my nose in the air. "I don't know, you're the one doing it not me!" I pointed out grumpily. You'd have to be some kind of alien not to enjoy games. I gasped loudly. "Oh my god you're an Alien!" I accused.

His lips lifted into a smile. "Care to explain how you jumped to that conclusion?" He asked, raising an eyebrow at me. I snorted loudly.

"No way. You're going to distract me from the real issue here." I claimed. "You're an alien." I pointed at him. "Now tell me what planet you are from."

"Earth!" He groaned out annoyed.

"So you've been on earth as long as you can remember huh?" I asked rubbing my chin thoughtfully. "Interesting..."

He groaned loudly. "No it's not. Everyone you've ever known has been on earth for their whole life. It's the one guaranteed thing people have in common!" He exclaimed loudly.

I kept my neutral face on. “Yes, but technically you’re not a person.” I told him waving off his argument. “You’re an alien!”

His eye twitched, and he sighed. “What will it take to make you end this conversation, and admit I’m not an alien?” He asked looking straight at me, and somehow not letting his driving waver. I grinned widely at him.

That was how we ended up playing eye-spy for the next hour and a half.

— —

“WE’RE HERE!” Blake practically ran out of the car, glad to be running away from our game. I can tell you one thing. He wasn’t lying when he said he hated games. I held back a laugh, as I climbed out of the car, stretching as I did so.

I hated sitting down for so long. I heard my shoulders click, as I raised my arms above my head. “So where’s here exactly?” I asked, relaxing. I turned to find Blake staring wide-eyed at me. I scrunched my face up in confusion. And then his eyes narrowed in on my stomach.

“Is that a belly piercing?” He asked, his jaw falling open, completely ignoring my question. My eyes widened as I pulled my top down. It must have ridden up while I was stretching. A blush rose to my cheeks.

“Yeah.” I said rubbing the back of my head in embarrassment.

He looks back up at me, his eyes bugging out of his head. “What is the good girl, Hailey Winter doing with a sexy belly piercing?” He asked, saying it loud enough that it was on the verge of becoming a yell. I bit my lip, willing my cheeks not to go any redder.

I shrugged my shoulders. “When I was younger I really badly wanted a tattoo, but I chickened out at last second.” I shrugged. “So this was the result. I was determined to do something so I went for a belly piercing.”

Blake nodded. "Good choice." He swallowed. I blinked at him, cocking my head to the side. What was with this boy? He kept on acting strange today. He was staring at my stomach, as if he could see through the material. Maybe I wasn't so far off with that with that alien theory... I mean it made sense. Who was actually as good looking as he was? I mean I've seen hot guys before, but his looks were ridiculously attractive!

I looked pointedly at him. He had the black hair and misty grey-purple eyes, which I had never seen on anyone but him (his mother not included). And hell they were sexy enough on their own, but then he had to have the god like face too. His jaw was angular and rough with slight stubble growing, his nose was straight, and his cheek bones were high. Had it have just ended there, I would have had so much of a problem, but no. Every inch of him had to be so god damn perfect! From his light pink lips and tanned skin, to his killer abs and muscled legs. It could even be that he was over muscled like those wrestlers you see all the time on the T.V. running around a little too proudly in tights. No his muscles were defined and just noticeable enough that it made you think about how it would feel to have them wrapped around you...not that I ever thought about that...well except for now. I groaned internally. It's like when you're told to not to think about a purple panda, it's impossible once the thought was there to ignore it. I bet it would feel great to be wrapped in his arms. I shook my head furiously. No wonder where he got his oversized ego!

I breathed out in a huff, breaking myself from my thoughts. Damn I must have been staring at him for a long time. A blush rose to my cheeks, my eyes flickered to his to see if he noticed. Thankfully he hadn't noticed my ogling. He seemed to be far away in his own thoughts.

I cleared my throat awkwardly. He snapped back, a small red tinge coming to his cheeks. Was he blushing? My eyes widened. What was he

blushing about? I bit into my lip. Why did I even care? I sighed inwardly once again.

“So where are we?” I asked straightening myself and looking away from Blake. Then I saw the only building there. And my jaw dropped. Daniel Blake had taken me to a bar?!

*xXx that's all folks :D next upload should be this weekend :S xXx*



### **Step Thirteen: You Get The Good Girl Excluded**

Hello my lovelies you might hate me for not uploading before this but I want you to know I stayed up until stupid o'clock so I could upload this (sorta) as I promised I would today...though it is a few hours late :D

WARNING: IT ISN'T FULLY EDITED JUST POINT OUT ANY MISTAKES OR TOO MUCH REPETITION TO ME AND I SHALL TRY TO FIX IT :D

### **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:**

### **Step Thirteen: You Get The Good Girl Excluded:**

Do you have any idea what it's like to watch yourself; doing stuff you can barely remember doing? My head was pounding furiously as I watched the small video recording of myself hugging a table leg. I groaned inwardly. When I had woken up this morning I felt like I had been hit over the head with a fire truck whilst I was holding my ear next to the speaker on

an ice cream truck playing the tune that had always brought such joy to my childhood at full volume. In short, it hurt like hell.

Every light I saw was blinding, every whisper sounded like a yell, and every smell had me wanting to throw up. For the second time in my life I had a hang over, and let me tell you this, I don't remember the last one hurting quite so much. Not to mention my sister had barely spoken two words to me since our argument. Maybe if I hadn't been in such an awful state I would have tried to make amends. But I was, and I didn't.

But right now I had much worse problems than a pounding head at my doorstep. Much, much, worse. I opened my eyes to look at the scene playing out on the tiny television screen. There were two very familiar people on screen in a classroom that had been locked up hours before this video was taken. In other words Daniel and I were in deep shit.

The taping was bringing back most of my foggy memories from the night before, though most of them had come back when the first thing I saw this morning was a flock of chicken running down the school corridor.

The volume was put to full on the security footage playing, and I would have been embarrassed if I wasn't so nervous:

*"I LOVE YOU!" I was hugging a school table leg.*

*I was sitting in a room full of chickens, with Blake stapling 'save the trees' posters to the walls, and an empty can of purple spray paint lay in my lap. The words 'goats have feelings too' was sprayed on the floor in big loopy writing. My handwriting.*

*"You're beautiful in your own unique way!" I held on as tight as possible to the table. "And I forgive you for all the mean things you said to me." I sighed placing my cheek against its cool metal. The sound of me muttering to myself could be heard.*

*“Even though you can be surprisingly cruel, Ted you’re my friend. Or is your name Geoffrey? Oh wait, it’s Toby! No. Now I remember. Your name is Logan. Like wolverine.*

*“I wish I was wolverine, how cool would that be? Then we could both be super heroes for: I’M BATMAN!” My voice went deep and throaty on the last two words and I put on a ‘fearsome’ face.*

*Blake meanwhile was humming the tune to Bad Boys by Alexander Burk loudly as he bobbed his head up and down to the rhythm and stamping loudly to the tune of the song.*

*“DANIEL!” I whined loudly. “Your singing is awful.” I told him shaking my head. “Good thing we escaped the police today, otherwise they might lock you up for good so that no one suffers your singing ever again.”*

*Blake gave me a glare as to say ‘shut up’ and stated to actually sing the words. And although he sang pretty awfully it wasn’t long until I had abandoned my new found friend ‘Logan’ and had started to sing along bouncing energetically around the room, avoiding the chickens that were now clucking loudly.*

I groaned burying my face in my hands as the video was paused. As much as I would have loved to blame Daniel Blake for all that was on that as memory serves it was mostly my idea, if not completely...

*\*7 hours before this idiotic, drunken, and very much recoded, moment\**

*“Okay I have a couple of questions.” I said turning back to Blake with my eyebrows scrunched together. “One why are we at a pub? And two why did we have to drive for so long for a pub? You do know that there’s at least six in a ten minuet radius of where we live right?”*

He glared at me. “Of course I know that, but none of them are this pub.” He shook his head. “And to answer your other question I drove here, I



course I know. Now come on.” He indicated I should follow him, and turned to walk, his feet crunching in the gravel laid under where we stood. I looked warily at him crossing my arms.

“No way.” I said adamantly, refusing to move. “I’m not going in and getting drunk.” I glared at him.

He looked at me shaking his head. “You asked me to take you somewhere, here’s where I’m taking you.” He took hold of my wrist, dragging me forcefully.

“This isn’t what I meant!” I complained, not able to fight him. Damn he was strong.

“What did you mean then?” He asked amused. I pursed my lips in thought. What had I meant? Where could he have taken me? I groaned in frustration. That was his job! He was supposed to think about where to take me- I stopped that thought there. That’s exactly what he had done. He had thought to take me to a pub.

I closed my eyes. This was why I wasn’t supposed to be thinking today. I let out a small sigh. “Fine.” I said grumpily. “I’ll come inside, but I’m not drinking anything.” I warned walking forwards.

“Wouldn’t dream of it.” He said smiling innocently at me.

Somewhere in my mind I was sure that that smile was entirely too innocent, but I pushed the thought away. No thinking today. I reminded myself. Anyway how would he get us drinks? We didn’t have any ID or anything. I was in the safe. At least that was what I had told myself.

...

“Oh, hell yes!” I yelled excitedly, slamming my fifth shot down a second before Blake did. “I kick butt!” I whooped loudly. Then I paused for a

moment my arms still lifted in the air from my victory. “Hey that almost rhymed!” I stated proudly.

The bar owner, Jason, looked at me in worry. I grinned back reassuringly at him. As it turned out Blake knew Jason, which is how he managed to get us drinks without any use of fake ID. That is also why we drove so far to get here.

“No it didn’t.” Blake said from next to me shaking his head. “And you won out of luck.”

I glared at him, shaking my head profusely from side to side until I stumbled from the action. “No winning out of luck is winning rock paper scissors, this was pure talent.” I told him grabbing hold of his shoulder for balance. “You’re just jealous of my mad skills.” I said trying to look hard core. I don’t think it worked though, seeming as all this accomplished was to get Blake to laugh at me. “Shut up Daniel Blake.” I warned. “I know your mother. I could tell her you were sexually harassing me in the park the other day.”

He just seemed to grow more amused at the threat. “I wasn’t sexually harassing you.” He snorted. I grinned at him.

“You’d you think she’d believe. I have the ultimate puppy dog face.” I told him smugly.

“No you don’t.” He said.

“How would you know? I’ve never used its magnificent mystifying powers on you!” I told him wiggling my fingers in front of me whilst chanting ‘oooooooo’ like some Scooby-Doo reject ghost. “Scared now aren’t you?” I challenged.

Blake shook his head chuckling. “You’re right. I am a little scared of you.” He said pulling my hands out of his face and holding them captive so he

could use them to pull me closer to him. “But that isn’t because of your puppy dog face powers. It’s because you’re a scary person Hailey.” He told me grinning mischievously.

I narrowed my eyes at him, not even noticing how close we were I was that far gone. “So you admit I have them then? Puppy Dog Face Powers?” I asked grinning.

He shook his head. “Nope. You’ll have to show me.”

I grinned lopsidedly at him. “Oh, no! If I do it now it won’t be so effective next time! I can only use it when it’s necessary.” I told him straight faced. Blake shrugged his shoulders.

“Whatever you say. You just don’t have them...” He trailed off. Nope. I was not going to fall for that one...

“You can’t use psychology in reverse on me!” I told him. Suddenly I noticed his hair was flopping on to his eyes. “You need a haircut, Blake.” I told him pushing the hair away only to have it fall back a moment later. I pouted in annoyance.

I pulled back to see him frowning. My eyebrows crinkled in annoyance. What was he frowning about? It was true. He needed a haircut! “You should stop that.” He ordered moodily. “You always call me by my last name, Blake.” He pouted. “Why don’t you just call me Daniel?” He asked. “I want you to call me Daniel. I demand that as of today you shall call me Daniel and not Blake!” He announced looking at me sternly. I found myself nodding my head, and jumping into an upright position myself.

“And I shall forever forth be known as Lala...as in Tinky Winky but not!” I raised my fist in the air as I made the declaration.

Daniel snorted loudly. “Lala? Why would you want to be Lala?” He asked shaking with his laughter.

I glared at him. “Why wouldn’t I want to be Lala? She’s a Teletubie, she’s yellow, she has a television in her belly, she has a swirl on her head, and best of all she had a giant bouncy ball!” I fought for her. “She would make an awesome superhero!” I stated as an afterthought. I could see her with a cape tied around her neck and sending a punch to Mojo-Jojo. I scrunched my nose up. I’m pretty sure I was mixing shows up there.

“I thought Teletubies had to go by that whole non-violence theme. She would make the world’s worst superhero.” I thinned my lips at him.

“Nothing is solved by violence anyway.” I told him folding my arms.

“So if there were a giant monster killing everything it sets its eyes on you’re saying that instead of killing the bastard you’d get him coffee and try to have a reasoning chat with him.” He asked in disbelief.

“Of course not.” I huffed. “If there were a monster killing everything it set its eyes on, I’d be working very hard on staying out of its sights.” I reasoned. Blake laughed loudly.

“You’re not even going to try the ‘amazing’ puppy dog face you claim to have?” He raised an eyebrow at me. I simply shrugged.

“It may be freaking amazing, but I wouldn’t risk my life on it.” I tapped my forehead. “My momma didn’t raise no fool.” I pouted out my lips, making a circle with my head and shoulders, whilst sucking through my teeth to make a ‘tsking’ sound. That had Daniel doubling over in laughter.

“This is coming from the girl who wants to be known as Lala.” He barely managed to wheeze out.

“Shut up, she was my idle growing up.” I defended her. “And you shouldn’t talk Mr Ballerina.” That shut him the hell up. A smug smile reached my lips. I was never in a million years going to ever let that go. I had the perfect leverage over him now!

He seemed to read my thoughts. He groaned loudly. “There isn’t a chance that you’re going to just manage to forget that you ever found out about that anytime soon is there?” He asked hopefully. I snorted shaking my head.

“Anytime soon? Forget that Daniel!” I made sure to put emphasis on the ‘Daniel’, and not to call him ‘Blake’. See I could comply with people’s wishes! Even if ‘people’ was Daniel Blake! “I’m never going to forget ever. I shall forever lord it over your head.” I told him simply. Not to would be like not shoving the fact you have cake in annoying persons face when you know they’re on a diet. Why wouldn’t you do it?

He sighed in defeat slamming his head onto his arm that was resting on the bar. I bit my lip, trying to hold in my laughter. He looked up at me with a deadpan expression on his face. “In that case I need another drink. Jason?” He asked turning to the bar owner.

“On it.” He called back filling up another glass, and handing it over to him.

“Thanks buddy.” Daniel raised his glass to Jason, before taking a swig from it.

“You’re welcome.” Jason went back to serving other customers, leaving me and Daniel alone. Suddenly I noticed the pool table at the back of the room. I gasped loudly; I’ve always wanted to play that!

“Daniel!” I yelled loudly pulling on his arm. “Let’s play pool. We can’t not play pool! It’s in all the movies when people go to bars.” I told him excitedly, jumping on the balls of my feet. Daniel’s eyes widened slightly.

“Um okay?” He said unsurely. Good enough for me.

“YES!” I yelled pulling him with me by the arm, before he even had a chance to stand up. This wasn’t so effective though as all I managed to do

was fall over my own two feet, from the effort, whilst Daniel stayed perfectly fine on his stool. How much did the boy weigh exactly?

Daniel laughed loudly, clutching at his sides. My cheeks flamed and I sat up huffing. I crossed my arms and legs moodily. "Shut up. It's not my fault you're too heavy." I said keeping my lips in a thin line.

He just laughed louder. "Not my fault you're drunk." He said shrugging.

I gaped at him in disbelief. "It's all your fault I'm drunk!" I gaped. "You spiked my first drink, how is this not your fault?" I asked tilting my head to the side.

"I didn't spike your drink." He said shaking his head. "I added a little kick to it. Now are we going to play pool or what?" He said in distraction. Sadly it worked.

"Hell yes we're playing pool." I told him. "Are you ready to lose Danny-boy?" I asked grinning.

"I challenge I like it." He told me grabbing my hand to pull me up. I grinned back at him, not letting go of his hand, but using it to steer him in the right direction with me.

"Don't cry when you lose." I warned him grabbing some cue sticks for us to play with.

"I don't cry, and I don't lose Clover." He said. "You break." I nodded lining myself up before going to hit the ball.

...

I missed for the thousandth time tonight. I groaned in annoyance. It seemed the only ball I could ever sink was the white one.

Daniel was laughing again. This was the twentieth game he was winning and we hadn't even been playing for half an hour yet. "Clover, be honest here." He told me his lips quivering as he held back another laugh. "Have you actually ever played pool before this?"

I pouted stubbornly, grumbling incoherently under my breath.

"What was that?" He asked leaning in closer.

I sighed snapping my head up. "I've seen it been played before...in the movies...it didn't look that hard...obviously I was wrong." I blushed looking at the floor, not looking Daniel in the eyes. I waited for his next laugh. I didn't come. I looked up to see him smiling at me, and shaking his head.

"You don't need to be embarrassed Clover." He told me shaking his head. "It's not a bad thing. Loads of guys want to find a girl that doesn't know how to play pool." He said shrugging his shoulders. I blinked at him in confusion. What was he on about?

"Why would they want that?" I asked cocking my head to the side.

He chuckled. "So that they can *teach* them how to play pool." He said suggestively, like I was supposed to know what he was talking about. This just made me more confused.

"Huh?" I asked oh-so-intelligently.

He chuckled, shaking his head. "Come on I'll show you." He told me indicating with his hand for me to stand with him. I walked up to him. "Here position yourself to shoot, but don't actually try to hit the ball." He instructed. I did as he said. All my confusion was cleared up a second later when he leaned over moulding his front on to my back and positioning my hands on the cue. And I can't say that I hated the feeling.

"Oh." I said. As you can see I'm on a roll tonight. I could feel his cool breath tickling the back of my neck, and his muscled stomach on my back



was squeal worthy. And trust me I don't squeal that much. The warmth of his body on mine had my mind wandering to places that I hadn't even known existed in the good-girl-mind of Hailey Winters. I barely even noticed as he guided my movements, so that I finally potted a coloured ball. My coloured ball! I grinned widely. That's what I'm talking about.

This moment however was ruined as soon as my stomach let out a loud rumble, reminding me I hadn't eaten today.

Daniel chuckled. The deep throaty chuckle sung in my ears, and the vibrations from his chest ran through me, sending shivers down my spine. I had to admit he was good. The smile almost dropped off my face when he stood up straight again, but I fought to keep it there. I looked up to see him grinning at me with one eyebrow raised.

"Hungry?" He asked.

I blushed. I didn't want to get food yet. I was enjoying this whole 'teach me how to play pool' thing. Daniel was admittedly very good at it. "Not really-" My lie was cut off there by my stomach, that doesn't seem to know when to shut up, protesting loudly.

"Come on." Daniel grabbed my hand for the second time tonight. Me likey. I'm not sure why...but I do. I grinned happily to myself, as he steered us towards the front door.

"Daniel?" I asked confused once more. "Where are we going? You realise that they sell food here right?" I said looking at one of the menus we were passing. Daniel just shook his head.

"Not the right food." He said. I scrunched my eyebrows in confusion. How could they sell the wrong food exactly? Food was food. Especially when you're as hungry as I am. He led us to his car opening the door for me.

“Okay I’m drawing the line.” I told him folding my arms. “No drunk driving.”

Daniel chuckled rolling his eyes. “I’m not even that drunk.” He said. “Anyway how do you expect to get home? Flying monkeys?” He had a point there, as much as I hated the fact. I sighed.

“If you get us killed, I’m going to kill you.” I said. “Don’t think about that sentence too much.” I added on the end, before swinging myself, surprisingly gracefully into the car.

“Okey-Dokey.” Daniel nodded, climbing in on the driver side.

Horror swept through me. Daniel was drunk enough to say Okey-Dokey? We were going to be dead within five minutes. Before I could voice my concerns, Daniel was swerving haphazardly out of his parking space straight on to the open road. I clung to the seat for dear life, thankful that I had put on a seatbelt. I watched in fear as the speedometer pointy thingy climbed higher and higher. We were swaying dangerously, receiving many comments of ‘twat’, ‘asshole’, and ‘watch it dickheads’.

Closing my eyes, I waited for the nightmare to be over.

I don’t know how Daniel managed to avoid the police. That was the drive through hell. I was shaking in my seat by the end of it. Daniel swung around to look at me, a relaxed smile on his face. Seeing my fear he frowned.

“You’re not drunk enough.” Daniel said leaning in. “You have a surprising amount of tolerance.” He said shaking his head. “Here have this.” He held out a beer can to me. And I’m not exactly sure where he got it from. But he was looking at me rather expectantly.

“I’m not drinking that.” I told him shaking my head. “But if you had drinks in your car already, why’d you take me to a bar?” I asked cocking

my head to the side, getting a wave of dizziness from doing so. Not drunk enough my ass.

“I’m not going to get you food unless you drink this. You’re still thinking too much.” I frowned at him. Was I? I think that answers that question. Without another argument, I snatched the drink out of his hand and cracked it open. I drank it quicker than any other drink.

“Let’s go.” I said, tossing the can over my shoulder. Daniel was grinning widely.

“My pleasure.” He said. When we climbed out of the car I was even more confused.

“McDonalds?” I asked looking to Daniel.

“Yep.” He said not elaborating at all, until I gave him a pointed look.

“When’s the last time you went McDonalds Clover?” He asked seriously.

I paused, trying to think back. When was the last time...?

“You poor deprive child.” Daniel cooed. “Don’t worry; this is why I took you here.” He said grabbing my hand once more. This time I barely even took notice of it. I just followed him willingly. Once we were in there were only a few people in here, and they were leaving. How long had we been in the bar for?

I realised just how dark it had gotten outside. While Daniel went to order food, I found myself wandering through the tables and chairs. There were bright colours lighting up the whole place. I was sure it hadn’t been this colourful last time I had been in here.

My eyes widened as I noticed some blob shaped arm chairs. Those definitely hadn’t been in here last time. I bounced over to them launching myself on to the chair. I grinned widely. I loved chairs like this. The only

fault to it was that it didn't spin at all. How awesome would it be if there had been a spinning chair?

I noticed one of the leaflets on the table that came with the trays usually. Normally I would have left it alone, but hell I was drunk and there was a large picture of a cow and a farmer and some boots on it. I didn't notice Daniel coming back with our food in a to-go paper bag.

"What are you looking at Clover?" He asked.

"The leaflet. It has a cow on it. I like cows. How else would we get our milk?" I asked, looking down at the picture lovingly. "They're so important. We wouldn't have things like margarine without cows and I love the smell of margarine. I could smell margarine all day." I said.

Daniel wrinkled his nose. "What about goat milk?" He said. "Goats can make milk." He informed. I blinked at him.

"Who drinks goat milk?" I said in disgust.

Daniel shook his head. "No one." He said.

I gasped. "Those poor goats! They must feel so unloved! I mean I love cows because they give us milk, but goats work hard to give us milk to and no one loves them, no one even drinks it!" I yelled out.

Daniel shook his head again. "I don't think goats have feelings, they're just animals."

"JUST ANIMALS!" I gasped loudly. "Goats have feelings too you know." I said ashamedly. "I had a pet cat Tibbles and he had feelings." I told him. "But then he died." Tears started to streak down my face. "Poor poor Tibbles. He was a good cat. A good loving cat. I miss my Tibbles." I said frowning.

Daniel looked down at me. Then suddenly he gave me a hug. “You’re right.” He said in my ear. “But there’s nothing we can do, so let’s eat.” He lifted up the brown bag that smelled delicious. I instantly stood up to follow him.

“Alright.” I nodded. He grinned at me taking my hand. Lacing our fingers together, I let him pull me along to the car again. Not even worried about his crazy driving. “Where are we going now?” I asked not forgetting to buckle myself in.

He just tapped his nose. I shrugged pulling out my food. “You got me chicken nuggets!” I said happily. “They were always my favourite.” I picked up the nuggets and fries, and started to eat. It was heaven on my taste buds. I had forgotten just how much I loved this stuff.

“This is brilliant.” I moaned. It wasn’t long until Daniel was eating too, using both hands when he bothered to actually stop at the red light. You would think the traffic laws were more of a light hearted suggestion than anything else when you went driving with him.

However it did have its perks. We got to our destination a lot faster this time. I didn’t even wait for Daniel as I hopped out of the car this time. I was shocked when I came face-to-face with a tattoo parlour.

“What are we doing here?” I asked wide eyed. Daniel climbed out after me, eating the last bites of his chicken burger.

“What do you think genius?” He said sarcastically. “We’re here to get you that tattoo you wanted.”

“I didn’t say I wanted a tattoo.” I said confused.

“Yes you did. But you were too scared remember?” He flicked my forehead, as if it would help. Or maybe it was just to annoy me. That wouldn’t be too much of a surprise.

“That was when I was fifteen.” I told him rolling my eyes.

“Yep, and three years later you still don’t have one. I’m slightly disappointed in you Clover, so we must rectify this immediately.” He said sternly. I blinked at him. He didn’t give me an option. It didn’t surprise me when he took hold of my hand once more leading the way.

When we walked in the tension of fear had my stomach in knots. It loosened a little when I heard the song that was playing on the speakers though. A small smile lit up my lips.

“I love this song.” I breathed out in a whisper; at the same time Daniel said ‘I hate this song’. I blinked, forgetting completely about the fact we were in a tattoo parlour. “How can you hate Alexandra Burk’s Bad Boy?” I asked. “You are the schools ‘bad boy’.”

Daniel’s lips twitched. “Are you trying to tell me you’re attracted to me?” He asked.

My jaw dropped. “OF COURSE NOT!” I yelled flushed. “Why would I be telling you that? You shouldn’t assume things Daniel! I was just saying that I loved this song, but that’s just because it has a catchy beat. I gets stuck in your head you know?” I babbled uncontrollably.

He laughed loudly cutting me off. “You talk a lot you know that?” He said grinning.

I blushed deeper. “Sorry, sometimes I do babble.” I agreed. “My mother always said that it was my only fault. Of course she was joking, I have so many faults, it’s just she didn’t see them because she was my mother. You know a mother’s love kind of thing, it makes you blind to their bad qualities.”

“You’re doing it again.” He chuckled. I blinked. So I was.

“Sorry.” I winced.

“You don’t have to keep apologising you know.” He laughed. “You apologise too much.”

“I know, I’m sorry.” I almost wanted to smack myself on the forehead. “Damn it I said it again. Sorry.” Suddenly my eyes widened. “OH MY GOD YOU’RE RIGHT! I’M AN APOLOGY WHORE!” I screeched out in horror. How had I never seen it before? I was always saying it to my sister, my mother, my father, my friends, random people I met in the streets. Fucking hell!

Daniel just started laughing. “A-apology w-wh-whore?” He laughed, doubling over.

“It’s true.” I gasped in shock. “I’m always over apologising. I just willingly give everyone my apologies without a second thought! Oh god it’s become a reflex! My apologies mean nothing anymore. I over used them, and now they’re just cheap words with no feeling in them.”

Daniel was now holding me for support as he choked on his own laughter at my despair. I don’t think that was a very good idea though seeming as I was pretty sure I was drunk. A lady walked up to us, with several piercing and tattoos over her own. She was dressed in tight leather, and fishnets, and she had her hair shaved on one side of her head. In short she looked like someone you just wouldn’t ever want to mess with.

“Daniel Blake, and what are you doing here?” She asked crossing her arms over her chest.

Daniel seemed to have sobered up at the sound of her voice. “Sapphire, I thought it was DJ’s working night tonight.” He said uncomfortably.

“It is.” She popped her gum she was chewing on. “I’m covering for him.” Daniel swallowed loudly. “Why? Are you avoiding me Daniel?” She asked raising a sharp thin eyebrow. “And I thought what we had was special.” It looks could kill...



My eyes widened. “Wait you two...?” I trailed off, my eyes flickering between the two. “And you...” I looked at Daniel. I frowned at him and smacked him upside the head. “What the hell Daniel? You don’t avoid them like the plague; you should at least have the decency to call!” He looked at me bewildered, and I smacked him again for good measure.

I just shook my head in disappointment. “Sorry.” I said to Sapphire. “He just doesn’t get girls.” I told her, sending a glare at Daniel.

Confusion flashed fleetingly across Sapphire’s face, mixed with surprise. Her face drastically as she beamed at me. A small laugh escaped her blood red lips. “I like you!” She grinned after a second. “What’s your name?” I blinked at her sudden change in mood. She looked a lot younger now that she was smiling. Actually I don’t think it was possible for her to be much over twenty...if that.

“Hailey.” I smiled at her sheepishly, answering her question.

“Nice to meet you Hails, I’m Sapphire.” Her eyes rolled up and down me. “Damn you’re hot too.” A blush rose up my cheeks, inflaming my face. “And you blush so easily.” She stated with wide eyes. “Where’d you find this one Daniel?” Daniel squirmed uncomfortable.

“She goes to the same school as me.” He shrugged, shuffling his feet. He wasn’t even half as uncomfortable as I was though. My cheeks still red refused to die down.

“Don’t worry Hails.” Sapphire laughed loudly. “I don’t swing that way.” Her eyes rolled over me again. “Though you could have me questioning that.” I bit into my lip, as my cheeks went even redder. Why was I cursed with such an easy blush? Why couldn’t I be one of those supper cool girls that could just get a compliment and wave it off like it happened to them all the time?

Sapphire laughed loudly. “You really don’t have to worry Hails.” She boomed. “I just wanted to see if it were possible to see you go any redder.” She shook her head, a smile of amusement lit up her lips.

“It is. I did this whole experiment on it in our science class. Right Clover?” I could hear the smirk in Daniel’s voice from behind me. Just at that the red in my cheeks darkened once again.

“Shut up Daniel.” I said feeling my cheeks still growing hotter.

“Oh my god. She’s still going!” Sapphire laughed. “It’s so cute. Whatever you do Daniel don’t lose this one.” My jaw dropped at that, and my cheeks refused to die down.

“Wait! What? We’re not- And Daniel. Me? No!” I shook my head vigorously. “We’re not even friends really.” I said.

“Ouch, Clover, that hurt.” I blinked turning on Daniel. “Just earlier you were telling me how attracted to me you were! Why fight it?”

“I-I didn’t-I wasn’t...! Stop that!” I yelled realising they were both now laughing at me expense. “You know what I’m leaving.” I huffed, storming past them.

I didn’t get very far as Daniel grabbed my wrist as I was going past. “Not so fast Clover.” He said grinning. “We still have to get you that long awaited tattoo. Three years is just too long.” I looked over at him glaring, my cheeks still flushed. “Don’t tell me you’re using this as an excuse to wimp out again.”

I glared heartily at him. “Of course not!” I huffed.

“Then tattoo time it is.” He said pushing me towards Sapphire. “Don’t worry, Sapphires brilliant with a needle. It’s going to look great.” Sapphire sent me a grin that I was sure was meant to reassure me, it didn’t work though. Actually she looked verging on evil.

“Umm...” I paused trailing off. “I don’t think-”

“That’s right!” Daniel grinned cutting me off. “You’re not supposed to be thinking today. So shut up, and listen. You’re getting a tattoo.” I sighed in defeat.

“Alright.” It wasn’t long until I was listening to the whirring of machinery and was gripping Daniel’s hand so tightly I’m surprised he didn’t just take his back. Surprised but glad. For some reason holding his hand filled me with determination to do this.

That was how I ended up getting two tattoos.

I looked at the one on the inside of my wrist in amazement. It was beautiful. The words ‘here forever’ were inked into my skin permanently in beautiful spiralled writing. On either side of it though there were a few floating music notes. I loved it. My heart tugged in my chest. I finally got it. I blinked and grinned up at Daniel.

My second tattoo wasn’t as open as my first. It was on the back of my shoulder. I could still feel the pain from getting it. It stung to touch, and I swear my skin was swollen where it was. This was a much less meaningful tattoo. I’m not even sure how I managed to talk myself into getting this one, and I’m almost certain Daniel had been the one to suggest it. On my shoulder blade was the design of a small beautiful winged fairy, pulling at a four leaf clover that was slightly bigger than her. It was actually really beautiful, and I loved it.

My grin widened. I felt empowered. I felt like there was nothing in the world I couldn’t do. And I wanted to do something! I looked over to Sapphire who was admiring her handy work. “Sapphire, quick and seemingly random question!” I yelled at her.

“Shoot.” She nodded ready.

“Do you drink goat milk?”

“Nope.” She shook her head.

“In that case do you know where we might find a goat?” I asked. Daniel looked at me in confusion.

“No.” Sapphire didn’t even question my motive. “But there is a chicken ranch a few miles from here.” She said shrugging. I bit my lip.

“I guess that will have to do.” I nodded slowly. “Come on Daniel.” This time I was the one to take his hand. “Let’s go get us some chickens.” I yelled whooping loudly.

“Not that I’m not all into this whole you taking charge thing. But why do we need chickens?” Daniel asked as I dragged him to his car.

“Because there were no goats.” I told him. He waited for me to continue. “I’ve been thinking about what you said.” I said finally. “And I want to do something.”

“What do you mean?” He asked as he started driving the car forwards.

“I mean you said there was nothing we could do about the whole hurting goats’ feelings thing, but I think you’re wrong. We’re going to make a difference, however small today!” I told him solemnly.

That answer seemed to satisfy him. Nodding silently, and grinning, he sped the car up.

\*

“Get in the cage chicken. Into the cage!” I whisper yelled chasing after the last chicken we needed. Sure there were several other, calmer chickens, but this one had bitten me. So I wasn’t giving up until I had this chicken.

“Hurry up Clover!” Daniel called over to me. “Just grab a chicken and let’s go!”

“I can’t! I need this chicken!” I told him running faster after it. That was when the little bastard started to cluck extremely loudly, making all the other chickens go haywire. “Shit.” I cursed under my breath. I shot a hateful glare to the chicken.

Suddenly a very loud voice that wasn’t Daniel’s started to yell, followed by the sounds of police sirens. My eyes widened. Oh bugger. Sending a quick ‘this is far from over’ glare to the chicken, I swear was smiling smugly at me; I grabbed the nearest chicken and started to run.

“SHIT CLOVER, HURRY THE FUCK UP!” Daniel said looking over our shoulders to see a man with a rake following after us.

“Shut up Daniel! It’s not my fault the chicken was evil. I swear it was so smug when it clucked and alerted the ranch owner. Stupid chicken.” I grumbled, petting the chicken in my arms. It stayed calm as I put it gently in the last cage, and put it with the other nineteen chickens we had collected.

“God you really are drunk out of your mind.” Daniel shook his head. I put my fingers close together to indicate ‘a little bit’.

The sounds of sirens following us filled the night air. “Just fucking great.” Daniel said shaking his head. “Where to now Clover?” He asked looking at me, while increasing his speed. Drunk driving is not good, my mind was screaming at me in its simplest form. Still I wouldn’t listen. Instead I encouraged Daniel to go faster.

“School.” I told him grinning. “It’s time to make our stand.”

He just nodded, and worked on losing the police. He did that far too comfortably for me to actually feel comfortable. How often did he do this

whole ‘police chasing him’ thing? Actually you would think I would be freaking out at this point. But I wasn’t. I guess the influence of alcohol was stronger than I thought.

About fifteen minutes later we were both breaking our way into the school grounds. “Hey Daniel?” I asked. He looked up at me in response. “What about the school cameras?” I asked looking straight to the face of a security camera.

He snorted in laughter. “Those things are fake.” He waved off my concern. “They just put up those things to scare school kids into behaving, trust me!” I nodded my head, grinning from ear to ear.

“In that case let’s get started.” I told him swinging open the door to our science classroom, which I had skilfully picked the locks to. “TADA!”

Daniel looked at me in surprise. “A girl of hidden talents I see.” He said stepping into the class room. I nodded my head.

“Yep I used to break into places all the time.” I agreed. “Now pass me the spray paint.” I ordered holding out my hand for it. “I’ll work on that whilst you go make a poster and photocopy it.” I said. “We might as well work on this issue of saving the trees whilst we’re here.”

Daniel nodded his head solemnly as I got started. This was going to be fun. I shook the can and pressed down on the dispenser. About half way through I opened the can of beer from Daniel’s car that I had decided to bring with me. Despite being warm and tasting vile, it was keeping me with this buzz of energy. And I liked it.

Daniel was back in no time carrying hundreds of sheets of paper. “Good work Danny-Boy.” I nodded, looking down at my own work. I smiled at the clearly worded slogan. “I’ll get the chickens.” Daniel ended up having to help me with all the chickens. Setting them free of their cages they started to scurry around the room hectically.

Stumbling over one of them I managed to stub my toe painfully on the table leg. “Mother fudge!” I yelled glaring hatefully at the table leg. “Why would you do that to me?” I asked it angrily.

“It doesn’t like you.” Daniel answered for it. “I can read its mind.” He told me climbing on one of the other tables, having already stolen the teacher’s stapler. I looked up in horror.

“It doesn’t?” I asked. “How could it not like me? I’m lovable right?” I asked.

Daniel nodded his head and grinned at me. “Of course you are Clover.” He grinned at me. “The table leg didn’t know what it was talking about.”

I sniffled and nodded my head. “Thanks Daniel.” I knelt down to the table leg and hugged it tightly. “I’m sorry for yelling at you, table leg.” I said. “I understand your anger, but let’s be friends okay?”

\*Back to Now\*

“Now do you have any excuse for what you guys have done?!” The principle sat enraged, she looked far scarier than the last time I had saw her when she had asked for me to show Mark around. I winced back from her glare.

“I’m guessing you want an answer better than ‘because of milk’?” I said biting my lip.

He jaw fell, and that was how I found myself for the first time ever excluded from school.

~\*~

*As I mentioned before though I'm not sure if you read it, this chapter may seem repetative (like i'm being now) that's becasue it's not fully*



*edited but I'm too tired and I promised that tonight it would be uploaded on my life so here it is!*

*Sorry it took so long! But if it helps I blew off the offer of swimming with a bunch of my friends so I could write more for you :D*



## **Step Fourteen: You Make Reconciliations**

*sorry for the wait! Here's step Fourteen:*

### **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:**

## **Step Fourteen: You Make Reconciliations:::**

*I'm going to die. And my own parents will be the ones to kill me. There is no escaping their wrath. They are almighty and unforgiving. They'll kill me and then they'll probably castrate Daniel too if they knew his play in the whole thing. Oh god and then Daniel will kill me again. I'll die twice in one day.*

It'd been two days since my birthday, and since I put chickens in the school ('ish' anyway, it was still early morning right now). I've been waiting for the phone to ring ever since I was excluded, yet every time it does I contemplate throwing it out of the window in case it is them. I never claimed to be all there.

A three day suspension wasn't that bad was it? I mean it could have been worse right? However one thought of my mother's face purple from

yelling too much had me wanting to cower under the coffee table. Hmm maybe that wasn't such a bad idea... Of course it was, I would barely fit under there, not to mention the table top its self was made out of glass. But now that I was on the subject thinking of a place to hide for a few weeks (or months) might be a good use of my three free days.

"Chickens huh?" My ears picked up on the small sound. Those were the first two words Rebecca spoke to me willingly after our fight. I looked up to see her leant against the doorframe of our living room with her arms crossed tightly over her chest. Although a frown was etched across her face, you could see the amusement glistening in her eyes. "All this time I thought you were the one keeping me grounded, and yet when we spend one day arguing it's you who somehow manages to get suspended."

I groaned resting my forehead on the coffee table which not ten seconds ago I had been bashing my head against repeatedly. I was probably going to have a huge red mark across my forehead later. That is if I'm still alive. "Don't start." I mumbled into the table. "I'm still mentally preparing myself for how mum and dad are going to react when they find out."

Rebecca snorted. "There is no way to prepare yourself for that kind of horror." She sounded far too happy as she said that. I narrowed my eyes but didn't say anything. I wasn't sure if she was still angry at me, for yesterday. It didn't sound like she was, but you could never be sure with Rebecca.

"I mean do you remember how badly they reacted when you had a day off ill that one time?" She asked gliding her way across the room cheerfully and picking up an apple, whilst dropping casually into the chair opposite me, and throwing her feet onto the table which my head was occupying.

I glared half-heartedly at her. "Yes I remember." I said pushing her feet out of my face. "How could I forget?" I shuddered just remembering it. It

was about the first time I realised our parents weren't really our parents unless they had something to yell at us about.

They weren't there when I got an award for my piano playing, they weren't there when Rebecca made head cheerleader for the first time, they weren't there when I achieved the highest grades in school, they weren't there when Rebecca got voted prom queen (I'm not quite sure how she got that seeming as she didn't attend even that school she decided to gate crash it because she was fairly certain that we were never going to be able to attend one). They weren't even there for our first crushes, dates, or kisses. However when I had one day off ill they got on the phone straight away to yell at me. They had been convinced that I was just skipping school, even though they were wrong they didn't know because they weren't here.

I sighed inwardly, shaking my head from those thoughts. They did their best. In fact I had been certain that they were the best parents in the world before.

I think Rebecca was having the same thoughts as me, because she had fallen silent running her hand through her hair repeatedly, a habit ironically she had picked up off our father. I sat watching her, memories of our fight running through my mind.

"Rebecca?" I said so quietly I was sure I was going to have to repeat myself. That was what I was going to do as well until she turned to look at me, her face still thoughtful.

"Hmm?" She hummed cocking her head to the side. The familiar action brought a small smile to my face. It was something we both did when we were confused, or wanted people to continue. We used to be able to do it in sync without even looking at each other. That was how close we had been.

“I’m sorry.” I mumbled. I winced, memories of calling myself an ‘apology whore’ floating through my mind. Just how much had I drank? I quickly shook my head freeing my mind of these thoughts as I looked back at my twin. Clearing my throat I continued. “You know, about yesterday. I went a little too far.” I tried to show my sincerity through my words. “I shouldn’t have run out like that, or called you, um...well you know.” I finished.

“A self-righteous, pompous, self indulgent, self centred bitch, with an annoying-as-fuck holier-than-thou attitude?” She filled in for me, with a raise of an eyebrow. A blush rushed to me cheeks. I gave her a meek smile.

“I never said bitch...” I trailed off, shifting uncomfortably in my seat, wanting more than anything to be out of her sight line. “You added that part in yourself.” I said sheepishly, aiming to get a smile out of her. It worked...sort of. The corner of her lips twitched upwards involuntarily. I felt slightly proud of myself for that fact. She can’t be that mad if she smiled right?

“You were thinking it.” She argued shaking her head. I flinched slightly at how easily she could read me. “Don’t even bother lying.” She added onto the end when I opened my mouth to deny it. More colour added itself to my cheeks. She sort of had me there... I sucked in a deep breath meeting her eyes guiltily, was there a way to apologise without using words? I hope so, that would make the whole thing so much less awkward.

“And I gave you every excuse to think that I’m a bitch.” She sighed before I had a chance to say anything. “I’m surprised that you didn’t snap sooner actually.”

Wait? What? I blinked and looked up at her in shock. “Huh?” I said wide eyed; which sadly was the most intelligent response I could muster. She smiled at me slightly in amusement to my reaction.

“Don’t look so surprised.” She snapped half heartedly. “I know I’ve been a complete bitch, and you were trying to look out for me.” She confessed looking so out of place. She wasn’t used to admitting to her faults. She preferred to pretend she had none. She cleared her throat to continue, not quite meeting my eyes out of embarrassment. “So thank you, and sorry. You know for calling you a fun-sucking prude.” She supplied. “And for the last five years of my holier-than-thou attitude.” She added jokingly using my own wording.

I snorted lightly, a small smile lifting up my cheeks. “You weren’t that bad.” I shrugged. “I was just mad that you were right. I’ve been making excuses for our parents for years.” I sighed. “It had gotten to the point where I started to convince myself all the excuses I made were true.” All the memories of every time I had to cheer Rebecca up when they didn’t turn up like they promised. That had been their job, not mine. All the times when I had made up reasons for them not being there. I shouldn’t have had to do that. “They’re not true though, are they?” I sniffed looking up at her. Tears were welled up in my eyes. I felt it as one broke free and rolled slowly down my cheeks. They were just feeble excuses. I had lied to both of us for five years thinking that they were true.

Rebecca sucked in a deep breath. Uncertainty flashed in her eyes. That was a rare emotion to see on Rebecca Winter’s face. It was never a good sign. “You never know. Maybe.” She said, but there was no belief in her voice. She was just trying to make me feel better. It was the same tone that doctors used on relatives when there was little chance of a patient surviving. It was odd to have Rebecca using that tone with me. It seemed so reversed. Why weren’t our parents the ones to comfort us? Why was it our jobs?

I shook my head more tears escaping. “Rebecca?” I said looking at her in the eyes. “Promise me something?” She nodded her head without asking what it was first. I smiled at her blind faith in me. It was something I fig-

ured we had lost a long time ago. “Can you promise me that no matter what our parents do, we never change like they did?” I asked. “That way we’ll always know we have each other to look out for us. I can’t lose you too.” I sobbed, unable to hold back my cries any longer.

Surprisingly Rebecca wrapped me in her arms. “I’ll do you one better, I’ll make you a shirt swap promise.” She stated pulling back from me. There were her own tears in her eyes. When was the last time I had seen Rebecca cry? Three? Four years ago? Going on five? I blinked up at her.

A wobbly smile of my own matched hers. “A shirt swap promise? How old were we seriously?” I groaned at the memory.

“It doesn’t matter. It’s still valid.” She said lifting her shirt over her head.

I frowned giving her a short watery laugh. “We were such mentally challenged children.” I shook my head as I spoke, before lifting my own shirt over my head, and handing to her. We were both sat in our living room in our bras now.

You think after the last shirt swap promise I wouldn’t be doing this right now. The last shirt swap promise I did had been with Conner who had made me promise not to show anyone the picture as long as he did my bidding. He had ended up wearing my favourite pink T-shirt home that day. And I was stuck with a frayed ghost-busters shirt that he said was ‘lucky’.

Too stuck in thought, I had completely forgotten why I had been wearing a long sleeve shirt today until Rebecca next spoke (and I use the term ‘spoke’ very loosely, she sounded more like a banshee than a human at this point).

“OH MY GOD!” Rebecca screeched. “When the hell did you get that?!” She was pointing a very well manicured finger to my tattoo, on my shoulder. I gave her a small smile, but before I could answer she was screech-

ing again, this time snatching up my wrist. “FUCK MY LIFE! YOU HAVE TWO!” She belted out at the top of her voice. “I want answers now!” She took hold of both my shoulders shaking me.

I tried to shrug managing to get just a small movement of my shoulders as she held them into place. “It’s a bad idea to let me go drinking.” I told her simply. “A very bad idea.” I emphasised, nodding in agreement with myself.

Rebecca’s eyes widened. “Damn I wish I had been there.” She said a sad tone in her voice. “You finally got it then.” She pointed to my wrist. I nodded, pulling her top over my head, as she did the same with mine. “What other crazy shit did you do whilst you were drunk? Or was stealing chickens, vandalising the school, and getting two tattoos it?” She asked.

“That’s pretty much it, unless you count failing miserably at pool.” I said simply.

She snorted loudly. “I can just imagine that.” She giggled. “You suck at bowling too, and arm wrestling, and when we were younger you used to fall over playing hopscotch. You’re a lost cause when it comes to any kind of athletics.”

I narrowed my eyes. “Well not everyone can be as sporty as you, Miss Cheerleader.” I said sticking my nose up in the air.

“That’s Miss *Head* Cheerleader to you.” She said haughtily. You could hear the humour laced into every word she said though.

I grinned at her. “Well sorry Your Majesty.” I mocked bowed, pretending to tip a hat I didn’t even own.

“You better be.” She joked, pushing me off of the sofa and onto the floor by pushing on my shoulder.



“Bite me princess.” I said tugging on her arm as I fell. We both burst out laughing, and for a moment it was like we were ten again. Before anything complicated in life began. I could almost will myself to believe that our mum was whistling away in the kitchen or singing very off key to a song she claimed to have been ‘popular in her day’, whilst cooking our dinner. I could almost delude myself into thinking that any second now our dad would walk in to the room clutching his coffee, with a briefcase wedged under his arm. And that me and Rebecca would run up to him and use him as a climbing frame, trying to get hugs out of him. And he would give us a crooked half smile, then our mum would come into the room and tell us to get off ‘her man’ before he’d lean in to give her a kiss. To which of course me and Rebecca would scrunch our noses up and tell them to stop being so ‘ew’.

Rebecca giving me a bite on my arm snapped me back to the present. “OUCH!” I yelped loudly. “What the hell was that for?” I asked with a shocked expression clouded over my face.

“You said to bite you.” She shrugged.

My jaw dropped open. “I didn’t mean it literally.” I squealed trying to wipe away her saliva. “That’s so gross.” I wrinkled my nose.

“Don’t say things you don’t mean.” She scolded, offhandedly. “Didn’t anyone teach you that?” She smirked.

“Didn’t anyone teach *you* not to *bite* people?” I retorted looking at the small round red mark she had left. Seriously who did that? I sent her what was supposed to be a death glare, but it wasn’t too effective, seeming as I was fighting a smile back at the same time. I honestly couldn’t help it. I had my twin back.

“You’re not one to preach!” She snorted loudly.

“Yeah? Why’s that?” I asked raising an eyebrow.

“Don’t you remember that one Christmas...?” She trailed off.

I frowned. “That’s different; Tommy had convinced me I was a vampire. I thought I had to do it to survive.” I said simply.

“And what was your excuse for drinking a whole bottle of ketchup?” She questioned. I glared at her. What happened to never mentioning it again? I sighed inwardly.

“I couldn’t get any blood could I? Tommy said it would be a good substitute.” I huffed, explaining it for the millionth time in my life. For some reason people found this reasoning hard to understand. But to the impressionable mind of a six year old, who believed they were a vampire, this made perfect sense.

“You were always so gullible.” Rebecca shook her head. “Do you remember when that girl in our class, Charlotte or something like that, told you Hogwarts was real? You begged dad to take us there for years.” She chuckled.

“What? If Hogwarts really did exist it would have been cool.”

“Oh no, wait! Here’s a better one! What about the time when Ryan and Kirsty convinced you had made the fairies mad when you had shouted and stomped your foot? And then Conner told you that the only way to make amends with them was to sing ‘Twinkle Twinkle’ backwards, tap your nose repeatedly, and hop in an anti-clockwise circle, whilst there was an apple balanced on you head, which you couldn’t let drop off in case you made the fairies angrier!”

My face heated slightly. “Oh yeah.” I grimaced at the memory. “I didn’t stop until mum came out and found us, and told me that you guys were lying to me.” I glared at her. “I was so mad at you guys because I had been soaked in the rain seeming as it had been pouring buckets outside.”

Rebecca giggled. “Mum got so mad.” She grinned.

“And Dad just thought it had been funny.” I shook my head.

“That’s because it was!” She laughed.

I glared at her. Sure it was. “I got ill because of you guys.” I huffed.

She scoffed loudly. “No you got ill because Dad had tried cooking for us that night. We ALL got ill.” I couldn’t help the tiniest of smiles.

“Yeah. Dad couldn’t cook for shit.” I agreed, shaking my head.

Rebecca gasped. “Language young lady!” She put on the accent of an elderly English woman. “I honestly don’t know what to do with you. That Daniel Blake boy is such a bad influence on you.” She said, pretending to be exasperated. She put her hand over her heart and looked towards the ceiling.

I snorted. Her eyes snapped to me at this point, a small smile curving her lips. “Speaking of which...” She started a glint lighting her eyes that I was sure was a glint that I didn’t like. “What is it with you two?” She grinned. “Are you dating or what?”

“What.” I said my cheeks flaming, whilst I crossed my arms over my chest.

That obviously wasn’t enough. “Then why are you blushing?” She asked leaning closer and pinching my cheeks.

“I blush at everything.” I batted her hand away. “It means nothing.” I said firmly.

“Hmmm.” Rebecca hummed grinning. “Sure it doesn’t. Look me in the eye and tell me you don’t want to snog his face off.” She challenged. I glared at her.

“I preferred it when we weren’t talking.” I declared, jokingly.

“Lies, but that’s not the point. Quit changing the subject.” She ordered.

“I’m not changing the subject.” I argued defensively. *I’m just avoiding having to think about the answer.*

“Yes you are. And you’re not very good at it.” She told me simply. “Now answer the question.” She demanded of me. I frowned at her.

“Why can’t you let it go?” I asked rubbing my face with my hands.

“Why can’t you answer the question?” She countered, making me want to bang my head repeatedly on the table again.

“Look nothing’s going on between me and Blake.” I said stubbornly. “Just drop it.”

“How can I drop it if there really nothing going on?”

“What kind of messed up psychology are you using on me?” I asked incredulously.

“What kind of messed up psychology do you think I’m using on you?”

“My brain hurts!” I moaned rubbing my eyes. When had she gotten so smart? It used to be me running us out of trouble. She was more interested in causing it. Maybe we swapped personalities. That would explain the last few days. Since when was I the one to get suspended? Since when was I the one to get detentions? Since when was I the one to go out and get drunk on my birthday?

“Just answer the question then.” She said simply.

I groaned. She was never going to let it drop. “Look not that it means anything, but yeah he’s hot as hell and kissing him wouldn’t be an entirely bad thing alright?” I huffed out, knowing my face was completely

red now. I didn't even meet her eyes as I stared forcefully at the blank television screen.

It didn't matter that I couldn't see her though; I knew huge grin was spread across her face. "You folded just in time." She said lightly, jumping to her feet. I turned to give her a confused look, all my embarrassment forgotten. She gave me a mischievous grin. "I have to be going to school. You know...because some of us weren't excluded."

"Shit Rebecca you're an hour late!" I gasped.

She snorted. "Well duh." She rolled her eyes. "We didn't just settle five years worth of arguments in the time it would take before school starts genius." She said sarcastically.

She had a point there. I grumbled at that. Damn it she had gotten really, really, smart. "Bye Hailey!" She called smiling smugly. "I'm taking the car." She didn't wait for a reply as she grabbed the keys off the counter and gave me a quick salute and ducking out of the door. I barely even had the chance to say good bye.

I smiled at the blank space she had been seconds before. We really had made up for five years of problems. It didn't seem real at all. Or even realistic, now that I think about it. Who actually just got over their issues like that? I sighed as I realised we still probably had a few arguments left ahead of us. But that wasn't so bad. For the mean time I had my sister back.

Of course the phone ringing had to ruin my good mood. Oh god it's going to be them. Maybe I should pretend not to be here. Would that just make them angrier next time they called? What had Rebecca told me a couple of years ago? To grow some woman balls?

Despite the obvious flaws in logic there I'm she probably had a point. I stared at the phone that continued to ring. One more ring and it was

going to go through to voice mail. I bit my lip. Just before it could though I answered it.

There were several ways I could have started this phone call: 'It wasn't me', 'I'm sorry', or I even could have copied the computerised voice and said 'this number is no longer available' which may have saved me a couple of minutes tops. But they all would have been lies.

Instead I chose to start with the normal greeting. "Hello?" Then I scrunched my eyes and hoped for the best possible outcome, which would be it wasn't them on the phone.

As it turns out it was my lucky day. "Hey." Blake said from the other end. "Are you as bored as I am?"

The first thing I felt was relief. I let out a long sigh. It wasn't them. Sure it meant that I'd have to deal with it later, but I could deal with that problem when it came around to it. Wait a second...why was Blake calling me? Better yet...

"Blake how did you get my number?" I asked.

He chuckled. "Not important. I'm bored. That's important." He whined.

I laughed. "You're so self absorbed. They have a word for that you know." I told him. "You have to face it; you're narcissistic." I told him.

He laughed loudly. "Yep. Everything must be about me." He agreed.

"Which brings ME to MY point." He said emphasising. "I'm coming over to your house."

I blinked. "What?" I asked befuddled.

"I'm coming over." He said simply.

"Uh..." I shook my head. "No you're not." I told him confused.

“Yes I am.” He said plainly. “It’s boring here. Everyone’s either at school or work, except my brother Shane who’s at a day care centre.”

I frowned. “That doesn’t mean you can come here.” I told him.

“Sure it does. I’ll be there soon.” Then he hung up. Did he seriously just do that? My jaw was slack as I stared at the piece of plastic in my hands. My eye twitched slightly as I stared at it. There was seriously something very wrong with that boy. You don’t just invite yourself over to peoples houses.

*Yeah, and you also don’t show up at people’s houses without even calling first and demand that they spend the day with you either.* A voice in the back of my mind bugged me. Damn it. How can I argue with myself?

I must have been standing there for quite some time, thinking. I heard the sound of the front door being opened. My eye twitched. He seriously wasn’t even going to knock? I had definitely done that. Rebecca obviously hadn’t locked the door when she had left.

“Where did you learn your manners Blake?” I asked walking around the corner and putting the phone on the hook. “You don’t just-” The next words were lost in my throat, as I stopped mid step; my foot hovering in the air. I was completely frozen as I stared at the two people in front of me.

*That’s definitely not Daniel Blake.* My genius voice was back. Both people stood in the door way looked back at me, one with a completely blank expression and one with an expression of complete rage that had my stomachs doing back flips in fear.

There was a moment of complete silence as we all just stared at each other. That was until I was just had to say something, because I’m just that smart. I blinked at the pair of them. “Mum...Dad? What are you doing here?” I choked out.



My mother's glare hardened. "I think you know that answer to that." She spat out in anger. I shrunk back ever so slightly.

You have got to be kidding me. I groaned inwardly to myself. If I thought a call was going to be bad, it had nothing on what I was sure was going to be in store for me now. The only thing my brain seemed to be able to muster up was one thought. *I'm in so much shit.*

~\*~

*that's all for now I'm sorry for the wait I thought I had uploaded this a few days ago, I didn't realise I hadn't actually put it up for you guys to read :S My bad I hope you enjoyed it :D*



## **Step Fifteen: You Give The Good Girl A Hug**

THIS IT NOT EDITED EVEN SLIGHTLY!

[ OH AND THANK YOU ELLZZRAWRR FOR THE AWESOME BANNER!!!] <3

No I'm not better but I do however feel really guilty so I managed to force myself to write this, and I don't think I can do it again. I'm really sorry, I know it's not nearly long enough, but it will have to do.

Thanks to all those who sent encouraging messages this chapter is for all those fabulous people!

## How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:

### Step Fifteen: You Give The Good Girl A Hug:

Okay this could not be happening. All my words were stuck in my throat. I was torn in two. Half of me desperately wanted to run to them, wrap my arms around them into a tight hug, and never let go so they couldn't ever leave again. Yet the other half of me just wanted to scream obstinacies at them until my throat was sore. What I did however was stand there mutely staring at the two people in front of me with a dumbstruck expression on my face.

“Well then? Aren't you even going to try explaining to me why I had to cancel a very important business meeting to come home because my already more than responsible daughter, or at least so I thought, was suspended!” She shrieked at me.

Okay now I'm pretty sure I wanted to scream at her more than hug her now. I didn't ask for her to cancel her oh so important meeting! She didn't even cancel any meetings for my birthday! Shouldn't I be the one with the right to be mad? Yet somehow I still found myself feeling guilty.

“I-” I didn't know how to finish that sentence. I licked my lips nervously.

“Darling, let's wait until we're inside, I'm cold.” My father spoke for the first time. For once I was slightly grateful for his lack of caring. He made his way inside nodding at me. “Hi sweetie.” He dropped a small kiss on my cheek.

Trust my dad. I thought rolling my eyes inwardly. He was the only person in the world who could be completely oblivious to my mother's rage, and act like nothing's happening. That was what I used to think made them so perfect for each other. My mother overreacted, whilst my father under reacted. They cancelled each other out fairly well.

"So?" My mother continued, glaring at my father.

I said nothing; instead I opted to chew on my lip, hoping that something would happen to distract her. No such luck. All my silence accomplished was to anger her further.

"I have never in my life been more embarrassed!" She shrilled. "I wouldn't even expect this kind of behaviour from Rebecca, let alone you!" I felt a surge of anger again. Why did they have to have such high expectations of me? I gritted my teeth; it would only fuel her rage to point it out now.

"Honey, where's the sugar kept?" I heard my dad call from the kitchen, followed by sounds of cabinets opening and closing. "Never mind I found it!"

My mother's glare didn't once waver from me, as I remained standing at the foot of the stairs. I shifted uncomfortably under her gaze. "Not only did my Daughter get suspended though, but she was also DRINKING underage!" My mother found more reason to yell at me. I winced.

I was kind of hoping she didn't know about that.

"Drinking, vandalising, stealing, what made you think for a moment you were going to get away with that?!" She screamed as she listed off my offences.

*Maybe the fact you're never here!* My heart twisted painfully. What right had she to be yelling at me when she wasn't even there to stop me like

she should have been? I clenched my jaw, no words able to find their way out. It was as if I had suddenly become mute.

I swallowed harshly, trying to get rid of the lump that was fast forming in my throat. Why was it that I hadn't cried in years, yet one minute of yelling from my mother had me wanting to burst out into tears? She surely wasn't that frightening. She was skinny and tall, the perfect combination for an evil character in a movie, but this wasn't a movie. I remember how kind and loving she used to be, not to say she didn't have a temper, but it had never been this bad.

"And to make the whole thing worse, you got yourself caught on video footage. I was so ashamed to admit that you were my daughter, when I got the call." I pressed my lips together, forcing myself not to cry. Unfortunately a tear escaped against my will. But she didn't even notice as she continued onwards. "And then they sent the recording, and I had to watch you make a fool out of yourself and us!"

*So keep pretending that you don't have any daughters. You're very good at it.* I wanted more than anything to scream those words at her, but I knew I couldn't without breaking into tears. It hurt when she said every word. *Ashamed. Embarrassed.* That was what she felt like, having to have me as a daughter.

I shook slightly from the sobs that wanted to break free, but I stood my ground.

"I watched over half an hour of you acting like a complete idiot, with some boy who looks like every parent's worst nightmare!" She said with disgust. I swallowed. I could let her anything she liked about me, but pulling others into this? She was going too far.

"You don't even know Daniel, mum. You have no right to make any judgement!" I said numbly, but still firmly. I looked up at her with hard eyes.

“Sweet pea, did you want any coffee?” My dad had the worst timing ever. He poked his head around the corner, whilst my mother and I were glaring down at each other. “I’ll take that as a no.” He said, making his escape.

I almost wish I could too. “No right to make any judgement! Hailey I saw him vandalising the school!” She screamed.

“AND IT WAS MY IDEA!” I yelled back. Suddenly my hurt was turning into anger. And I had a hell of a lot of it.

“DON’T YOU DARE, YELL AT ME, HAILEY!” She ordered. “I’M NOT THE ONE IN THE WRONG HERE! YOU ARE!” My fight died a little. She had a point. I was the one that got me and Blake excluded. I was that stole the chickens, spray painted to floor, and let myself get drunk off my ass.

“I put my trust in you that you can look after Rebecca! And now you go and do something like this?” I twisted uncomfortably. I never asked for the responsibility. I never wanted to have to look after us both.

My dad entered the room then, at the same time as the door down the hall opened, and a very familiar voice drifted down the hall.

“You should really lock your doors Clover!” Blake’s all too cheerful voice came floating towards us, getting closer. “There could be some real psycho’s out there who could have gotten in.” I looked briefly at my mother. Too late. The psycho I should be worried about had the freaking key!

“You would never guess what though!” He continued. “They actually sent my mum the recording of us-” He stopped abruptly as he reached us.

His eyes widened as he took in the three of us standing there and not just me. An awkward silence settled over everyone. My mother was the one to break it. “Who is this?” She hissed glaring at me angrily.

I was saved having to answer by my father. “I believe this was the boy that couldn’t sing, love.” He said not noticing yet again just how enraged my mother was. I drank his coffee casually as he went to go sit down.

I sent a quick look to Blake who I was sure was blushing slightly. *Yeah they sent my parents the recording to.* I thought bitterly. I felt extremely bad for him right now. He was now under the wrath of my mother.

“You’re the boy that got my daughter excluded?” She asked icily, advancing to him. “How dare you step one fucking foot into my house?” I gasped loudly, and Blake looked extremely uncomfortable. “Get out. Now.” She ordered.

“MOTHER!” I yelped out. “I already told you that it was my idea! Back off.” I growled. I couldn’t stand to let anyone else take the blame for something that was entirely my fault.

“You’ve never been in trouble once until this BOY walked into your life!” She hissed pointing at him. She said ‘boy’ the way that you would say ‘you-know-who’ instead of ‘Voldemort’, as if his name were such a bad word that it needed to be replaced.

“How would you know? You’re never here!” I roared, unsure of where my new courage was coming from.

“This is a serious matter Hailey! Don’t make this about me!” She yelled back.

“Um...Clover...I’m- ” Blake said. I wasn’t paying attention though, I cut him off by speaking over him to yell at my mother.

“I’m not! I’m pointing out the obvious! I could have committed murder in this very house and you would be none the wiser until you saw it on the news, or had the police call you!” I refused to let my tears fall. I was done crying over this!

“Oh be reasonable Hailey!” She sneered. “I let you stay here because I trust you enough to let you look after yourself and your sister!”

“I NEVER ASKED TO BE TRUSTED!” I screamed. “I never wanted to be trusted with those kinds of responsibilities. No ten-year-old wants to have to cook their own dinners, or set their own bedtimes, or look after their sister! What I wanted was to be able to depend on my mother to do that, not wonder if my parents are going to be home that night, or if I’ll have to listen to Rebecca cry herself to sleep asking for her mother or father!”

My mother gaped at me open mouthed. “How dare you be so fucking self-ish?!” She asked. “You know exactly why we couldn’t be there! Your brother was dying in case you forgot!” There it was, the taboo subject finally being blurted out.

I heard Blake take a sharp breath in. I almost felt bad for him having to stand there as we argued. Even my dad was sat frigid in his chair now.

“Yes I remember mum. But you didn’t only have a son in case *you* forgot. You had two ten year old daughters, just as frightened for their brother’s life as you were, at home, alone.” I said shaking my head. “We needed our parents badly, but we didn’t say anything because Tommy meant the world to us!” I told her sourly. “But he’s dead now, he has been for five years and you still aren’t here!”

“STOP!” My mother screamed, covering her ears. “I WON’T LISTEN TO YOU TALK ABOUT YOUR BROTHER’S DEATH AS IF IT WERE NOTHING!” She cried out. “YOU HEARTLESS BITCH!”

“No I won’t stop mum!” I yelled out. “Tommy’s death meant everything! It meant our whole family grieving! It meant our whole family fell apart, you and dad weren’t there, Rebecca and I hardly even spoke to each other, and no one said one single thing about him!”



“WE ARE THERE WHEN WE NEEDED TO BE!” Mum yelled. “WE MAKE SURE OF THAT!”

“Really Mum? Name my favourite colour then! Name Rebecca’s favourite food! Name anything that has any significance to your daughters whatsoever!” She stayed silent, refusing to answer me. Unable to answer me.

“That’s not what I meant.” She said quieter than before.

I blinked at her. “All of that’s important.” I told her. “A parent should know these things!” She stayed silent. “I’ll give you a real easy one though mum. When is your daughters’ birthday?”

Her body tensed. Her face turned a pale white colour. “You missed our eighteenth birthday mum.” I said appalled. “And you didn’t even call, or anything. What kind of parent-”

There was an audible clap echoing around the room. I barely even noticed as my left cheek started to sting painfully. I was in shock. My own mother had just slapped me. I slowly brought my hand to my cheek in surprise. Had she seriously done that? The throbbing of my cheek confirmed that she did.

I looked back up at her. She had to hand raised still, it was shaking in anger. “D-don’t! Don’t accuse me of being a bad parent!” She choked, out. I stared up at her in disbelief. Had you had asked me seconds ago I would have said my mother would never in her life hit me. It shows just how little I knew her now.

Still immobile I just watched silently as Blake rushed to my side. “Shit.” He murmured. “Are you okay?” His hand reached out to gently touch my cheek. I just nodded mutely at him. He turned quickly to glare at my mother. “She doesn’t need to accuse you of anything.” He said in anger, his body shaking slightly. “No good parent would ever hit their child.”

“Get out of my house.” My mother threw at him, still somehow finding it in her to glare at him.

“Gladly.” He spat back. He threw his arm around my shoulder leading me to the front door. I could hear my mother’s protests as he did so. But both he and I ignored her.

*She hit me. My own mother hit me.* My mind was whirring. *She didn’t even say sorry. She continued to act like she did nothing wrong. She hit me.* My thoughts kept going around in that never ending circle. I didn’t even realise that we were half way down the street until Blake turned to me with a concerned expression.

“Hailey.” He said slowly, worry clouding in his eyes. I just blinked at him, my mouth slightly ajar. There wasn’t even a hint of his usual playfulness, or teasing. Hell he had even called my Hailey instead of Clover. I swallowed.

“She hit me.” I said in a whisper. “She actually hit me didn’t she?” I turned to him. Some part of me was hoping that he would say I was wrong, and that there was some kind of other explanation for what just happened in there. He didn’t.

“I know.” I said gravely. “I’m sorry I didn’t stop her. I saw her hand raise and everything, but I was just so shocked.” He ran a hand through his hair. “I’m sorry Hailey. I could have stopped her.” Regret ran deep within his tone.

I just shook my head slowly. “It’s alright.” I said, still dazed.

“No it’s not!” He said frustrated. “She just hit you! Nothing’s alright about that! And worse I just stood there and watched!” He threw his hands once more through his hair, pulling at it. “I should have done something!”

I blinked watching him. This had to be the least composed I had ever seen him. Something about that bothered me. I didn't like seeing him like this. It brought me back down from my dazed attitude. "Blake." I said softly tugging at his arms, to make them stop. "You're going to pull out all your hair like that." I told him, running my hand through his hair to neaten it when he let his own drop.

He just looked at me with an upset face. I tried to give him a reassuring smile. "Thanks for getting me out of there." I said finally. His expression was so torn up that I didn't know what I could do. I'm not even sure why he was so upset about it really.

"Are you really okay?" He asked eventually, his eyes flickering once more to my cheek, that I could actually feel the redness of, for once in my life though it wasn't a blush.

"I'm fine now really. Just a little shocked." I looked him directly into the eye. There was something calming about their misty grey colour. It gave me a sense of familiarity that I didn't know I had with Blake.

Then he did something I really wasn't expecting. He pulled me into a hug. I froze from shock, but he didn't pull away. And I didn't want him to. His warmth made its way through my clothes, for some reason setting a hundred butterflies on a rampage in my stomach. Slowly I brought my arms securely around him.

Shock flitted through me as I realised this was exactly what I needed right now. To be hugged. I'm not sure how Blake knew it, but I'm glad he did. I buried my face in his shirt, breathing in his woodsy scent. A blush rose quickly to my cheeks, as I realised I was seriously hugging one of the hottest guys on earth, and I was sniffing him. There honestly had to be something wrong with me.

"I'm sorry." Blake breathed gently as he laid his chin on the top of my head. I felt the words vibrate through his chest, sending my stomach into

flips.

“For what?” I asked pulling my arms around him tighter. I didn’t quite want to let go yet.

“It was world war three in there.” He said sighing.

I grimaced against his shirt. “Yeah, sorry you had to hear all that.” I said sincerely.

“It’s okay.” There was a small pause. “And I’m sorry about your brother.” He said after a moment’s hesitation. I could tell he was trying to debate whether or not that that was the right thing to say or not. I sighed burying myself closed to him.

“Yeah. So am I.” I told him swallowing. “He was a really great brother. Even when-” I broke off my words trembling slightly. Blake’s arms tightened slightly around me in comfort. I sighed. “When he found out he had cancer he didn’t even cry.” I croaked. “He always found some reason to smile, if it was something stupid like he found a penny in the street, or the day started with a T just like his name.”

Blake chuckled. “He sounds like he was awesome.” He said. I could even hear the slight smile in his voice.

“He was.” I said truthfully. “He was the best brother I could ever ask for.” I bit my lips remembering his toothy smiles, and blonde hair. “Everyone who met him seemed to love him, and he didn’t even appear to notice. He was always so happy. There was this one guy, I remember, who had the whole Grinch thing going for him. He hated anything that involved smiling, laughing, or any other form of joy. But every time he saw Tommy he would grin and play with him, his whole face would completely light up. I don’t even know how he did it.” I shook my head.

I blinked away the tears, as the memories flashed through my mind: Tommy laughing, Tommy playing, Tommy grinning, Tommy failing at trying to play hide-and-seek (he would always hide wherever the last person hid). They all seemed like a life time away.

“Everything went to hell when he got ill though. Mum and Dad, who were always the ‘active’ parents, suddenly stopped being here. They were travelling to hospitals, and working twice as many hours to try pay for all the medical bills. It wasn’t so bad at first. They still somehow made time for me and Rebecca, calling every spare moment, coming home with Tommy in their arms at every chance they could. But as Tommy’s condition got worse it became clear he wasn’t going to recover...” I trailed off, giving out a small sob.

Our family had been perfect. We had been the family everyone looked at and went ‘aw’ too. And we had lost that all.

“You don’t have to tell me all of this.” Blake said, rubbing his hands up and down my back in a comforting gesture. I could hear the panic in his voice. He didn’t know what to do with a crying girl. I don’t know why but that made me feel better. I pressed my ear close to his heart beat, which was going a little faster than the average pace. I let out a small wet laugh.

“I want to.” I said. I couldn’t talk about it to anyone else. No one else was willing to listen. I’m not even sure Blake was willing to listen. But now that I had him in a death grip I was going to use it to my advantage. “My parents instead of trying to find any possible way to see me and Rebecca slowly started to look for every possible way to avoid seeing us. It’s confusing when you’re having your twelfth birthday and your parents are trying to find reasons not to be in the same room as you.”

I felt Blake’s grip on me tighten, as his muscles tensed. “Assholes.” He murmured lowly. “Want me to go back and beat the shit out of them for

you?” He asked. Actually it sounded more like he was asking for himself than for me.

Still it brought a shaky smile to my face. “Nah.” I answered, mostly because I was still enjoying the hug. I knew pretty soon it would be uncomfortable though. How long could two people who constantly argue actually hug comfortably for? I doubt it was very long. I wanted to enjoy it whilst it lasted.

“As I was saying anyway.” I continued. “They drifted away all Rebecca and I had left really been each other and our friends. Who you’ve already had the pleasure of meeting.” I told him smiling a little. “They were great, but they didn’t really know what was going on with our parents or Tommy besides that he had cancer. We didn’t want them to worry for us, and we knew they would. And then we moved. I think our parents thought there were too many memories in that house. I went willingly though, thinking that if we moved we’d get to see our parents more. But we didn’t. They still avoided us like the plague.

“Not long after that Tommy died, and our parents took it really hard. They absorbed themselves into their working lives. It became their *only* life. I kept thinking that they were just grieving for a while, and then it would get better, then they would come home and we could all grieve together. But they didn’t. Quickly instead of it being coming home they came on ‘visits’; and I became the one that had to take on our parents’ responsibilities. I didn’t want them though.” I shook my head. I wanted a family.

“Soon it was just me, Rebecca and some old stuff that belonged to our parents moving from house to house. Moving us around became their way of convincing themselves they were still involved in our lives. I think they believed that if they were doing something active they were still technically there.” I took in one huge shaky breath. “But it’s not enough.”

I cried out. “I want them to be like they used to be. S-she h-hit me Blake! I don’t even know her anymore!”

Blake didn’t make any promises like ‘it will all get better’ or ‘you just have to keep holding on’. For that I was grateful. I’ve heard it before. Those were the promises people made when they were talking about Tommy’s sickness. But it hadn’t ‘all gotten better’ I was still ‘holding on’ and it wasn’t helping at all. Those promises had been lies.

All Blake did was let me cry heavily into his chest. I clutched desperately at the fabric of his shirt, wanting to find answers in them that didn’t exist. I wanted to know why my parents couldn’t stand to see me. I wanted to know when ‘it all gets better’; I wanted to know why the world had to take away the most loved kid in the world. I wanted to know *why*.

I cried loudly, but he still didn’t say anything. All he did was hold me close. I’m sure I must have sounded annoying and whiny but I couldn’t help it. Was it so bad to want to demand answers from life when it had taken so much away from me?

I don’t know how long passed, but slowly my sobs subsided, and my embarrassment grew. I was sobbing all over Daniel Blake. I was pouring my sob story out to Daniel Blake. I was hugging Daniel Blake. The same Daniel Blake that who landed me in detention. The same Daniel Blake that was so cocky he made me want to run him over with my car. The same Daniel Blake that I had vandalised the school with.

Yet I didn’t want to let go. For the first time in a long time I felt like the responsibilities, that I had grown accustomed to, weren’t just weighing down on my shoulders. I had never really believed in the whole, a problem shared is a problem halved thing. But I guess it depends on who it is you sharing it with and what it is.

It felt good just to be able to talk about it. The big fat elephant in the room, blocking all means of escape, was finally being pointed out. I



sighed sniffing, as I realised I had really just cried on Blake. I grimaced.

“Sorry about that.” I said reproachfully, trying to find the will to pull away from him. “I just really needed to get that stuff off of my chest.” I apologised. My whole face was up in flames at this point. Why did I have to be cursed with an easy blush?

Blake let out a small groan. “What I have I told you about apologising too much?” He asked his voice slightly amused. “I thought we were passed this.” My eyes widened as memories of my calling myself an ‘apology whore’ came back, I’m sure he was remembering the same thing.

“Right I’ll work on it.” I mumbled. “But thanks.”

“You’re welcome.” He laughed, and we fell into a comfortable silence.

“Clover?” Blake spoke after a while.

“Hmm.” I hummed in response.

I could hear him taking a gulp of air, before continuing. “You know...if you really need to talk about something I’ll listen...right? Even if you just want to get something off of your chest.” I blinked, his words spinning around in my mind.

Was this seriously Blake I was hugging?

“Really?” I asked shocked, pulling back slightly to look at him, but not letting go.

He pulled a face at me. “Don’t get me wrong I’m not your diary. I don’t want to hear about it every time you stub a toe.” He scowled, and then sighed. “But yeah, if it’ll make you feel better I’ll listen to everything you say, even the really boring stuff.” He wrinkled his nose.

Yep, this was definitely Blake.

A small smile pulled at the edges of my lips. “That’s surprisingly sweet.” I told him honestly. “Are you feeling alright?” I joked.

He glared down at me. “Don’t make me retract my offer.” He warned moodily, his famous scowl coming back. “And if you tell anyone I’ll personally kill you.” I thought for a moment I saw his cheeks heating up but I couldn’t be sure.

I just laughed. Of course he could say something completely sweet, and still manage to fit a death threat in there somewhere. Slowly his scowl faded back, and he gave me a heart stopping crooked smile.

“Okay macho man, we wouldn’t want to emasculate you by letting anyone know you’re secretly a big softie.” I prodded him in his stomach, using the small space I had made between us.

“A softie?” He scoffed. “Clover, you and I both know I’m one hundred percent bad ass.” He brought up an arm flexing his muscles to demonstrate. I laughed loudly.

“Oh sure you are, *Girly-Dan*.” I mocked.

“Alright the next time you call me Girly-Dan you’re going to have to face some serious consequences Clover!” He warned with a wicked smile.

“Oh really? What could you possibly do...Girly-Dan?” I goaded.

“Okay, you asked for this.” He sighed. Swinging his arms to my sides, he lifted me over his shoulder. Too shocked I froze in his grip. I didn’t even fight back when I felt him do something to my foot. Before I knew what was going on I was on the ground again once more. This time on uneven footing.

I blinked, up at him before looking down at my feet. “Did you seriously just steal my shoe?” I asked bewildered, looking to my rainbow coloured

sock, to his right hand where my trainer was being dangled from his index finger.

“Yep.” He said, sounding proud of himself.

I shook my head. “You don’t just steal people’s shoes!” I yelled at him. “Give it back!” I lunged for it, but he moved it out of my reach, placing a hand to my forehead to hold me back. I glared at him, swinging my arms wildly, in an attempt to steal my shoe back, or at least hit him.

“Apparently I do.” He said grinning. “What are you going to do about it short stuff?”

I gasped loudly. “I am NOT short!” I yelled at him in annoyance.

“Really?” He asked raising an eyebrow at me. “Take the shoe back then.” He held it just out of my reach. What form of torture was this? My fingers brushed at the tips of it, but it stayed firmly on his finger. Tauntingly he swayed it from side to side.

I huffed out in annoyance, giving up my struggle. “Just because you’re freakishly tall doesn’t mean I’m short!” I defended myself. He just laughed loudly.

“I think it does.” He said matter-of-factly.

“What? No it doesn’t!” I argued back.

He just grinned down at me. “Uh-uh-uh!” He wagged his finger side to side. “I have the shoe, you can’t argue with me.”

“You only got the shoe because you stole it from me!” HE shrugged.

“Details, details.” He waved it off. “If you want your shoe back, you won’t argue with me.” As if knowing I was going to jump again he moved the shoe out of the way just as I launched myself at him.

Using him as a climbing frame I clung like a monkey to him, trying to get to the shoe. I gripped closer to him trying to use my arm to pull his back. “Give. Me. The. Damned. Shoe.” I cursed at him. I felt it as he started shaking with laughter. I tightened my hold around him to be sure I didn’t fall off. Actually I’m surprised he didn’t just topple over with my added weight.

He must be really strong...I shook my head trying to rid myself of the thought. I didn’t care how strong he was. He still had my shoe!

“You know what you have to say to get it back. You must promise never to call me ‘you-know-what’ again, and you must admit to my awesome badass-es-ness.” He demanded.

My jaw dropped. “Never!”

“In that case you have to face another punishment.” He said to me with a sigh, shaking his head in mock disappointment. Instead of taking my other shoe, which I fully expected him to do, he instead stole my sock this time.

“AGHHH! NOOOO!” I cried out, desperately trying to cover my foot. I have an issue where I can’t let people look at my bare foot. It made me feel exposed for some strange reason. “Please give me back the sock! Please!!!” I begged. Pulling my leg around him so my foot was next to his back where he couldn’t look at it.

He chuckled. “Tell me what I want to hear then Clover.” He waved my sock triumphantly.

“Okay! Okay! You are the badass lord! You put all the other badasses to shame because you are just that badass! Now please oh mighty badass god, can I have my sock and shoe back?” He hummed, pretending to think about it.

“I think you forgot to promise me something.” He said grinning evilly at me.

“Fine! I promise never again to call you Girly-Dan.” I promised rashly.

“That’s much better.” He told me giving back my sock and shoe. I shoved my foot in quickly. I let out a sigh of relief.

“Never do that to me again.” I begged tying my shoelace up.

He just laughed. “I won’t as long as you keep your promise.” He said offhandedly. That decides it. I thought determinedly. Two pairs of socks are to be worn at all times from this point out!

~\*~

I hope that you enjoyed it, that was all I could actually make myself write, as I said I'm working at it when I can but I'm not able to do much, so I'm really sorry you'll still all have to wait:

I repeat I'm still not better!



## **Step Sixteen: You Bring The Good Girl Home**

Okay so this isn't all I've wirtten but I'm thinking maybe I should wait a day (or possiby just a few hours) before I upload the next one. Anyway please enjoy I'm not sure I like this chapter too much so I'm not sure if it'll change at anytime ifrst I want to hear peoples comments on it so... :)

## How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:

### Step Sixteen: You Bring The Good Girl Home:::

“That colour just isn’t right.” I said staring at Blake’s failed attempt at cooking. It actually made my stomach churn a little. “You realise that most soup isn’t green right?” I asked bluntly. It wasn’t even a soft green either; it was a bright lime green.

Blake gave me a harsh glare. I shot him an easy grin. “Hey, don’t look at me like that. The truth hurts. It’s not my fault you can’t cook.”

“I can cook just fine.” He said defiantly, crossing his arms. I couldn’t stop a small snort of laughter. Blake and I were sat in his room, well I was anyway he was stood up with his hands on his hips, with an expression that said, ‘I spent hours slaving away over the stove, you better damn well eat what I made you’. The look suited him pretty well actually, but then again I’m not sure what look didn’t. Not that I would ever admit that to his face.

And before you get any ideas about us sitting alone in his room, don’t. It’s entirely innocent. We had decided it was best not to try to go back to my house with my mum in a bad mood.

It was weird seeing the inside of Blake’s room. For some reason I was still picturing it with the whole ‘rebel’ look. You know, the battered furniture, rubbish littered everywhere, clothes draped haphazardly across the floor, magazines with pictures of half naked girls, that one. But instead of that I was faced with a fairly clean room with blue bedding, green walls, and a few other ‘guy stuff’. Actually the messiest part of his room was one corner where there was a small TV with a game console (which one I’m not quite sure, gaming wasn’t high on my interest list) and some remotes lying on the floor, with the wires trailing across the floor.

I think what surprised me most was the desk in his room with some of his work books (here comes the shocking part) lying open! There was actual proof that Daniel Blake revised...sort of...but still... I mean I guess it made sense we had our end of year exams coming up but I figured if there was going to be one person who didn't care, it would be Blake.

"Well are you going to eat it?" Blake said impatiently. My eyes snapped back to him, and then back to the 'food' in front of me. That was just another shock on top of the million that seemed to be piling up today. Blake actually insisted that he cooked for me. I'm not even sure why. But I'm not one to look a gift horse in the mouth. I wasn't about to refuse that kind of opportunity.

Now I kind of wish I had.

I stirred my soup slowly with the spoon he had gotten me. I'm sure it was thicker than it was supposed to be, almost solid in fact. There were lumps of something brown floating to the top.

I looked back to Blake who was watching me, expectantly.

"You're not actually going to make me eat this are you?" I asked slightly horrified by the prospect. I scrutinised his expression, searching for some kind of sign that this was all some kind of practical joke. The upset look he was giving me indicated he was deadly serious. "Please don't make me eat this." I begged.

A frown etched across his face. "What's wrong with it?" He asked.

*What's right with it?* The snarky sound of my bitchy inner voice retorted. "It doesn't look edible." I told him, opting for the 'honesty is the best policy' approach. I wrinkled up my nose.

He looked offended now. "What?! Yes it does!" He gasped loudly.



“Really it doesn’t.” I told him showing him the bowl. He looked at it with a blank expression, like he was waiting for something gruesome to happen to prove my point, like a furry monster jumping out and eating his face. Looking at the soup I couldn’t say that I completely ruled that out as a possibility of that actually happening.

It honestly looked that bad.

His expression was worse though. He looked slightly wounded.

My ‘good girl’ self was telling me to suck it up and eat it, just to make him happy. But one more look at it, and I just couldn’t. I groaned inwardly, avoiding looking at his face. I knew it would make me feel like I needed to eat it again.

Then a miracle saved me.

“I’M HOME!” They were two simple words. Yet they saved me from what I can assume was going to be my early grave. I don’t think I was ever so thankful to hear Stacey’s voice.

“Your mum’s home.” I echoed happily, jumping to my feet. Whatever it was that Blake had tricked himself into believing could be classified as ‘food’ almost spilled onto his floor. What a waste that would have been...

Just then Stacey’s frowning face appeared inside his room, after a swift knock on the door, but without any time in between to answer. “Daniel what did you do to our kitchen?” She asked, her eyes latching onto her son, then travelling over to me. “Oh hello Hailey.” She nodded in greeting to me.

“Hi.” I waved feebly.

She looked back at Daniel. “Please tell me you weren’t attempting to cook again.” She said returning to her first subject. Blake’s cheeks tinged slightly with pink, and an indignant expression crossed on his face.

“What do you mean attempting?” He asked moodily.

Stacey shook her head. “I mean that I love you sweetie but cooking is not you strong suit.” She looked back to me, her eyes landing directly on the bowl I was holding. “Oh god. You tried to poison the poor girl!” She gasped.

Blake’s frown grew more pronounced. “Geez the unwavering faith you have in me never ceases to amaze. It’s a wonder that I didn’t grow up conceited, really.” He said sarcasm dripping off his every word.

Two thoughts occurred to me as he said this. First being, wow he actually managed to make himself sound intelligent. The next being; YEAH RIGHT! Daniel Blake not being conceited? This was coming from the same guy that within twenty second of me having met him claimed that he doubted I had ever seen anything better than him.

If that wasn’t the definition of conceited I don’t know what was.

I couldn’t stop the snort of disbelief that left me. Blake shot me a small glare, while Stacey just looked amused.

“Come on darling,” she cooed to me. “Let’s go make you some real food.” She came closer to me placing a thin arm delicately over my shoulder. She started to lead me downstairs, comfortingly. I sighed letting her drag me away.

Blake followed behind a frown stretched across his face as he pouted in annoyance.

We went into the kitchen and I instantly understood why Stacey had come up to ask what Daniel had been doing. Everything was everywhere. The kettle was miles away from where it should be, cabinets were hanging open, with various ingredients hanging out of them. Flour was all over the floor and every counter top there was. There were traces of some

gloop, possibly honey, which had managed to find itself lumped onto every single slice of bread (obviously some kind of failed attempt at sandwich making). All the pieces of bread were torn, and there were ever various different pastas littered in the sink. Don't get me started on all the cutlery and crockery (some of which were broken).

My jaw practically hit the floor. "What in hell's name..." I trailed off, my eyes drifting over to Blake, who had something that looked like a blush growing on his cheeks. "Okay, it's official now Blake," I said my voice a mix of horror and amusement. "Next time I come over, I'm cooking."

Stacey laughed. "Blake was never any good at cooking, almost set our kitchen on fire once."

Blake huffed loudly, in obvious annoyance with us. "I didn't even touch the stove this time, for your information." He said indignantly.

I looked to the bowl. "Then how did you make soup without a cooker?" I asked.

He narrowed his eyes at me. "It's one of those instant things." He shrugged. "I used the microwave." I looked in horror at my 'meal'. How had he managed to get it to look like this then? The instructions were on the back of the packet! What could have possibly done to make it non-edible?

On second thought I didn't even want to know. I placed it on the flour coated counter top, and took a long step back for precautionary measures.

"Mum, Shane is drawing on the walls." A small angelic voice came from behind me. I turned to see the most adorable girl in the world. Instead of black hair (like all the other Blake's I had met so far) this girl had a beautiful blonde crown of hair that bounced in waves around her adorable delicate face. She could play the part of a princess flawlessly.

She had the look of a fairy with small defined features, mixed with the delicate curves of an angel's features. This girl's eyes were purely grey instead of the mixed grey and purple of her brothers, but they looked up to you as if they could pierce right through your defences and right to what you were really thinking. I stared at her in amazement.

Damn it I just wanted to dress her up in all those cute outfits. You know the ones you see parents putting on their children, and you think 'oh what did the poor child do to deserve that kind of cruel torture', or 'that's going to have some serious scaring effects on the child once they're older'. I guess I never really understood why parents would do that until I saw this girl.

"AGH! SHE'S SO CUTE!" I burst, probably scaring the poor girl.

Who thought that the same people that produced someone like Daniel would make someone like this little girl? DAMN IT I WANT ONE!!!

I almost fainted when the girl gave me a smile. Her light pink lips pulling into a heart tugging adorable grin. "I've never met you before." She said her tone sugary sweet. "I'm Sophie." She introduced.

"I'm Hailey." I told her with a huge smile plastered across my face. "I'm a friend of Daniel's." I said.

She flashed another smile. "None of Daniel's other friends pay any attention to me. Especially all the girl ones, they're too busy trying to convince him to go upstairs with them." My jaw dropped at that. Not about the girls trying to drag Blake into bed, but that they could ignore someone like her.

"AWWWW!" I squealed. "You're too cute, that's why. They're probably really jealous!" I told her.

Blake grumbled behind me in annoyance. “Don’t boost her ego. She doesn’t need it.”

“Oh so she at least shares a small portion of genes with you then?” I said amused. He was really a huge hypocrite.

He glared at me. I stuck my tongue out at him in response.

“Hey, do you want to play a game?” Sophie asked hopefully.

HELL FUCKING YES I DID!!! I didn’t say that though. “Sure!” I told her instead, letting her take my hand to lead me away. “So how old are you?” I asked smiling.

“I just turned seven.” She told me proudly. “My birthday was a month ago.”

I nodded. “Really?” I asked. “Did you have fun?” She nodded enthusiastically, and began to tell me all about it, right down to the last detail of what cake she had, and what dress she wore. I just sat crossed legged on the ground next to her, enthralled by all she was telling me.

Daniel Blake’s P.O.V

I watched as my little sister dragged Clover away in to her evil little clutches. Like most people Clover was like putty in Sophie’s hands the moment that she laid her eyes on her. A small irrational part of me was slightly jealous of my sister at the immediate attention she had scored from Clover.

Crazy right? I don’t even know why I would be jealous.

I could see the evil grin on my mother’s face as she looked at me in some kind of amusement. Why, I don’t know. “What’s that look for?” I asked turning to look at her. Her grin just widened.

“So...Hailey seems like a nice girl...” She trailed off. My eyes widened slightly. She could not be hinting at what I think she was. Sadly she was. My mother had some kind of crazy fixation about trying to hook me up with any girl around my age. It seemed to be like a challenge she had set herself to try find me a ‘perfect girlfriend’.

“Mum you are not going to try and get Hailey to go out with me.” I told her sternly. God, that would be beyond embarrassing. I could imagine it too.

She waved her hand in dismissal. “Darling, don’t worry about it. I have it all planned out. Did you see the way she was looking at Sophie? I’ll just remind her that you have the gene potential to get her one of her own.”

My jaw dropped. “HELL NO!” I shouted. “Are you freaking crazy woman?!”

Her eyes narrowed. “Don’t, talk to me like that boy.” She hissed lowly. “Don’t think I have forgotten about the fact that you were suspended. In fact I’ve got the recording they sent me.” She told me in warning. I swallowed noisily. “I’m pretty sure there are a lot of people who would love to have a watch of that, including all your friends that come over all the time.”

I gaped at her. My mother was the queen of blackmail, and deception. She was pure evil. “You wouldn’t.” I said open mouthed.

“I would.” She chimed in a sing song voice.

I groaned burying my face in my hands. “Save me.” I prayed to the lord. “You’re seriously going to scare her away from me.” I said in a half whine. When did I begin to sound like such a chick? I was waiting for some kind of witty response from my mother, but none came.

I looked up. She was stood there staring at me in astonishment. “What?” I asked shifting uncomfortable where I stood.

“You’re worried about me scaring her away?” She said in shock. “You must actually LIKE this girl!” She squealed. My eyes widened and I started shaking my head desperately. I hadn’t said that. Had I?

Fuck. I had...but that didn’t mean I liked her...did it?

No. I would also be afraid of her scaring away my guy friends; it doesn’t mean that I liked them like that. My mum was just reading too much into it. Clover and I were friends. Sort of... Not really. But surely that didn’t mean I had a crush on her...

I frowned. Stupid mother making me think about things like this. “I never said that.” I told her defensively.

“You’re not saying that you don’t like her though.” My mother taunted. I groaned mentally. I don’t know why I didn’t just flat out deny the fact I liked her. I mean she was funny, smart, and drop dead gorgeous but she was also a wise ass, snarky, innocent, and a good girl, in a completely unique Hailey way. Not my type at all really.

Was it?

We argued constantly, surely that meant that we weren’t even compatible in the slightest...right? But I couldn’t deny the fact that I liked the way we constantly argued. But that didn’t mean anything. I didn’t even know if Hailey liked arguing like I did...

I felt like bashing my head against the wall. Why did I even have to think so much about it? If I liked her or I didn’t like her I should know straight away. It should be obvious. Shouldn’t it?

“Have I ever told you I hate you?” I moaned. All this was way too confusing. And if it was confusing it meant I didn’t like her...right? I hadn’t even



thought about it before, so surely that also said I didn't like her. Yet now that I was thinking about it why did I have to argue like I was trying to convince myself I didn't like her?

I could see the eager grin that had spread on my mother's face. She opened her mouth to say something, but I was saved by the sound of my dad and Darren coming home. Glad for the distraction I practically ran out of the kitchen, mum on my tail.

"DAD!" I said eagerly. "You're home."

"Yeah so am I." Darren said automatically demanding attention. "Thanks for noticing. Love you too bro." I rolled my eyes at him. Loads of people said we were practically identical. But I didn't see it. Darren was a right little shit head in the making. I'm sure even I wasn't that bad.

"Hello Luke." My mother greeted, giving him a kiss on the lips. I turned my face at the sight, wrinkling my face in disgust. Parent PDA. That was never good. I pretended to gag while Darren remained indignant.

"What? Am I invisible now?!" He huffed. My mum just chuckled ruffling his hair.

"Of course not sweetie pie." She said in a high pitched voice. "Does my baby Darren want a kiss from his mother too?" I snorted as his face paled a little.

"I'm good thanks." He mumbled, rushing out of there, and ditching his school bag on the floor. He went straight to the living room, where I knew he would take command of the T.V. I followed him, because I knew our parents were one loving look away from a complete make out session. It was ridiculous. And a little sickening.

It was also definitely not something I intended watching.

When we got to the doorway, Darren froze in surprise. “Hey Hooker! You’re back!” He said to Clover who was now playing ‘Coppit’ with Sophie on the living room floor.

“What’s a hooker?” Sophie asked confused. “Her name’s Hailey Darren.” Clover didn’t say anything she just sat there sending Darren a glare she usually reserved for me. Maybe Darren and I are more alike than I thought.

Everyone ignored Sophie’s outburst which made her pout in annoyance.

“What an endearing nickname you have given me.” Clover said with narrowed eyes. “You have the nicest family Blake.” She addressed the last bit to me. I shrugged my shoulders.

“Don’t be moody Hooker.” Darren said. “You should feel privileged; my brother doesn’t usually go for seconds of the same desert.” Her jaw dropped at that. Actually I’m pretty sure mine did too.

Snapping her mouth closed, she gritted her teeth. “That’s disgusting!” She said appalled. “This is down to your doing isn’t it?!” She blamed me instantly. “He’s only ten-”

“Going on eleven.” Darren butted in unhelpfully.

“Going on eleven,” she echoed. “And you’ve taught him horrendous language.” She shook her head.

I narrowed my eyes. “You’re seriously instantly going to blame me for this?” I asked shocked.

“Yes I am! You’ve corrupted the little guys mind.” She accused.

“I’m not that little!” Darren said his eye twitching.

“Yes you are.” Sophie told him, moving her piece on the bored, five steps to the left, landing on a blue square. She grinned triumphantly, and handed the dice to Clover.

“Hey Hooker, you realise you’re losing to someone who is at least ten years younger than you right?” Darren said eying the bored. Clover glowered at him.

“Eleven years.” I supplied helpfully, making Clovers cheeks go bright red. I grinned at the sight. It was just too easy to make her blush. I’m not even sure she has a limit to how deeply she blushes either. I’m pretty sure she hated that fact to.

“So?” She huffed. “I’ve never played before!” She justified.

“You’re desperate for my brother not to think too badly of you, huh Hooker?” Darren said with a smirk. “It’s actually really sad.”

Her face turned ever darker. “WHAT? I NEVER SAID THAT! Stop assuming things like that. You’re wrong. I’m not desperate for anyone’s approval. I mean I think our science teacher hates us and I wouldn’t mind his approval. But I’m not even desperate for that! You shouldn’t say things that aren’t true. My mum used to say that if you told lots of fibs than the fib fairy would come in the middle of the night to chop your tongue off, because fairies can’t tell an untruth! And he thinks that if he collects the tongues of the people that lie the most he will gain the ability to.”

Sophie’s face turned horrified. “WHAT?!” She gasped. She quickly jumped up and ran from the room. “MUMMMM!!!”

Clover’s eyes widened as she stared after her, looking slightly horrified that she had scared her so much. From the kitchen I could hear Sophie apologising.

“I’M SORRY MUM! I LIED WHEN I SAID THAT YOUR DRESS DIDN’T MAKE YOU LOOK FAT WHEN YOU WERE PREGNANT WITH SHANE! YOU LOOKED ABOUT THE SIZE OF A HIPPO! BUT DADDY TOLD ME TO TELL YOU OTHERWISE! PLEASE DON’T LET THE FIB FAIRY TAKE MY TONGUE AWAY!!!”

We all could hear my mother trying to calm her down.

Clover stared in horror at what she had done. Darren and I on the other hand were clutching our stomachs, as we doubled over in laughter. “Oh my god, you’re a riot!” Darren gasped for air.

Clover’s face was a beetroot red colour. “Oh my god, that’s my fault!” She buried her face into her hands. “I’m a horrible person.” She jumped to her feet running after Sophie. “I’m sorry Sophie, I was lying! Fairies aren’t even real!!!” She tried desperately.

“THEY’RE NOT!” Sophie gasped equally as devastated.

I actually had tears running down my face from laughing too hard as Clover slumped back into the room a couple of minutes later.

“You’re mum said I should probably stop talking and wait out here until Sophie’s calmed down.” She looked slightly upset. “I’m going straight to hell aren’t I?” She groaned, flopping into the chair.

Darren answered first. “Probably. Wow, maybe you aren’t as bad as I thought Hooker. You’re actually a lot of fun.” She narrowed her eyes at him.

“So glad to have your approval,” she murmured.

Darren just shrugged and left the room, still laughing. I couldn’t help laughing as well, the last few minutes playing on replay in my head. I think it got funnier and funnier each time I thought about it. She shot an annoyed glance at me.

“Okay, laugh it up, Blake.” She glared. “That was absolutely mortifying. It’s good to know that at moments like these you can continue to laugh at me nonstop.”

I tried my best to stop laughing and managed to bite it back. “I’m sorry Clover.” I said struggling to contain my amusement. “It’s just I thought good girls like yourself were meant to be great with children.” I told her honestly.

Her glare hardened. “Shut up. I’m usually great with children. It’s just when I do that whole rambling thing I tend to say the first thing that comes to mind, and sometimes it’s not the best thing to be saying. Especially when you’re with children.” She buried her face in her hands once more, mortified.

I couldn’t stop myself from laughing again. She turned away from me with a pout.

“Aw don’t get all upset.” I told her teasingly. “If it helps the rambling thing is kind of cute.” I patted her on the head, watching as her cheeks flamed. I really shouldn’t get so much amusement out of watching her squirm like this.

“AGH! You’re doing this on purpose.” She whined, slapping her hands to her cheeks.

I grinned. “Yep.” I told her honestly. “I like your blush.” There she goes again. The red on her cheeks deepened.

“I hate you.” She groaned annoyed.

“Love you too Clover.” I teased. Watching the fascinating colour she now turned.

“Go to hell.” She grumbled. I could feel the smiling tugging the corners of my lips.

“Aw don’t be like that.” I said pulling at her hands, which were trying to cover her cheeks. Now what would be the point if she just covered her cheeks? I couldn’t see them colouring then. She fought back weakly. I chuckled. “You’re so weak.” I told her pinching lightly at her arms.

She gasped in mock offense. “Weak!?” She asked indignantly. “I think not. I’m secretly ninja!”

I laughed loudly. Ninja? Hardly! This girl looked like she would lose a fight with a tooth pick. “You should watch out Blake, you might very well be my next target.” She warned in a low voice. I snorted.

“You’re about as threatening as a china doll.” I told her patting her head.

She narrowed her eyes, putting her arms up into a fighting stance. She actually looked adorable doing it to. “Yeah? Well you’re about as threatening as a...a really non-threatening thing.” She huffed not able to think of anything.

I laughed. “I thought you were the smart one Clover.” I teased.

She blushed. “Shut up.” She ordered turning away from me, with her arms crossed. “I don’t think well under pressure.” I felt my heart flip flop with just how cute she looked right at that moment. I paused at that thought.

A split second later Clover was jumping wildly to her feet. “BLOODY HELL! I’VE LEFT REBECCA TO FACE THE INEVITABLE WRATH OF MY PARENTS!!!” She gasped loudly. She started frantically waving her arms around in the air, circling the room. “I’ve got to get home!” She said, still running in circles around the table.

I frowned in confusion. “Bye Blake!” She called over her shoulder as she raced out of the room at last. As I opened my mouth to reply four other people besides me yelled goodbye. I guess we were all Blake’s in this

house. It was odd thinking that, Clover always called me by my last name, and I barely even noticed anymore.

My heart sank just a tiny bit when I heard the front door slam. Probably because I had been having fun just spending time with her...even if we were arguing the whole time. It had been fun...

Or maybe my mother was right...maybe I did like Hailey Winters a little more than a friend...or maybe there wasn't a 'maybe' or a 'little' in that last statement at all and it was just; I like Hailey Winters more than a friend.

...I like Hailey Winters...

It sounded undeniably right. I sighed inwardly. I slumped into a chair defeated.

Surprisingly enough it wasn't the fact that I realised that I liked Hailey that had my stomach sinking. It was the fact that if my mother ever found out she would never shut up about it. Damn, I hate it when she's right...

~\*~

OKAY SO THE ENDING TO THIS CHAPTER IS REALLY BOTHERING ME AND IT FEELS A TAD RUSHED BUT HOPE YOU LIKED IT ANYWAY :S COMMENT IF YOU LIKED IT OR HATED IT! VOTE BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME, VOTE IF YOU HATE ME, VOTE IF YOUR APPATHETIC ABOUT ME D: AND FAN IF YOU WANT TOO :S





## **Step Seventeen: You Bring Out the Good Girl's Inner Hulk**

*So I know it's been months and you probably all hate me a load for not updating in FOR-EV-ER! But I really did have my reasons :S Anyway I've tried to make this chapter as long as possible because you guys deserve that after waiting so long so here it is:*

### **How to Turn a Good Girl Bad:**

## **StepSeventeen: You Bring Out the Good Girl's Inner Hulk**

I could hear my sister's laughter from the seat next to me as I drove. My fingers twitched on the steering wheel as I tried to fight back my annoyance.

"Stop laughing." I growled. "It's really not funny." I said this all through gritted teeth.

This only made her laugh louder.

"Oh but it is!" She argued, tossing her head side to side, making her blonde hair fly. "Actually it's hilarious." I gave her a blank, unimpressed look, as I pulled silently and broodingly into a parking space.

I could honestly see that maybe from a sadist' perspective this could be slightly amusing. I glared at her as I climbed out, for the first time in a long time being out of the car faster than she was. Then again she was slowed down by her giggles.

I bared my teeth as she was caught in another onslaught of laughter. She obviously found my situation very amusing indeed. I stormed silently to the front doors, almost knocking over a small girl in my haste to get away. No such luck. Rebecca had the speed of a freight-train.

I studiously ignored her as I stomped my way to my locker. Mary-Anne was stood there waiting for me as I brusquely strode in her direction. Even she flinched back at my obvious bad temper. I was someone who wasn't to be messed with today.

I had honestly had the worst weekend imaginable. My parents were still home. And there was still an awkward atmosphere that lingered in the room whenever both my mum and I were in the same room together. And we were never ever *alone* in a room together either. I guess seeing my dad again was great though. He had apologised for what my mother did, even tried to excuse it. But I still couldn't get the fact she had done it out of my head.

What was worse though was she hadn't even tried to apologise about it. I would have thought that she would at least be remorseful about it. But no. She seemed to believe she had the right to do so. I mean I know it does happen, and for some people that would be normal...but I never thought that it was right to hit your child.

The worst times though were the times when I was at home for my suspension and there was no Rebecca. My mother was adamant on the idea of me never leaving the house to have a social life again until I was thirty, which unsurprisingly enough had been hers.

She was dead set on giving me no leverage in which I could 'resume my alarmingly rapid downward spiral in to delinquency' as she had so delicately put it. She had more of an over imagination than Rebecca did.

Yet it this isn't even the tip of the iceberg. Nope. It gets much worse. My mother had to then come up with the most 'ingenious' idea of hers yet.

Please note the heavy sarcasm. She was now-

“What’s so funny?” Blake’s easily recognisable voice spoke up from behind me, very close behind me, making me jump out of my thoughts, and skin.

“Don’t sneak up on people like that Blake.” I hissed, placing a hand over my hammering heart. Was he trying to give me a heart attack? I sent him a glare as I shuffled through my locker, leaving a mess of papers in my wake.

“Wow someone’s very grumpy this morning.” He said in a sing song voice.

“Yeah what’s wrong Hailey?” Mary-Anne asked in genuine concern. Rebecca just started laughing even more. I’m sure there were tears in her eyes she was laughing that much. Evil bitch. I couldn’t find anything amusing about my...predicament...at all. I slammed my locker door shut.

“Nothing.” I answered while glaring at Rebecca.

She was gasping for air, as she doubled over, holding on to Blake for support. “She doesn’t seem to think it’s nothing.” Blake pointed out. “And it’s got to be something to get you so wound up about it.” I gritted my teeth.

“Oh bite me smart arse.” I snarled, making Mary-Anne recoil.

“No need to be mean, don’t take out your *anger* issues on them.” She taunted mercilessly.

I almost growled in annoyance.

“Seriously, what is going on here?” Blake inquired nosily. Couldn’t he just for once not question it? I kept my mouth tightly closed, but Rebecca was more than happy to supply and answer for me.

“Oh you’ll never believe this.” She said giggling happily. “You know how she got suspended, and then yelled at our mother?” Rebecca said with a grin. “Well mother thought that it caused for drastic measures. She’s signed our lovely Hailey here for both one on one counselling and group therapy for anger management.” She laughed loudly at the end of that, and my cheeks burst into flames.

Mary-Anne stood there with her mouth gaping, while of course Blake actually fell onto the floor laughing, with Rebecca collapsing beside him. Even a small giggle escaped Mary-Anne. I glared at them all.

“Shut up.” I told them moodily, crossing my arms. I stared down at the pair on the floor. They gathered quite a bit of attention with the racket they were making. As soon as the bell rang I didn’t even wait for them. I simply stormed off.

Some friends these people were. I could hear Blake calling out to me as I stormed away. “HERE’S SOME ADVICE FOR YOU CLOVER, COUNT TO TEN SLOWLY WHILE TAKING DEEP BREATHS.” I clenched my hands, barely stopping myself from flipping him the bird over my shoulder.

I heard Rebecca’s musical laughter grow louder at his comment, as she threw her head back in a howl. Even Mary-Anne had joined them on the floor, clutching at her sides as she let all her laughter out. It must have been a weird sight to see. The bad boy of the school fallen to the ground to laughter with two people, one being the school’s queen bee, and the other being one of the most unpopular girls of the school, whilst the good girl of the school stomped away in anger.

It certainly was a sight. Though, I’m not sure if I classified as the ‘good girl’ anymore. Would they still view me the same after I had been suspended?

“Hey Hailey, wait up!” I paused at the masculine voice calling to me. I looked over my shoulder to see Mark waving his arms at me, while he

tried to catch up with me. At least one person was going to view me the same, I realised as he reached me searching for his breath. “What’s with the rush to get to maths?” He asked puffing a little.

I shrugged. “No rush.” I told him with a forced smile. “What’s new at school since I’ve been gone?” I asked, as we both fell into step side by side.

He hummed and shrugged. “Nothing really. You’re the talk of the school now though.”

“Talk of the school?” I asked astonished. This had to be a first for me.

“Oh yeah.” He nodded. “A good girl turned bad, it’s not every day you see that you know.” My jaw clenched a little at that remembering Daniel’s words to me on my birthday: *‘A chance to see the good girl turn bad’*.

“I haven’t ‘turned bad’.” I told him incredulously. “I just...have my moments of rebelling against the rules.”

Mark snorted. “Maybe you should start with something smaller, like not handing in your homework, or maybe even going as far as to walk into your lesson a minute late.” Mark mocked light-heartedly. I sighed inwardly, forcing myself not to scowl at him.

“It’s not funny.” I told him with a frown.

His attitude immediately sobered up. “Too soon?” He asked kindly. I couldn’t help but compare him to Blake at that moment. If it were Daniel I was talking to he would continue to tease me endlessly. I felt slightly bad at the reproachful look on Mark’s face when he found out I was not pleased with his joke. I had got myself suspended in an excruciatingly humiliating way. Really I had to except that people were going to take the opportunity to tease me.

“No. It’s just that Rebecca’s been teasing me all weekend and Blake doesn’t exactly help even though he was excluded the same way I was.” I rolled my eyes at the thought. He really was a prick sometimes.

Mark nodded understandingly, shooting me a smile. After that the subject was dropped and by the end of the first lesson together we had I was feeling a lot better, and much less grouchy. I was falling perfectly into my roll once more. It was easy to do that when I was around Mark.

I don’t know why. Blake was always rallying me up and making me do things I wouldn’t normally do, but Mark was simply sweet and easy to get along with. They were like polar opposites. I shook my head. Why was I comparing the two?

I decided not to dwell on the thought and turned my attention back to Mark. I had simply been nodding along to what he had been saying, whilst turning a deaf ear to him. A technique I had learned to use on Rebecca and sometimes even teachers when I was distracted by my own thoughts. It seemed almost like second nature to me now.

“I could show it to you sometime if you want?” He finished, looking at me questioningly.

I paused unsure. Show me what exactly? Last time I was actually listening to what he was saying he had been complaining out the rain we had yesterday, and I was pretty sure that wasn’t what he had been talking about. For all I knew he could be suggesting that I see a mole on his butt that he was concerned about. But then again I doubt that was it. But just in case I didn’t want to say yes. But then what if it was something really interesting? Maybe he had a secret passage to Narnia in his wardrobe? I wouldn’t want to miss that.

I chewed my lip, mulling over the possibilities. Both seemed pretty ridiculous.

“I’m not sure...” I trailed. “When?” I chose the safest option. From what I knew of Mark he didn’t seem like the creepy type who was secretly a mass murderer who wanted to show me the collection of bodies he had stashed in his cellar. Then again...it was always the nice ones you have to look out for.

His face brightened. “How about after school, today?” He suggested.

I bit my lip. “Actually I have somewhere to be tonight.” I grimaced, tonight was my first night of ‘group therapy’. Actually the thought of meeting people with real anger problems scarred me a little. What if I accidentally put my foot in my mouth? Would they get angry and then all charge at me? I wasn’t good at dealing with one angry person much less a whole group!

The thought alone scared me to death.

“Oh really, anywhere good?” He asked as we walked to the next class. “I could drive you there in my new car, so you get to see it and you get to ride in style.” He suggested. I felt some relief pool in me, his car was all he wanted to show me. There was still that tinge of disappointment though. Narnia would have been so awesome.

I tried my best to show some enthusiasm for the car thing, but to be honest I wasn’t a car person. They all seemed the same to me. I just wanted to move one way to another in the laziest way possible. That was pretty much the extent of my interest in cars.

“I don’t know.” I said. What would Mark say if he knew I was going to anger management? I mean I could just give him the address and tell him to drop me off, but that would be a bit rude. Plus I’m not really sure his attitude would change. Mark was a pretty decent guy from the little I knew of him. “You sure you don’t mind?” I asked eventually, the pros outweighing the cons in this case.



“Not at all. Where’d you need a lift to?” My lips automatically thinned at the innocent question. Maybe I needed the anger management classes after all...

I grunted out my reply quietly, half hoping he wouldn’t hear me. No such luck.

Mark stopped dead in his tracks. “You’re kidding me, right?” He asked. “You, in anger management classes?” The shock was written clearly over his face. “I can’t even imagine that.” I smiled wryly at him.

“You’re about the only one. Everyone else can, and they find the image quite amusing.” My thoughts wandered to my sister. She had imagined it quite a lot over the last few days actually. I felt physically exhausted from all torment I had received from my sister.

He smiled at me and gently placed his arm over my shoulder. “I’m sure it won’t be so bad once you’ve been to a few sessions. Who knows, it might even be fun. Actually I’m sure it will be.”

“Really?” I asked dubiously.

“Yep.”

“Okay.” I sighed. I didn’t believe him one bit, but there would be no point in arguing. However, despite the fact that I didn’t really believe what he told me, I did feel slightly better. He was the first one not to laugh at my situation. “Hey Marcus?” I said.

“Yeah.” He said turning to look at me.

“You’re a good friend. Thank you.” I said smiling at him.

He smiled back tightening the arm around my shoulder for a brief second. “You’re most welcome.” He told me. “It’s always a pleasure to help a beautiful girl.” He winked, flashing me a toothy grin.

A blush rushed to my cheeks at the word beautiful, and unlike Blake, Mark didn't comment on it. Conversation from that point on was strictly non-anger related subjects, mostly we talked about work, which I guess might seem sad to some people but honestly I found it interesting.

Every so often we walked by people who couldn't resist making comments on my suspension, but I was pretty good at not paying attention. The only people that seemed to be able to get on my nerves about it were Blake and Rebecca. It seemed to be their super power.

Together...they are unstoppable.

I learnt this very valuable lesson at lunch the very same day.

"Hello hot-head." A surprisingly chirpy voice snuck up from behind me, as I stood in the queue to get my food. I didn't have to look over my shoulder to know it was Rebecca behind me. So I didn't. Instead I picked up a shiny looking green apple from the bowl of fruit in front of me.

"Hi." I replied tersely.

"Aw, are you *angry* with us?" A new voice joined in now. This time I did turn around.

"Of course not." I smiled sarcastically at the joint pair, Rebecca Winters and Daniel Blake. "I enjoy being made fun of just as much as the next person." I said sarcastically. "Now leave me alone." I said to them whilst handing the necessary money to the man behind the counter.

Blake grinned and slung an arm over my shoulders. "You don't mean that. You love us really." My heart betrayed me by stuttering in my chest at the weight of his arm. I'm not even sure why, although I had always been bad at physical contact for some reason. If any cute boy had his arm draped around me I would have probably have had the same reaction, my brain reasoned.

Shrugging off his arm I sent him a small scowl. “Whatever helps you sleep at night.” I told him with a small shrug. Gasping he staggered back a few steps, placing his hands over his heart, pretending I had hurt him.

“Ouch.” He said dramatically. “You’re words hurt baby.” He told me with a pout. “You’re going to break my heart one day.” I saw his eyes were latched onto my cheeks, waiting for them to heat up like they always did. Sure enough a dark pink colour flashed along my cheek bones, as soon as I felt the heat I turned away quickly to try hide them. It was to no success, I could see his broadening grin from seeing my flushed cheeks. He got an odd amount of pleasure out of getting me to blush.

I wasn’t even sure why I blushed. It wasn’t anything besides our normal banter. You would think after a while I would be used to it. But I wasn’t. I wasn’t sure I could ever get used to Daniel Blake. Sometimes he was just a mystery to me. I looked at him from under my eyelashes trying to be discrete about studying him. I felt like just by staring at him long enough I could find some answers.

It was like I knew practically nothing about him. Sure I knew he was a smartass son of a bitch (no offence to Stacey), and that his mouth came without the necessary filter, and he was extremely cocky. But I also knew he could be shockingly sweet, and even funny, so surely he wasn’t THAT bad. And that made me realise I didn’t know him at all.

I didn’t even know the small things about him like what his favourite colour is. My eyes flickered to the blue shirt he was wearing today; as much as I hated to admit it, it made his black hair look even better than usual. Was his favourite colour blue? He usually wore a lot of blue. And black. Maybe it was black...?

Also; what was it like growing up in his family? I could barely even remember all the names of the people I had briefly met when I had vis-

ited him on his birthday. And I'm pretty sure I hadn't met everyone as well. So yeah I'm assuming it was a pretty big family.

Which brought on the question: did he like having such a big family? Wouldn't the noise pollution be through the roof? I wasn't sure if I could handle that. I find just one sister to be more than I can handle...then again that one sister was Rebecca Winters, so I'm not sure if that made any difference.

I shook my head trying to shake the thoughts from my head. I wasn't even sure why I even wanted to know these things! It wasn't like we were dating or anything. I could feel my cheeks heating with just the thought of dating Blake.

Seeing me looking at him, he shot me a cocky grin, making me blush impossibly deeper, and my heart triple in its speed in my chest. I quickly diverted my eyes away from him. Great. Now I had been caught staring at him. Could this day get any better? Please take note of the heavy sarcasm used in the last sentence.

Determined not to blush I focused on my sister, who was speaking a mile a minute about something I'm sure if asked she would claim to be of life and death importance. But what she was saying was completely lost on me, as my brain had automatically filtered it into the 'unimportant' department of my mind, which was dangerously close to the 'I just don't care' one.

I hadn't even noticed that we were now all sat down at one table; this was really odd because it was MY table in the lunch room. The table I'm pretty sure was reserved for the 'geek group' (as my sister had called my friends on several occasions) and I'm fairly sure neither Daniel Blake nor Rebecca Winters 'belonged' here.

I'm pretty sure everyone noticed too because for the 'geek group' table we were getting A LOT of stares. Also everyone sitting here besides the pair

of them seemed to be growing increasingly uncomfortable there as well. Usually there was the five of us. Katie Seers, who was sort of the computer genius of the table and even had the thick square rimmed glasses to match, Kyle Jones, who was sort of a comic fanatic, Thomas Lees, who usually spent most of his time face first in a book, and then there was me and Mary-Anne too.

I don't think Rebecca even noticed the awkwardness of hers and Blake's presence, as she tried to pull Katie into a conversation about how unfair it was when you found the perfect coloured nail polish and then they stopped selling it (this was a conversation I was extremely familiar with as Rebecca had recently found out this had happened with a favourite pink shaded nail varnish last week and hadn't missed one opportunity to mention it).

Katie was pale faced and nodding along in agreement with everything that my sister was saying, looking too terrified to disagree (even though I had never seen her wear nail varnish in my time here so far so I'm pretty sure she wasn't all that familiar with the feeling) but she didn't want to face the possible consequences that might face her if she were to argue with THE Rebecca Winters.

This was the only conversation at the table though as the rest of 'our group' were staring blankly at the uninvited pair.

When Mary-Anne arrived we had the puzzle of; 'how do you fit seven people on to a six-seat table'; the answer to this of course was uncomfortably. However Blake seemed to have no trouble crushing himself close to me and swinging his arm around my shoulder, in order to create more space for Mary-Anne.

I glanced over to Rebecca who was STILL on the same conversation that she had been five minutes ago, and Katie had a horror stricken look on her face, which I'm pretty sure was down to the fact that she had had no

idea that it was possible to have a conversation with the topic of nail polish last so long, but I'm sure Rebecca thought it was due to the outrage her story brought to her new found 'friend'.

"And I even asked *nicely* at the desk if that was any in the back storage or something from like ever ago, and the bitch working there was looking at me like I had a mental condition of some kind, and that was rich coming from her because, *hello*, that make up *she* was wearing could have been a mask for a Halloween costume. I mean you just don't mix red, yellow, and blue together like that, I mean Tom Welling that guy they had play that superman guy in that 'Tinyville' series or whatever was H.O.T. hot, and the whole yellow, blue, red thing didn't work for him either."

Kyle, now also had a horrified look on his face to match Katie's. He seemed to forget about his previous shyness as he spoke up. "SMALLVILLE." He said with wide eyes. "The show was called Smallville because that's where Clark Kent grew up!" He had an expression on his face that suggested that she had just said they should go out and beat up a bunch of homeless children. Which, she might as well have in his eyes, because anything superman related was like his baby.

Rebecca shot him a 'calm the hell down' kind of look and placed her hands up in defeat. "Sorry." She mumbled with wide eyes. I had to hide my laughter in my food because it was very rare that you could gain an apology from Rebecca without sarcasm being laced into her voice, but she honestly looked scared of Kyle. This was saying something as he was somewhat on the scrawny side, and on normal occasions couldn't steal candy from a baby and not for conscience issues either but because of his timid personality.

But the only result of me trying to muffle my laughter in food was to get me to start choking. Blake patted my back heavily in a way that showed he was at least trying to be helpful, and once the food was dislodged from my throat I couldn't stop myself from laughing at Rebecca.



Knowing exactly what I was laughing at Rebecca sent me a glare, her eyes narrowing in what I knew to be a dangerous way because I knew she was plotting her revenge for me laughing at her expense. If there's one thing you should be afraid of in your life it's the fear that Rebecca Winter's gives you that look. I'm pretty sure that it was the same look she gave Ryan before she dyed his hair pink for cutting all the hair off of her favourite doll when we were children.

I still do not know to this day how she managed to do that. It was fair to say that Rebecca had her ways though (which is what she'd always tell me when I asked how she pulled it off). "Shut it Hulk Hailey." Rebecca shot, knowing the one thing that would get me angrier than anything was to mention my non-existent anger issues.

I shot a glare back at her. "What's with all the super hero references today?" I grumbled annoyed.

She just sent me a smirk. "I don't know but I think that nickname will stick." There was a playful glint in her eyes. "What about you Daniel?"

"Oh yeah." Blake said, his warm breath hitting me due to our close approximation to one another. "I can see it, geeky woman at first glance, rage filled monster capable of tearing down cities if you piss her off. Sounds about right."

"That doesn't even make sense." Katie tried to defend me, a lost look etched into her features. "I've never seen Hailey angry before."

Rebecca grinned happily. "So your anger management lessons are paying off huh?" She asked lifting up a perfectly plucked eyebrow in my direction. I narrowed my eyes at her.

"You take anger management lessons?" Thomas spoke for the first time since we arrived only not to be responded to.



“You know fully-well they haven’t started yet.” I told her through gritted teeth.

She just continued to grin at me. “Oh right your first one’s tonight, right hulk Hailey?” She said feigning ignorance, even though I knew she knew exactly when it was, because she hadn’t let me forget all weekend.

“Dude seriously?” Kyle spoke up this time. “I didn’t know you had anger issues Hailey.”

“I don’t.” I hissed out clenching my fists.

“Don’t hulk out on us Hailey.” Blake couldn’t help but add. This pissed me off more than anything. I’m not sure why, but Blake joining in the teasing really annoyed me. Deciding to leave my food unfinished I picked up my leftovers to throw in the bin, shrugging off his arm so I could leave.

I stood up from the table sending a small glare to both Rebecca and Blake before making a beeline to the bin and then to the doors, making sure to ignore the whispering rumours floating around me, and not bothering to turn back even when I could have sworn I heard Blake calling my name.

I was just totally sick of Rebecca *constantly* bringing the anger management thing up. It was just completely beyond annoying, and it was making me angry enough that by the time four o’clock rolled by I might very well be in need of the anger management class.

I could swear I was one ‘Hulk Hailey’ away from actually turning into the hulk, and then sitting on my sister until she apologises. Probably not the most creative thing I could do to her if I could turn into the hulk, though I’m pretty sure it would get the message across seeming as he looked to weigh about 200 pounds more than me.

Too lost in playing out my fantasy in my head I didn't notice Blake had followed me until I felt his hand take tight grip on my arm, getting me to grind to a halt.

"Don't be mad." He said trying to tug on me so I turned to face him, but I continued to stare angrily at the ground, facing the opposite way to him. Seeing I wasn't going to turn to him he moved to face me himself, looking at me with wide eyes.

"Of course I'm angry. You and my sister spent the last five minutes calling me a temperamental green monster." I said with a glare, trying not to get sucked in by the wounded puppy dog look he was giving me. That turned out to be harder than I thought as I saw a small flash of regret go through his eyes.

"Okay I know I'm an ass." He said, pulling on my chin to make sure I looked directly into his eyes. All part of his plan I'm sure, I could already feel my defences weakening. "I'm sorry Hailey. Forgive me?"

There was a small pleading look in his eyes, which was making my heart go wildly in my chest. I now knew how he got all the girls in the school to fall at his feet, if he looked at them all like that. His cocky badass exterior was almost worth it to get him to look at me like that.

"Please." He begged when I still hadn't responded.

I really did want to stay angry, but it just went against my whole personality to do so. Plus I had kind of over reacted, and I got probably the hottest guy I've ever seen to beg for my forgiveness, which I have to say was making me feel mightily smug.

He moved his hand to my cheek, still with the same expression. I almost wanted to keep not answering to keep that look there forever. But that would be mean.

“Fine.” I breathed out eventually. I saw what looked to be relief flashing over his eyes, as a smile came over his features. I think my heart stopped in my chest at the sight of a real smile on his face. However it was soon replaced by one of his smirks.

“If it helps.” He said, his thumb seemingly absentmindedly stroking my cheek, which was sending small waves of electric shocks through my system. “I think that you look extremely hot in green, Clover.”

A blush instantly lit up my face, and another smile fell on Blake’s. Suddenly, at the almost the same time, we started to realise how close we were standing to each other. His toes were now touching mine and his back was hunched over and his knees bent ever so slightly so that our faces were pretty much level with one another, so I could see every expression that flashed across his face, no matter how brief.

His misty grey-purple eyes were burning holes in to my green one, almost as if he were searching for something.

I’m not sure whether or not he found it though; I was too busy taking in...Blake. I was taking in the way that his hair had that messy style that told me he was too lazy to style it, which was a very Blake thing to do. I was taking in the way that his eyes seemed to soften the longer we stood together. I was taking in the small amount of freckles on his cheeks, that weren’t prominent enough that they ruined his bad boy image, but visible enough when you stood as close as I was.

I was taking in how his breath smelt like the macaroni that had been on sale today. And as much as I would deny it if I were ever asked I was taking in how plump, and red, his lips looked. His lips were slightly parted as he looked down at me, and I couldn’t help but wonder what it would feel like to be kissing him.

I had over heard some girls talking about how much of an amazing kisser Daniel Blake was in the bath room once, and I was now blaming them

entirely for my want to know if they were right.

Looking back up to Blake's eyes, I saw another emotion flashing through them, but it was gone as quickly as it came. I hadn't known just how expressing his eyes were. For some reason it didn't fit in with the image I had of Daniel Blake at all, but yet it suited Blake perfectly.

Too lost in thought I almost missed how Blake was growing closer to me. I could feel his breath mingling with my own now, and my heart was doing crazy flip flops in my chest, but I wasn't pushing him away. I couldn't push him away. I didn't want to push him away.

I felt my eyelids slowly fluttering shut. Undeniable excitement was making my stomach feel a little queasy, but I loved it. I loved having Blake so close to me. I loved the way that his arm went holding my wrist to circling my waist. And I loved how it felt to be in his arms.

It was comforting. It felt warm. It made me feel completely calm, like nothing could get to me while I was there. Nothing could affect me. Everything was...perfect.

I sucked in a deep breath when I felt his lips graze mine. A tingling sensation burst through my whole body, and for some reason I couldn't remember a time when I felt happier, however my happiness was short lived.

I was broken from my Blake induced trance when I heard someone calling out my name. I jumped back as if I had been electrocuted, which maybe I had, because all the tingling left my body when I was no longer touching Blake. I couldn't help but feel a loss from losing his touch, it took a surprising amount of effort not to simply ignore whoever was calling me and jump back into Blake's arms.

As it turns out that probably wouldn't work either. Mark walked around the corner a second later, still calling out my name. When his eyes fell on

the pair of us he stopped moving.

“There you are!” He said with a grin, before taking in mine and Blake’s positions. Although I had moved back from him we were still standing considerably close together.

*But not nearly close enough.* A small voice in my mind complained about the distance. I ignored it though, putting both my hands in my pockets to stop myself reaching back out to Blake.

“I’m not interrupting anything am I?” He asked raising an eyebrow at me in question. A blush rose to my cheeks and I wanted to scream out *YES so go away* and then proceed to pick up exactly where Blake and I had left off but I held myself back.

I wasn’t even sure where all these new feelings were coming from! I hadn’t even thought much about Blake romantically had I? I mean sure he was had his moments where he was actually really sweet, and I admit that he’s beyond hot.

I forced myself out of those thoughts to answer Mark. “No.” I told him with a smile, though I had to admit the death glare Blake was now giving Mark would suggest otherwise, and for some reason I had to battle to keep the smile off of my face at the thought.

“Alright...” He said uncertainly, but his gaze drew back to me. “I was just wondering where you wanted to meet tonight, because I have to go talk to someone first.” He said with a smile. I then remembered I promised I’d let him give me a ride in his new car.

“Umm...” I bit my lip. “How about you meet me by my locker.” I suggested as it was near the entrance of the school. “You know where that is right?” I asked.

He nodded his head, throwing me a brilliant smile. *Not nearly as brilliant as Blake's though.* The same annoying voice spoke out. As Mark spoke to me the more intensified Blake's glare on him seemed to become, which had me shooting Blake a questioning look.

"Alright I'll meet you there. You don't mind waiting a bit for me do you?" He double checked. I waved it off.

"I have to find my sister and give her the car keys anyway." I assured him, as the bell went signalling the next lesson. My eyes flickered to Blake who was now looking like he was about to start beating Mark up for some reason.

"Alright well are you coming to history?" Mark asked pointing over his shoulder to where our next lesson was. Blake reached out for my arm, silently asking me to stay with him for a minute.

Looking over my shoulder at him, I could see him looking directly at me, his eyes boring into mine. "Actually I'll see you in there in a minute." I told Mark not looking away from Blake, who got an oddly smug look on his face.

I heard Mark say a small goodbye, but I was too focussed on Blake to return it. He was looking at me with what looked to be fierce determination. I looked directly back at him, and it didn't feel like we were in school, let alone in a hallway that was slowly filling up with more and more students going to their classes.

My stomach was doing somersaults now due to the heat that seemed to be radiating off his hand and in to my whole body from where he held on to my arm. Seriously. My arm. How had I never even noticed I started to feel like this when he was around?

"Ummm..." I said after a long silence between the pair of us. I'm not sure why I did it, I'm not even sure if I had anything that could possibly follow

that, but it seemed to bring Blake into focus, which was good because I was becoming more and more thoughtless the longer I was around him.

For some reason when he was near me, looking at me like he was I didn't think at all. It seemed almost impossible to think.

"Meet me tonight." He said simply, looking at me with eyes that told me I couldn't refuse. And I didn't want to either.

But before I could answer yes a thought came to me making me frown. "I can't. I have my first anger management class tonight." I told him sadly. *But god I wish I didn't.* And for the first time I didn't think that because I didn't want anger management classes, but because I wanted to meet with Blake.

He frowned. "Afterwards then." He said, tight jawed. A small smile tugged at my lips.

"Where?" I asked, not needing to think it over.

He smiled a little too. "McDonalds?" He suggested. "We can grab dinner there."

I couldn't stop the full on grin that took over my lips then. "Well an offer of dinner with the bad boy Daniel Blake, I can't say no to that." I told him, and his smile grew.

"Good." He said, sounding almost happy, it made my heart lurch again.

"Good." I repeated. Exchanging quick goodbyes we went our way to our separate classes, and I couldn't stop thinking about how I wish we hadn't gotten interrupted by Mark before, and how much I hoped, however unlikely it might be, that mine and Blake's meeting later tonight would be a continuation of whatever was happening between me and Blake before Mark had interrupted us.



I lifted a hand to my lips thinking about it. It had only been a brush of the lips but it was enough for me to know for certainty, however much it killed me to admit, that I had a crush on Daniel Blake. And I didn't mind. Not even a little.

~\*~

**And scene! I know it wasn't exactly worthy of the five month wait but it's something at least :S I will honestly try not to take so long next time (I'm not sure if I even could Keep Moving On should be my next upload so whoot whoot!) HOPE YOU ENJOYED IT!!!**

\* \* \*

## **Step Eighteen: You Put Her in Anger Management**

I feel pretty damn bad ass atm two stories updated in one day :)

### **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:**

#### **:Step Eighteen: You Put Her in Anger Management:**

I wish Ronald was here with me.

Did you have that one teddy bear that you never let go of, and seemed to make everything better? I did. His name was Ronald, and right now I could really use him.

I was stood outside the very room I had been dreading entering for a while now. I never knew that a door could look daunting, but this simple wooden one was doing on hell of a spectacular job of it. I stood there almost like it was looming over me; daring me to open it the same way children would dare each other to say Bloody Mary three times in a mirror. I mean yeah you were pretty sure nothing bad was going to happen but you sure as hell don't want to risk it either.

I shuffled nervously on my feet, trying to build up some kind of courage to enter the room. But I still couldn't find it in myself to touch the door. Maybe it was because it was red. I never did like the colour red very much. Maybe if they had held this meeting in the room over, the one with the yellow coloured door I would have already been sat down by now.

It was as I was thinking this that I noticed just how colourful the place was. It reminded me of a kid's nursery school...which sort of brings me straight back to my original point.

I wish Ronald was here with me.

I don't even remember the last time I had thought of Ronald either. At one point Ronald was my rock. After Rebecca and I had grown apart, when our parents had left us alone for hours at a time, days at a time, weeks at a time, months at a time, I always used to hug Ronald every night and promise myself that things would get better and that I wasn't alone.

Because that's how I felt: Alone. And that's exactly how I felt now too.

I was heading into this room, without knowing anyone, and not even knowing what to expect.

I felt like a new kid on their first day of school. This is what I used to feel like every time my parents changed what schools I went to. But eventually I had grown out of it. But here was that same fear that I always felt. The fear that I wasn't going to be accepted, the fear that I was going to get on the wrong side of the wrong person and I was going to be bullied the crap out of.

But I had then stopped caring if I was going to be accepted or not. I didn't need to make friends, because I realised I was never going to be around long enough for it to matter. It didn't matter. I could go through the lessons, I could go by unnoticed and it didn't matter because I was used to it. From the age of ten I wasn't noticed any more.

My sister always had a different approach though. She had the want to be noticed. After our parents stopped noticing, she demanded attention elsewhere. She demanded it from her peers. She demanded it from teachers. She demanded it off strangers. And strangely enough they gave it to her.

And why wouldn't they? She was beautiful, charming, she was different but in an exciting way. And people followed her everywhere, no questions asked because there was no answer needed. It was just so. People like Rebecca always get the spotlight, whilst people like me work the draw strings back stage.

And I'm okay with that.

Or at least I used to be.

I felt my forehead wrinkle in confusion as to where that last thought even came from. I was still okay with it. I was. Sure at sometimes it seemed unfair, but that was life, and life never promised to be fair to anyone. Shaking my head I pushed the thoughts that I knew were going to be the cause of a major headache away.

Rebecca stood in the spotlight because it made her look good. I told myself firmly. I stood away from the spotlight because it made me look pale and small like a frightened child, and that wasn't something people wanted to look at.

And I was okay with that. I still am okay with that.

While I was busy with my inner debate, I didn't notice that there was someone stood behind me waiting to get through the door that I was too scared to open, until they spoke up.

"Are you going to stand there all day, or were you planning on moving Barbie girl?" A gruff voice spoke out in annoyance, causing me to jump in the air with fright.

"OH- I- um- yeah." I said with all the intelligence I could muster, which sadly wasn't any at all. I turned to face the person behind me sharply, not comfortable knowing they were standing there. A guy, probably a few years older than I was stood there, his muscles rippling as he crossed his arms and gave me a stern look that honestly scared the living daylight out of me.

Suddenly a small smile grew on his lips. "A newbie I see." He grinned, flashing his teeth. "Interesting, you don't look like the type that are usually here, Princess." I could feel myself growing paler by the second as he spoke.

Did he have to be so intimidating?

My mouth just continued to open and close like a fish out of water. And for some reason this seemed to delight him. A genuine smile crossed his features, and he used one of his extremely muscled hands to pat me heavily on the back. I stumbled forwards at the new weight and he took this to his advantage as he wrapped his arm around my shoulder.

“Well you sure look like you’re going to make things interesting.” He told her, as he pushed open the door and led her through by his side. “HEY GUYS WE’VE GOT A NEW ONE.” He yelled out in an overly loud voice, that had me cringing away from him slightly, and only slightly because that was all that his arm on my shoulder allowed for.

There were about nine pair of eyes that all turned to me as we entered the room.

I could feel my own skin heating up under their gaze, and shuffled uncomfortably. “You must be Hailey.” A smart looking woman dressed in a pencil skirt, blouse and blazer, sitting at the front of the circle with all chairs pointed towards her, smiled friendlily in a greeting at me.

I assumed she was the one teaching this class. Nodding silently at her I took one of the only seats available and the guy who had practically dragged me in here sat on the other chair to my left.

“Okay.” The woman at the front said, turning once more to face everyone else. “Today as you can see we have a new girl, so we’re going to go around the circle introducing ourselves.” She said brightly. “When we get to your turn all you have to do is say your name and three things about yourself.”

Oh god this really was like the first day of school. My stomach squirmed because honestly the thought didn’t help much at all.

The first one to speak was a woman who looked to be somewhere in her thirties. She had blonde hair that was gelled back and a tight mini skirt that ended high enough to be a belt, not that I was ever going to mention that to her. Ever. I didn’t have any kind of death wish.

“My name’s Kirsty, I’m thirty two years old, I recently dumped my ass of a boyfriend, and I’m available for hot angry sex.” She raised an eyebrow,

looking at all the men in the room, even the younger ones. And I could have sworn her eyes even stopped on me.

“Um thank you Kirsty.” The lady said uncomfortably, before turning to the next person and nodding for them to take their turn.

“My name’s Brent, and the only thing you need to know about me, is that you don’t need to know anything about me.” He growled out, looking somewhat ‘macho’, or at least enough so that it scared me. He looked to be somewhere around my age, probably older. And his glare towards me was saying it was very unlikely that we were to be friends.

I somehow doubted I would be making any friends here.

The lady gave Brent a disapproving frown, before shaking her head. “You could at least tell us something Brent, how about your favourite colour?” She suggested.

“My favourite colour is mind you own business.” He scowled at the lady, obviously wanting to be anywhere but here today. At least that makes two of us. I had to stifle a giggle at the look the lady gave him. It somewhere between flabbergasted and outraged, and for reasons unknown the look reminded me a lot of that of a donkey.

Trying to hide her anger at Brent’s words she moved on to nod tersely at the next person in the circle.

This continued until I had learnt Ferris had a pet dog that he set on his enemies, oh and he also liked pepperoni, Jessica was an only child, had been arrested three times, and her favourite pass time was spending time in the shooting range, Tyler was twenty two, and if I ever needed help he would gladly be of service – which was actually really sweet until he used his third fact to tell me that he could be of best help in the bedroom so yeah that kind of killed it – and I also learnt that Milo had a smoking habit, one kid, and an anger problem (surprise surprise).

Suddenly it was my turn, and I honestly couldn't think of anything to say. I felt put on the spot, and pressured. "My name's Hailey Winters and I like onions." Was what ended up being my first sentence. My eyes widened and a blush filled my cheeks. I'm not sure why I said that, it's not even true. "Okay that's a lie." I confessed my cheeks flaming.

"Um..." I shifted nervously in my seat, trying to think of anything. But suddenly it was like I was a completely ordinary person with nothing special about me, not even a little. "Uh..." Everyone was watching me now; a few even looked amused at my discomfort, reminding me how little I belonged here. Why could I be all aloof like Brent was?

My eyes flickered to him, and even he was watching me with a small smile on his lips. I licked my own and pushed a stray lock of hair behind my ear. "I'm eighteen years old, I have a twin sister Rebecca," I bit into my lip trying to think of one more thing. "And, I recently got suspended from school for setting a bunch of chickens free into a classroom when I was drunk."

Everyone's attention seemed to peak at that. I got a few curious glances thrown in my direction. "HEY I KNOW YOU!" One girl at the far end of the circle cried. "Dude you are like my idol!" She spoke out. "You're that girl who hangs around with Daniel all the time." My cheeks flushed at the mention of Blake, and I couldn't help but remember the briefest kiss we had shared before we were interrupted.

"Uh yeah." I said plainly, trying desperately not to die of embarrassment.

"Oh god that whole chicken thing was awesome!" She continued to rave excitedly. I tried to smile at her, though I'm sure it came out as more of a grimace. It wasn't exactly something I wanted to brag about.

Everyone was looking at me with curious eyes. God this was embarrassing. I ducked my head, and sent a silent thank you to the lady who then



moved on to the next person who introduced themselves as Jake. I tuned out a little.

But I listened to the guy who had come in at the same time as me. His name was Kirk. But I couldn't even remember what else he told everyone besides from the fact he was twenty-seven. I also listened when the girl at the end of the row introduced herself. She was in the year lower than me, which sort of explained why I didn't know her.

Her name turned out to be Joanna, but she said everyone just called her Jo, which actually sort of suited her. She had short hair that just about reached her neck as it spiked out drastically. She actually seemed like a fun person, which had me wondering what she had done to get sent here.

At the end of the introductions the lady, whose name turned out to be Jane, started talking about some talking exercises.

"Okay Hailey." She said turning to me. "I want you to name one thing that really annoys you. That gets under your skin." She instructed. I shifted uncomfortably in my seat, not liking the attention she was giving me.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know." I told her truthfully not able to think of anything. She looked disappointed.

"Come on Hailey. Tell us all something that gets you really mad that makes you really want to punch someone."

I blushed. "I'm not really a violent person." I told her avoiding the question and blushing at the ground. There were a few snorts around the room and my blush deepened. Thankfully I was saved by Jo, who I was beginning to like more and more.

"Well something that annoys me is my douche head of a brother." She said rolling her eyes. I smiled a little. "He thinks he's the king or some-

thing like that.” I laughed a little.

“Rebecca’s like that too.” I admitted. “My sister.” I explained at her confused look.

“No way your twin sister is that drama queen?” She wrinkled her nose.

I laughed even louder. “She’s not so bad once you know her.” I assured.

Jane was smiling at the both of us. “Good okay does anyone else have family members that annoy them?” She asked everyone. There wasn’t a single person who didn’t raise their hands, well besides Brent, but I think he did that because he was rebelling not because he didn’t have someone that annoyed him.

“Okay, so what can we do when someone in our family annoys us?” She asked the group.

“Well I tend to beat the shit up.” Kirk said cracking his knuckles loudly. My jaw dropped. Surely there was a much less violent way to deal with things. Judging by the bulk of his muscles he did this on a frequent basis, which honestly scared the hell out of me.

He chuckled when he saw my expression, and so did a few other people.

Another blush ran to my cheeks, and I closed my mouth.

“I set my dog on them.” Ferris said helpfully.

“I set something they love on fire.” Jo said shrugging her shoulders. Okay I guess that answered the question as to what she was doing here.

“I break something of theirs.” Milo admitted, I was thinking that was probably the best answer until he added an ending sentence. “Usually their nose.”

“I sleep with their boyfriend, or best friend, sometimes their brother.”  
Kirsty announced unashamed.

I could feel myself growing more and more uncomfortable. I would really hate to get on the wrong side of these people. Some people turned to me expectantly. I shrugged my shoulders. “I don’t usually do anything.”

Everyone, even Jane, looked at me as if that was the worst answer to give.

Brent chuckled loudly. “Suppressing your anger is bad dipshit.” He said rolling his eyes at me. I blushed and looked at the ground. What was I supposed to say? I rugby tackle the bitch to the ground, beat the shit out of her, set her hair on fire, then proceed to smash her i-pod and sleep with a her boyfriend?

I bit my lip. “Once I gave her a black eye?” I said meekly, hoping to make them stop looking at me like I was some kind of alien. I didn’t mention the fact that it had been years ago and sort of an accident. Plus I had felt so guilty afterwards that I had basically become her personal lap dog for it.

I hadn’t meant to do it. One moment she had been sat there criticising my cooking I turned around to face her sharply and the next thing I knew she was on the ground cradling her face. My elbow had smacked her whilst I was turning.

Jo was looking at me with worship in her eyes. “I wanted to deck her when I saw her flirting with my brother.” She said. “She just has this ‘hit me’ vibe she gives off.”

I choked on laughter. I was fully aware of that vibe. I smiled at her. “Who’s your brother?” I asked.

“Christopher.” She said. I vaguely recognised the name. I pretty sure he was a fairly good looking boy in my science class. And he was also one of

my sister's many admirers.

"Okay." Jane said. "I think that's because you suppress your anger too much." She told me. I was pretty sure it was a misjudgement of special awareness. "Have you ever talked to your sister about how angry she makes you?" She asked and I rolled my eyes.

"Sure every time I pick her up from cheerleading practice I spend ten minutes talking calmly to her about our issues." I said sarcastically.

Jane didn't appreciate the humour one bit if her face was anything to go by. Her lips rolled into a thin line. "Well next time she makes you angry try telling her. Expression of your feelings can go a long way."

Expression of our feelings? Yeah right. My family is incapable. My mother and father ran away from us rather than talking to us, and my sister had just stopped caring about pretty much anyone when they did. How was I supposed to express my feelings to them?

"Practice it now. Everyone say this with me and Hailey. I want everyone to help, and what I want you to say is 'Rebecca, you're making me angry.'" I looked up at Jane in horror. Yes that would help with the whole Hulk issue I was dealing through with her at the moment.

Still I repeated it when I was told and the rest of the group did so out of amusement.

Kill me now.

I was never *ever* going to do this. I'd rather bottle up my emotions and end up punching the lights out of my sister every so often.

I felt like a five year old. With the patronising way Jane was talking to me. It was horrible.

“Okay Hailey,” oh god she was picking on me because I was the new member of the group, I thought horrified as Jane chose to directly speak to me once again. “Name the people that annoy you most.”

Biting my lip I complied. “Rebecca, Blake, and my mother.” I said naming the top three.

“Okay who is Blake and how does he annoy you?” She asked kindly. I had to stop myself from rolling my eyes. I wanted to tell her to mind her own god damn business, but it just wasn’t something I could do.

“Daniel Blake,” I replied, “is the guy I got excluded with. I don’t know what he does, but he just gets under my skin.” I confessed with a shrug, not wanting to go any deeper than that. But my brain tagged on its own message silently. *And he’s the hot guy I have the hugest crush on that I’m meeting tonight.*

Jane smiled and urged me to continue. “And what about your mum, how does she annoy you?”

I smiled wryly. This was not something I wanted to go into. Not in a group discussion. “She’s never there when I need her to be.” I shrugged. *Or ever.*

Jane smiled sympathetically before finally moving on. Thank god.

It felt like hours later until she finally stopped grilling the group. “Okay guys, this was a really good session and I hope to see you all again really soon.” She smiled kindly. She also gave off the ‘hit me’ vibe Jo had mentioned earlier.

I’m not even sure why. She was nothing but friendly. Albeit a bit nosey, but that was her job. But I couldn’t stop the gut instincts that wanted me to punch her smile off of her face. Standing up I stretched my arms over my head, yawning with exhaustion.

“So Hailey can I ask you a question?” I looked over my shoulder to see Jo standing there, smiling widely at me.

I nodded my head wearily.

“What was with the ‘goats have feelings too’ you spray painted on my science class rooms floor?” I blushed, placing my head in my hands.

“I’ll tell you but remember I was drunk out of my mind, so no judgement can be passed on my intelligence.” I told her.

She nodded her head.

“Basically we were in McDonalds talking about how if we didn’t have cows we wouldn’t have milk.” I said shifting a little. “Anyway Blake pointed out that goats give us milk too, and I said that their feelings must be hurt because they work just as hard but no one drinks their milk.”

Jo laughed loudly. “You sound like a frigging amazing drunk.” She chuckled. “I would have loved to have been there.”

I grimaced. “They caught the whole thing on camera.” I said groaning loudly. “It’s not even funny.”

Her eyes lit up. “They did?” She chirped.

“Yes and they sent a copy of it to our parents.” I said in a whiney voice.

She laughed, loudly holding on to her sides as she doubled over. “You’re kidding me.” She croaked out holding the back of the chair for support.

“I wish.” I frowned. “Blake’s an idiot, he told me the cameras were fake.”

She smothered her laughter with her hand as more shook her body. I scowled. Her next question threw me off. “So tell me, are you and Daniel Blake dating?” She asked tipping her head to the side.

My cheeks flamed as I shook my head, not meeting her eyes. “Um no.” I choked out.

Her grin only widened. “But you want to.” She said excitedly, and I didn’t even bother denying it. My blush was giving away my answer anyway. She awed loudly. “God you’re adorable. No wonder he looks at you the way he does.” She said eagerly.

My eyes snapped up to hers. “What are you talking about?” I asked confused.

“Okay, you can’t *not* have noticed the way Daniel stares at you, all the time. I’ve not even seen him try picking up a girl once in the past week either. It’s so obvious he has a thing for you.”

I looked up at her astonished. “You think so?” I asked with a small blush.

She seemed delighted my response. “Hell yes.” She enthused nodding her head up and down.

I blushed a deeper colour, letting my hair fall to cover my cheeks, and the hint of a smile that I couldn’t stop. “We sort of kissed today.” I told her. Not even sure why I was opening up to the girl. She let out a loud squeal gripping my shoulders.

“Oh my god? What happened?” She quizzed.

I shrugged my shoulders. “Barely had a chance to find out, do you know Marcus?” I asked cocking my head to the side.

She nodded her head. “The new guy right?” I nodded in response.

“He had the worst timing. He walked around the corner and wanted to talk to me.” I pouted. She frowned at the lack in my story. “But afterwards Blake said we should meet up tonight.” I said smiling a little.



She squealed once more, doing an excited little dance. That's amazing!" She cried happily. "I bet you he confesses his love or something!"

My jaw dropped and I shook my head frantically. "Love?!" I choked. "We've barely even kissed we're not in love." I denied, but I couldn't stop the small thrill that went through me at the idea. My heart was even doing strange flip-flops in my chest.

Jo just smiled at me knowingly. "Uh huh..." She said sarcastically, and I blushed looking away from her.

I then noticed the time. It was past half six, and I had told Blake I would meet him at seven. "I've got to go." I rushed to my feet. "It was nice meeting you though Jo, you should come talk to me some time in school." I told her waving over my shoulder as I dashed speedily out of the room.

I barely even heard the goodbye she shouted after me as I left.

I didn't drive here, so I was forced to take the bus, which thankfully I caught in time. Despite how late it was getting the bus was full and I was forced to sit next to a beefy man, who dressed in a tight pink shirt that said, 'too hot to touch' in bright glitter, and purple skinny jeans.

You meet the most interesting people on public transport. To be honest I liked the outfit and it was defiantly something I could see Rebecca wearing.

When the bus pulled to the right stop I whipped out my phone, sending a quick text to Blake seeming as it was already past seven that I was about three minutes away. Pocketing my phone I walked to the same McDonalds Blake and I had gone when we were drunk, which is where he told me to meet him.

My whole stomach bubbled with nervous excitement as I wondered what it could be that he wanted to talk about. I couldn't help but wonder if he

wanted to start off where we had left it before Marc had interrupted.

I told still imagine how close he had been before. And a small shiver went through my spine. I had to banish the thoughts from my head.

Walking casually over to the door I spotted Blake before I even entered. He was sat casually on one of the side tables, looking at his phone that was lying on the table in front of him. His hair was slightly messed up as if he'd been running his hands through it, and he was tapping his long fingers on the table in front of him.

He looked half nervous, yet strangely calm and at home.

He was a walking contradiction. But that was Daniel Blake for you. He never made sense. Biting my lip nerves hit me full force. I wiped my hands on my jeans trying to make them feel slightly less clammy.

Blake looked as amazing as always leant back in his chair, with his eyebrows furrowed together as if he were lost deep in thought. I licked my lips before pushing on the door gingerly.

His eyes moved to meet mine as I opened the door. He gave me a small smile. Almost immediately I started to feel better. It felt as if there was nothing to worry about as long as he was looking at me like that, and giving me that smile.

I smiled sheepishly back, giving him a small wave as I walked over. I had to concentrate on not stumbling, knowing what an idiot I would look like if I did. I thought of the graceful way Rebecca always walked in, her hips always swayed seductively and her every step always had a purpose. But I didn't attempt it knowing I would look stupider than I would if I did fall.

Swallowing my nerves I reached the table pulling out my seat. I hadn't noticed the food he had brought already, looking in the brown bag I saw

an order of chicken nuggets and fries. A smile pulled at my lips and I laughed quietly.

“Thought you might be hungry.” He mumbled quietly, looking a little nervous which helped me calm a little.

I smiled happily. “Starving.” I grinned at him opening my meal eagerly. He chuckled quietly, probably because of how I was practically ripping the cardboard box to shreds to get to its contents. “Thanks.” I said my stomach jolting at how sweet he was being.

He shrugged looking away again, and I could see the light blush on his cheeks. I found my lips curving into an even bigger smile.

I grinned into my chicken nugget as I took a bite out of it. I knew there was a reason I liked Daniel Blake.

Even though undeniably ninety eight percent of the time he was a complete jack ass, the other two percent shockingly, more than, made up for it. And even though I would deny it if asked the other ninety eight percent was growing on me too.

~\*~

Okay suckish I know :S sorry folks but that's it :)



## Step Nineteen: You Share an Awkward Silence

*okay so this isn't much I just didn't like how little of Daniel time there was in the last chapter. So here's a short upload hope you enjoy :)*

## **How to Turn a Good Girl Bad:**

### **Step Nineteen: You Share An Awkward Silence**

A comfortable silence had fallen around the both of us, as we sat at the McDonalds table, with me happily munching on my nuggets and chips. I could feel Blake's eyes watching me and I shifted in my seat, suddenly not able to eat with an audience.

"Are you seriously going to sit there and watch me eat?" I asked after swallowing my mouthful, a blush rushing to my cheeks.

The corners of his mouth pulled up into a grin. "Maybe." He said shrugging his shoulders.

I rolled my eyes at him, putting down my food. "Well I can't eat with you watching." I told him looking longingly down at the McDonalds meal.

He laughed loudly, gaining the attention of a few people in the restaurant. My blush deepened at the unwanted attention. "You're self conscious about your eating?" He asked clearly amused.

I hardened my jaw, lifting my head high stubbornly. "Yeah. What of it?" I asked crossing my arms. His grin just widened in response.

"Nothing." He shrugged a playful glint in his eyes. "It's cute."

My eyes widened and I flushed a deep red colour. That was the last thing I had expected him to say. I felt for sure he was just going to tease the hell

out of me about it. Looking at his cheeky smile I could tell he was teasing me, just in a different way than most people would.

“Don’t do that.” I muttered burying my face in my hands. I looked at him through the gaps between my fingers and I could see his lopsided grin that was making my heart beat faster in my chest just by looking at it.

His whole posture seemed to have softened since I had sat down with him, and there wasn’t a hint of anything to suggest he was feeling anything but calm, which was the opposite of what I was feeling.

My stomach was doing summersaults and I found myself fiddling with the edges of the table, pulling at the laminated plastic that was already chipped.

I swallowed, shifting in my seat once more. “We have a fan you know.” I told him pushing some hair behind my ear that had been falling across my face.

He looked surprised and confused. “We do?” He asked.

I nodded my head. “There’s this girl in my anger management class, a cute arsonist in the making, anyway she was a big fan of the whole chickens in the classroom stunt we pulled off.” I shrugged my shoulders not even sure why I was mentioning it.

He laughed, a grin still plastered on his face. “Well it can’t be helped.” He shrugged. “We do make a pretty kick ass duo, we were bound to make some fans.”

I laughed with him. “Yep, that’s us Blake and Winters, the crime fighting team on the side of morally right.”

“Yeah, but only when we’re drunk off our asses.” He joked.

“Well some people need super hero suits. Not us though. We just need some alcohol.” I agreed, nodding my head solemnly.

Blake shook his head laughing loudly. “How was your anger management class anyway?” He asked looking genuinely interested in my answer.

I shivered shaking my head. “Apparently I need to express my feelings more.” I told him pulling a face. He laughed again, making my own lips tilt into an answering smile. He had the kind of laugh that made you happier hearing it.

“It’s not funny.” I told him, my own smile contradicting my words. “Jane, the instructor, was so picking on me because I was the new student.” I whined. “Seriously, she directed practically all her questions at me.” I put on a fake voice. “Hailey what makes you angry? Hailey what do you do when people make you angry? Hailey what is it that annoys you most? Hailey how do you channel your anger?”

“Sounds horrible.” Blake mock sympathised, with sarcasm. I threw a chip at him. Now that we were talking I was eating again. My aim was completely off though. Instead of hitting my intended target which was Blake’s face – or even Blake in general – it hit this kid who was out eating dinner with his family on the table behind us.

My jaw dropped as the kid looked at me in horror. It had hit him in the face and landed in his meal, splattering some of his ketchup. Horrified I slapped a hand over my mouth. “Oh god I’m so sorry!” I gasped, in apology, my arms waving frantically at my sides because there was really nothing I could do to reverse what had just happened.

My cheeks were swarmed with colour. The whole family was looking at me now. Shit. I could see them clearly now because Blake was hunched over with laughter.

After I apologised a million times I still felt awful, but thankfully the family had turned around again. Blake was still shaking with laughter, and I sent him a swift kick under the table. This still didn't deter him. I actually think I hurt myself more than I hurt him.

"That was hilarious." He said between gasps of air.

"I'm glad one of us finds this amusing." I told him. "Wasn't there a reason you asked me to meet you here anyway?" I asked trying to change to subject.

It worked. His laughter almost immediately sobered up.

Clearing his throat he brought his hand to the back of his neck. I could have sworn he was blushing a little bit too. "Yeah actually." All the humour that had been in his expression before had vanished now.

"You get straight to the point." He blushed. My heart thumped loudly in my chest. I'm surprised he couldn't hear it now. To me it sounded like a bomb was going off.

I bit nervously into my lip, waiting for him to continue.

He groaned loudly. "You have to make this awkward don't you?" He asked slumping forwards a little. The silence around us wasn't exactly comfortable anymore.

"Sorry." I winced not even knowing why I was apologising. Faint memories of calling myself an apology whore resurfaced. When Blake's lips twitched into a smile I'm figuring he was remembering the same thing.

The awkward silence once again made an appearance.

I honestly didn't know how to break it either. Across from me Blake let out a deep breath, almost like he had been holding it. Suddenly he spoke



really quickly as like he was ripping off a band aid. It was fast enough that I almost didn't hear what he said.

"I wanted to ask you out on a date." He said in one go, his words almost blending into one long one.

My jaw dropped open. And he said I was straight to the point? I kept opening and closing my mouth, unable to get any words out. Eventually I did though.

"You did?" I asked in a squeaky voice. Good thing to know. When a really hot guy that I like asks me out like I want him to I turn into Mickey Mouse. That was definitely something I was going to have to remember for future reference.

Blake was sitting stiffly opposite me, refusing to make eye contact. It was like I was seeing a whole new side of Blake. I had seen him be a jackass, and I had seen him be really sweet, but never shy. A small grin started pulling at the edges of my lips.

I wonder if there were any more sides to see. Biting into my lip I suppressed the huge smile that wanted to take over my face. He had actually asked me out. As more time passed Blake seemed to grow more and more uncomfortable, making me realise that I was just sitting there with a huge grin and not replying to his question.

"You don't have to." He said shrugging his shoulders, trying to act as if my silence didn't bother him much.

"Blake." I said rolling my eyes. It was sweet how ridiculously shy he was being. I thought from the fact I had been pretty much throwing myself at him in the corridor earlier today was a pretty big indicator that I was into him.

“I would-” I didn’t get the chance to finish my sentence before we were interrupted.

“DANIEL!” I high pitched yell came from the entrance. Both our heads snapped in the direction of the sound. A gorgeous brunette girl was skipping her way towards us, her eyes fixed intently on Blake.

“What are the chances I would run into you here?” She asked inviting herself to sit down. *No really it’s fine. Come and sit with us. I wasn’t at all in the middle of a really important conversation with him.*

Blake shifted uncomfortably in his seat, leaning away from the girl who was making herself comfortable next to him.

“Um. Hi Siobhan.” He said talking to the girl but glancing in my direction. I just leant backwards in my chair with a forced smile on my lips. I raised my eyebrows at him questioningly and he fixed his stare on the table in front of us, a small blush on his cheeks once again.

“No introduction?” I asked bitterly. I had literally been seconds away from accepting his offer for a date before she had shown up. Blake nodded his head looking lost.

“Siobhan this is Hailey, Hailey this is Siobhan...she’s my...” He licked his lips, stuttering around his words and looking beyond uncomfortable. Any other time and I would have found this situation hilarious. But she honestly had the worst timing ever.

“I’m his ex-girlfriend.” Siobhan said sticking her hand out. After a brief moment of hesitation I put my hand in hers. The only way this could possibly get more awkward is if she had introduced herself as his girlfriend and not his ex.

“Nice to meet you.” I said wincing when she dug her nails in slightly whilst shaking. Clearly she liked me just about as much as I liked her at

the moment.

Smiling coldly she nodded her head. “You too.”

Looking over at Blake a small smile twitched at the edges of my lips. I knew I couldn’t resist the chance to make him more uncomfortable. “So you’re cute.” I commented, turning back to Siobhan. “What made you guys break up?” I asked.

She frowned. “I’m not sure, after a couple of days he just broke it off.” At first I had to fight back a laugh. Was Blake always so cruel to girls? By the drastic way his face seemed to be losing colour I would assume so.

Suddenly my stomach dropped, like I had been eating rocks for dinner. What if he was like that with me? Sure he seemed interested now but what if he just lost interest one day and broke up with me? Worse what if he lost interest and broke up with me via text message?

I focused intently on the table top, not looking up to meet Blake’s eyes, which I could feel watching me closely. A surprising amount of fear was gripping onto me at the thought of losing Blake. We probably weren’t the closest people in the world but he was about one of the only people I felt I could be myself around.

What if by dating him I lost that?

What if by dating him I then started having to avoid him because he broke my heart?

I was vaguely aware of Siobhan’s friends calling out to her, forcing her to leave. She had said a short goodbye, and Blake replied with an uncomfortable one of his own.

Neither of us spoke for what felt like hours. Eventually Blake let out a low groan, putting his head into the crook in his arm when his elbow was. “I

think I hate her timing.” He said lowly, his voice slightly muffled due to the fact he was talking into his arm.

I smiled ruefully. “Yeah. Was that why you dumped her?” I asked quietly. For some reason I really wanted to know.

He sighed looking up at me with a frown. “I dumped her because I’m an asshole.” He said eventually, his lips pulling down. “She made everything boring.” He shrugged. I frowned further.

*Siobhan made things boring? Siobhan – the girl who looked like a freaking goddess – made things boring? What chance did I stand of keeping his interest?*

Frowning I looked down at the table, before voicing my concerns. “What happens when you realise I’m boring?” I asked. Because compared to practically everyone else I was. When I got angry, I didn’t fight back I walked away. I never skip class. I was never tardy. For god sakes my sister even called me Little Miss Perfect. You didn’t get any more boring than me.

“I’m not sure I can get bored with you.” He said almost as quietly as I had spoken. My heart skipped a beat at his words. My head snapped up to look at him, and I frowned.

“Sure.” I said incredulously. “Blake, I’m probably the dumbest person in the world.”

He gave me a look then that suggested I was the crazy one out of the two of us. Which very well may be true.

“Clover you have got to be kidding me.” He said shaking his head. “You’re anything but boring.” I opened my mouth to protest, but he didn’t give me time to. “Clover ever since I first met you, I keep waiting for that

moment where you turn out to be just like everyone else but you keep surprising me.”

I gave him a confused look as he continued.

“When I saw you in the car park I felt sure that you would be the kind of girl that I usually date and dump, but then you spoke and the first thing you said to me was ‘I’ve seen better’.” I blushed remembering doing exactly that. “Then I figured you were one of those people that had everyone falling at your feet all the time, and I met you again and you turned out to be this complete good girl, who blushes at a simple compliment.” He smirked.

“Every time I think I’ve finally worked you out you do something else that takes me by complete surprise, like getting a tattoo, stealing chickens, and spray painting the floor.”

A smile formed on my face and I looked down with a blush.

I could see Blake reciprocating the smile. “Clover I’m serious.” He said at the same time that the doubts starting creeping into my head.

“What about the day when you do work me out, and I just stop being able to surprise you.” I said raising my eyes to meet his. He had a soft smile on his face that had my heart beating rapidly. “Will you dump me then?” I asked unsure.

He slowly shook his head. “I for one am looking forward to the day when I can say that I have worked out the puzzle that is Hailey Winters.” He told me solemnly, and there was no hiding my grin that forced its way on to my face at his response.

“Is that so?” I asked cocking my head to the side, feeling a lot more confident.

“Yeah.” He told me smiling.

I swallowed, trying my hardest not to blush, but unable to stop myself. “If that’s the case then, I guess I won’t be rid of you anytime soon.” I joked; acting like it was a burden and not like it was giving me butterflies just thinking about it. Which it was.

I licked my lips before continuing. “So I think I might as well say yes.” I said not daring to look at him.

“What?” He said sounding shocked.

I risked a glance at him through my eye lashes. He was staring at me with a look of complete confusion but at the same time a little bit hopeful. Geez he didn’t plan on making this easy. I realised. “Yes I’ll go on a date with you Blake.” I told him fighting back another blush.

“Really?” There was a small smile on the edges of his lips and I could feel my stomach squirm just from the sight of it.

“Really Blake.” I rolled my eyes. Seriously why did he ask if he thought I was going to say no? Because judging from his reaction that was exactly what he thought.

A lopsided grin that I was growing to love grew further. “I was expecting you to say no. Especially after Siobhan arrived.” He told me confirming my thoughts.

“Why’d you ask then?” I said genuinely confused.

He shrugged his shoulders. “The chance of you saying yes, was worth the risk of you saying no.” He said nonchalantly, as if he hadn’t just made my heart rate pick up with what could have possibly been the sweetest fourteen words anyone had ever spoken to me.

He then carried on being sweet by stealing a handful of the chips he had brought for me. I glared at him slapping his hand away.

“I paid for them.” He told me, flashing a grin at me and stuffing the handful in his mouth.

I narrowed my eyes at him. “You got them for me though.” I told him glaring half heartedly. I don’t think I could get mad at him for the life of me at the moment.

He swallowed and laughed. “That was just to sweeten you up, so you’d say yes.” He told me, with a shrug. I blushed again fighting back the urge to smile. Did he have to be so sweet that I couldn’t stay mad at him?

He stole some more and I just rolled my eyes at him this time. “You’re a jerk.” I told him without much heart.

“Yeah but I’m a jerk who just scored a really hot date.” He said rolling his eyes over me making me blush. I pressed my lips together to hide my smile, but I didn’t succeed very well.

“Whatever.” I mumbled quietly. My stomach rolled with excitement. My heart was drumming loudly in my chest as I looked through my eyelashes at him.

He actually looked genuinely happy. There was a huge smile plastered to his face without any trace of his usual smirk. I liked the smile he had on now much better.

“Hey Blake?” I said eventually.

He grinned at me. “Yeah.” He answered. There was happiness in his voice that was making it impossible not to smile.

I bit my lips before asking my question. “Could you have picked a less romantic place than McDonalds to ask me out in?” I joked, raising an eyebrow at him.



He laughed loudly. “Well it was a tossup between here and KFC, and they pre-salt the chips here so...” He played along nodding his head.

I laughed loudly, and he joined in. “Well lucky me.” I rolled my eyes, picking up a pre-salted chip and chewing on it. In all honesty it wouldn’t have mattered to me where he asked me out. I knew my answer would have undoubtedly been the same.

~\*~

okay that's it tree uploads in one day isn't bad for me :) hop you all enjoyed it I'm going to stop writing now

\* \* \*

## **Step Twenty: You Make The Good Girl Express Her Anger**

*I'm freaking rock atm! Do you people love me or what?*

lol anyway here's the next chapter and I think I'm updating KMO next and I have no idea when that will be, might take a couple of weeks cause I think I'll die if I keep updating this often

Hope you enjoy:::

## **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:**

## **Step Twenty: You Make The Good Girl Express Her Anger**

This was a horrible idea.

You know when you're at that point where you think things couldn't possibly get any worse? And then they do? Yeah well I'm a step lower than that now. You cannot even begin to understand the word awkward unless you have been in the situation I was in now.

I was sat in a Starbucks coffee shop, with my mother looking back at me from across the table. Her slim fingers wrapped around a steaming Styrofoam cup.

This was all my 'therapists' idea. She said that I needed to have a more open relationship with my mother. Licking my lips I settled further into my chair, willing it to let me sink into the folds of the chair until my mother couldn't look at me anymore.

"How's work?" I asked her, trying to make her stop staring at me. There was this look in her eyes, as if she was waiting for me to do something important, but I had no idea what it was she wanted from me.

"Good." She answered back with a stiff nod.

All around us conversations were buzzing loudly, which just seemed to make it more obvious to me that this was really weird. It was horrible sitting there, waiting for something to be said. I knew somewhere in my brain that it shouldn't be like this between a mother and her daughter.

"Good, good." I murmured back.

I wished more than anything I had pressed on the matter of needing to be at school today. Even science with Mr Glass was better than this. Sitting here. Trying to have a mother daughter bonding session.

"How about school?" She asked quietly. "How's that?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "It's alright." I said bending my head down, wondering if I clicked my heels together three times and chanted there was no place like home I could be rid of this awkward conversation.

“I aced my test yesterday.” I told her, trying to think of ANYTHING to say at this point.

“That’s good.” She nodded. I took an awkward sip of my drink, wishing for the ground to open up and swallow me whole.

My mother and I had barely even looked at each other since our major argument, which had ended with her slapping me and me storming out of the house. Today was meant to be a ‘family outing’, but dad and Rebecca had both split off for a while because they wanted to go check out the market stalls.

I had practically begged them to let me join them, but I think that the whole point of it was to force me and mum into talking. I made a mental note to kill Rebecca for this later. I chewed on my lip, losing myself in thought.

It felt like an age later when I heard someone calling out my name. Lifting my head, my eyebrows furrowed together. I glanced around me to find Sapphire stood at the window waving her arms frantically side to side.

When I looked her way she grinned widely and entered the shop, paying no mind to the fact that lots of people were staring at her, and seeming to have no ‘indoor voice’ either.

“Hails boy am I glad it’s you, thought I was calling out to a stranger for a minute there.” She shouted across the shop whilst approaching us. She looked pretty much identical to the last time I had seen her, which was when she had given me my tattoos, except for now she had the very tips of her hair dyed with an amazing sapphire colour that suited her name, personality, and eyes.

I smiled at her sheepishly and my mother was looking at her with a stricken face.

“Hi Sapphire.” I nodded in greeting. She stood in front of us her eyes twinkling with mischief.

“So, did Daniel sack up and ask you out yet?” She asked out of the blue. My whole face heated up, but I couldn’t deny it. “Oh my god he did!” She chirped happily.

I blushed nodding.

“When, where, and how?” She asked without a pause. “I need details woman!” I chuckled, embarrassed but at the same time really happy.

Before I had the chance to answer any of her questions though, I was interrupted. “You’re going out with that Daniel boy?” My mother screeched. “The one you got EXCLUDED WITH?” Her voice was becoming more and more high pitched at her sentence dragged out.

I bit back my anger I could feel rising with the way she was speaking. She was saying it as if I had just made the worst decision of my life. And I hated it. She didn’t even KNOW Blake. Who was she to judge?

“Yes.” I told her firmly, not about to let her change my mind. I wasn’t going to hide it from her because I honestly had nothing to be ashamed of.

For the first time since she arrived Sapphire seemed to notice that there was someone besides us at the table. She raised a questioning eyebrow at me before inclining her head in my mother’s direction, clearly wanting an explanation as to who I was with and why they were screeching at such a volume.

“Sapphire this is my mother, mum this is my friend Sapphire.” I introduced. Understanding flashed across Sapphire’s eyes and she stuck out her hand.

“Nice to meet you.” She said.

My mother just stared at her hand as if it was diseased, which was pissing me off. A lot. She no right to look at her like that. She then looked to me with her lip rolled up.

“These are the kinds of *friends* you are making?” She asked, sounding horrified. I grit my teeth together, ready to start yelling at any moment. It was bad enough she could act so cold and rude when we were alone but right in front of my friends faces? Really?

Sapphire slowly retracted her hand and then probably said one of the worst things she could in the situation we were in.

“Yeah.” She answered the question for me. “I helped your daughter with her tattoos.” The silence left by that sentence was deadly. This time the silence wasn’t with discomfort so much as anger.

I think Sapphire must have realised her mistake a moment too late, as she made up excuses to leave the table, giving me a silent apology with her eyes, and making her escape whilst telling me to call her some time soon.

In a small part of my brain I felt like smacking myself in the forehead. *Well there goes two weeks of wearing long sleeved T-shirts for nothing.*

But right now I couldn’t bring myself to care. I was beyond annoyed. My mother had just acted like a grade A bitch to my friend.

“You got a tattoo?” She hissed at me.

“Yeah I did.” I told her point blank, not caring what she thought.

“When?” She growled.

A smirk pulled at the edges of my lips. “My eighteenth birthday *mother*, which you would have known if you had, you know, turned up, or even called!” I yelled at her, my voice getting louder with every word.

She stood up from her seat and I followed not letting her tower over me. “You’re still going on about that?” She asked, recognising my anger from our last argument.

“Yes I’m still ‘going on about that’.” I mimicked her. “It was mine and Rebecca’s birthday and you FORGOT!” I yelled.

She flinched back, but held her head up high. “Just because I didn’t call on one little occasion doesn’t give you the right to go scar your body!” She yelled shaking.

“One little occasion?” I echoed. Since when was our birthdays ‘one little occasion’? “Try every freaking occasion!” I seethed. “You’re never there mum!” I told her in anger.

“That’s because I’m busy making money to support our family!” She launched back.

“What family?” I asked her standing tall. “We’re not a real family mother. We’re a bunch of people who share similar DNA. Families are there when we need each other to be.” I told her. “Families support each other, and at least know a little about one another!”

“SHUT UP!” She yelled at me.

“Why?” I asked. “Why do I need to mum? I’m only speaking the truth, right? You know that.”

I’m pretty sure the whole of Starbucks was listening now. I didn’t care though. I needed to get this off of my chest.

“Don’t you dare!” She cried out. “No, you’re still only ever concerned about yourself Hailey! Your father and I had to deal with this too!”

“You know what Mum?” I laughed bitterly. “That’s just an excuse.” I told her shaking my head. “Want to know how I know that?” I asked not wait-

ing for a reply before answering my question anyway. “I told Rebecca the same excuse every day. Every time Rebecca asked why you weren’t there, or why you weren’t calling, or why you weren’t ever smiling anymore.”

She didn’t say anything. She just kept looking at me.

“Did you know when we were twelve Rebecca asked me if you hated us, and that was why you weren’t coming home?” I told her, even though I knew she didn’t. I had never told her. I had been scared it would upset her more.

“It’s sad when a twelve year old has to ask their sister that.” I told her with disappointment.

“Don’t try to guilt me.” She choked out. “You know the position I was in.”

“Yes and instead of losing just one child when Tommy died, you managed to lose all three. Does that make you feel better?” I asked incredulously.

I could see she was actually shaking from anger now. “You know what Hailey? I’m glad I wasn’t around to see what a heartless bitch you grew up to be.” She said. It felt as if she had just jabbed a knife into my stomach and twisted it.

What was it my anger management advisor had told the group. Express our anger clearly?

I’m pretty sure Brent’s words had been: ‘Suppressing your anger is bad dipshit.’

I planned on letting my mother know exactly how mad her words had made me. Twisting the lid off of my ice tea I didn’t waste one second before throwing it over my mother’s head, at the exact same time that Rebecca and out Dad walked in together.



My mother seemed to freeze, not moving a single muscle. I watched as her white shirt turned into a coffee colour and started becoming see-through.

Slamming my now empty cup back down, I offered her a dark smile. “I used to think it was a bad thing you were never around mother. Thank you for proving to me that having you around is far worse.”

Picking up my bag that had been resting at my feet before, I stormed out of the coffee shop and didn’t bother looking back.

I was shaking with anger that’s how mad I was. I heard Rebecca calling out to me, telling me to come back. But I didn’t. Right now I knew it would be a bad decision to be around anyone whilst I was this worked up. Not unless my mother wanted a black eye to go with her soggy hair.

I found myself wandering around aimlessly, and not feeling any better than I had at the start.

Pulling out my phone I dialled the number of the one person I felt I even wanted to talk to right now. It didn’t take long for them to answer.

“Hey Clover.” Blake chirped, sounding tired. “Do you have any idea how boring school is without you here? How’s your family outing going?” Just hearing his voice was making my nerves die down. I already felt less jittery.

“Horrible.” I confessed.

“What happened?” He asked, sounding concerned.

I continued to tell him about the whole argument, right up to the moment when I had thrown ice tea over her. I could tell he was amused by the last part, and he let out a small dark chuckle.

“Clover, I know she’s your mum and everything, but if you ever need someone to beat her up for you, I’m a pretty willing participant.” He told me sincerely. A small smile tugged at the edges of my lips for a minute.

“I doubt she’ll be around long enough for it to matter Blake.” I told him shrugging even though he couldn’t see me. For the first time I wasn’t completely devastated at the idea of her leaving me and Rebecca alone again.

He didn’t seem happy with my response. “She’s a bitch.” He told me matter-of-factly.

I smiled ruefully. “She didn’t used to be.” I told him frowning. Then I realised something. “Hey aren’t you supposed to be in lessons?” I asked looking at the time. Right now it should be about half an hour into our science lesson.

He chuckled from the other end. “You call me talk for about twenty minutes, and you’re only just realising I’m meant to be in lessons?” He asked, clearly amused.

I blushed, thankful he wasn’t able to see it for once. “Shut up. I didn’t notice. I was in a pissed off mood.” I told him. “Why aren’t you in science?” I inquired, sitting on a nearby bench I was passing. I had turned around to walk back the way I had came a while ago, and was starting to feel a little tired.

“I told you already, school’s boring without you here Clover.” My heart melted a little bit at his words. “So I decided to skip.” I laughed at that.

“Sorry, I forget what a badass you are sometimes.” I joked.

“Well, try to remember.” He laughed with me. I felt a million times better having spoken to him. “Do you know what would be fun?” He said excitedly, his whole tone brightening.

“No. What?” I asked unsure I wanted to know the answer to that question knowing Blake.

“I don’t know but we should do something.” He said, making me laugh.  
“Where are you? I’ll pick you up.”

I went to answer him, but closed my mouth quickly when I looked around me. “Would it be a bad thing if I said I actually have no freaking clue where I am?” I asked not recognising my surroundings even a little.

It didn’t help that I was still somewhat of a new addition to this town either. I had no idea where I was going.

“You’re lost?” Blake asked sounding a little bemused.

I nodded my head, blushing, then I realised he couldn’t see me.  
“Maybe...” I trailed off not wanting to outright admit my stupidity.

He chuckled. “Tell me a street name and I’ll come and find you.” He told me.

I sighed in relief. “You’re a life saver Blake.” I told him, rattling off the information he asked for. “I’m on the bench outside of some Chinese restaurant that I can’t read the name of.” I told him wrinkling my brow at the foreign lettering.

He laughed. He didn’t hang up like I expected him to though. Instead I heard him put his phone on speaker phone and start the car, keeping up out conversation the whole way there. We didn’t seem to run out of topics either.

The conversation just seemed to flow naturally, making my anger from before dissolve completely, leaving me feeling calm.

By the time his familiar car drove around the corner I had a huge smile plastered to my face. Hanging up I rushed over to him and he opened his

car door from the inside. I ducked inside to see him smiling the same smile I was, resulting in my own smile growing.

“Hey.” I greeted, as if we hadn’t spent close to an hour chatting on the phone together.

“Hey Clover.” He grinned at me. I mirrored his grin clipping on my seat belt and closing the door. He already had the music playing, on some band I had never heard before.

Blake obviously had though, as he was drumming his hands on the steering wheel and mouthing the words. I was struck again by how little I knew him, as he started to drive again. He asked me where I wanted to go and I shrugged my shoulders, not entirely sure.

I bit down on my lip, all the questions that had been bothering me before when I was with him in the cafeteria were roaming around my head again, but I wasn’t exactly sure how to bring up the subject.

As it turned out I didn’t have to. Blake reached over to turn down the radio and gave me a questioning look. “Okay, out with it.” He told me. “What is it you want to ask?” He asked me raising an eyebrow in my direction.

I blinked at him in shock. “How did you know I wanted to ask you something?” I asked him, cocking my head to the side in confusion.

He just rolled his eyes. “You got that same look in your eyes that you get when you’re trying to decide whether or not you should ask a question about what’s confusing you in class, or wait to see if the teacher explains it anyway.” He shrugged his shoulders.

Butterflies danced in my stomach. I hadn’t known he has paid enough attention to me to know my expressions. “Tell me something about yourself.” I blurted out eventually.

His eyebrows rose further at my demand. "What do you want to know?" He asked sounding amused. I shrugged my shoulders.

"I don't know." I blushed. "I just- I don't really know anything about you." I told him in a mumble. I looked up at him to see he was smiling down at me.

"Okay how about you can ask me anything you want, but for every answer I give you owe me one in return." He suggested. I had to suppress a smile.

"That sounds really cheesy." I told him with a giggle.

He just rolled his eyes. "Is that a no to my completely not cheesy but totally awesome suggestion?" He asked. I laughed loudly and shook my head. "Alright then you should probably try not insulting my ideas then." He didn't sound even a little annoyed though, and there was a small smile on his face still.

"Aye sir." I told him mockingly, which earned me a light flick on the forehead. "Let's start with something easy." I told him. "When's your birthday?" I asked him.

"April 17th." He told me easily. "Okay so I know your birthday already." He said chewing on his lip. "What's your favourite colour?" He asked.

"Easy. Purple." I told him with a smile. "Yours?"

"Green. Favourite food?"

"Strawberries." I said off the bat. "I love them. What's yours?" I asked.

"Chocolate cake." He said, smirking at me. "Are you just going to keep repeating my questions?" He asked me amused.

"Is that your question?" I asked cockily.

“Is that yours?” He retorted.

I laughed. “Touché.” I nodded. “Okay your question. Go.”

“Worst fear?” He asked.

“Being buried alive.” I shuddered.

“Morbid.” I smirked.

“Thanks. Happiest memory?” I asked spicing it up a little bit.

He seemed to think over that one, tapping his fingers on the steering wheel. We were still driving and I don’t think either of us knew where to.

“Oh I have one.” He said clicking his fingers and making a left turn.

“When I was nine, my dad accidentally broke the freezer. Anyway we had nowhere to store the food, and we didn’t want it to go to waste, so my whole family stayed up all night just eating everything. Best night ever. There was like three tubs of chocolate ice cream.”

I smiled at the grin that was on his face. “Fun.” I told him.

“What about you?” He asked. Unlike him I knew mine straight away.

“It was ages ago, before we found out Tommy was ill.” I told him the memory already playing through my head. I felt something warm close over my hand that was resting on my lap. I looked down in time to see Blake’s own hand giving mine a gentle squeeze.

I sent him a grateful smile, interlacing our fingers before he had a chance to pull away, not caring that he would now have to drive with one hand. He had given it to me; he would have to deal with the consequences. But if the smile was anything to go by, he didn’t mind.

My heart sped up in my chest, and I gave him a small smile. “Rebecca still wanted to be a professional singer at the time.” I rolled my eyes

remembering how pitchy voice singing s-club as loud as it could go. “So she got Tommy to go as backup singer, I’ve never quite been able to get the image of Tommy dancing around in the living room in a hot pink tutu and purple beaded necklace singing ‘hit me baby one more time’, and telling Rebecca he was going for a solo career, out of my head.”

I shrugged my shoulders. “It’s not anything special but I remember everyone was laughing that day.” I stared intently at our entwined fingers before continuing. “It’s the last time I remember my family being really happy.” I told him in a quiet voice.

I could still hear my mother’s and my argument in my head.

“Hey Blake?” I asked after there was a moment’s silence. “Do you think I’m being selfish?” I asked him, feeling vulnerable. I hated feeling like this. Feeling like I needed someone to depend on. I hadn’t for a long time. I was always independent, I was always the one people turned to when they needed someone to depend on. I hadn’t needed anyone.

Yet I knew that was a lie. I did need someone. I just didn’t know who to turn to. But I knew if I was going to turn to anyone I wanted to be able to turn to Blake.

He frowned shaking his head. “You’re not selfish Clover.” He told me squeezing my hand again. “You’re mother had no right to say that.” His tone sounded pissed off, and for some strange reason that had me feeling better.

“But what if she’s right?” I asked him, voicing my fears. “I’m expecting her to get over her grief so that she can be there for me and Rebecca, but it’s not easy to get over something like that.” I told him, fighting back tears.

“Hailey.” Blake demanded my full attention, calling me by my proper name. I hadn’t noticed he had pulled to the side of the road, but now he



was putting a hundred percent of his focus on me. I heart jumped in my chest.

I felt even more selfish right then because that was exactly what I wanted him to do. I wanted him to give me his undivided attention, even for a small while.

He pulled on my chin making me look him directly in his eyes. The calming mix of purple and grey had my breath catching me my throat, and I had to force myself to concentrate on his words.

“You’re not selfish Hailey. Everyone needs someone to help them sometimes. You’re not wonder woman.” He told me. “You’re a scared teenager who wants her parents. There’s nothing selfish about that.”

The way he was looking at me let me know he was speaking the truth. I swallowed, and my cheeks flamed in embarrassment when a couple of relieved tears rolled slowly down my face escaping when I blinked.

*I wasn't selfish.* I told myself.

Blake didn't say anything else, but wiped my tears away.

I gave him a shaky smile. “You’re really good at that.” I told him. He gave me a confused look. “I don’t know how you do it, but you seem to know exactly what I need to hear.” I said licking my lips.

He smiled back at me. “Well it’s ninety percent skills, and ten percent guessing.” He told me making me laugh.

“In that case, good guess.” I told him feeling a lot more like myself. I knew if it had been anyone else I had cried in front of I would have felt embarrassed, but knowing it was Blake who had been there and comforted me I couldn't do anything but smile.

“Thank you.” I told him quietly. He didn’t reply and he didn’t need to. Instead he squeezed my hand and put the car back into motion.

“My mum’s going to be pissed when I go home.” I commented. But I didn’t care. I wasn’t even feeling slightly guilty for the fact I had drenched her in my ice tea.

“Yeah.” Blake agreed nodding his head. “You’re turning into quite the badass yourself Clover.” He teased. I rolled my eyes at him laughing.

“Oh yeah.” I played along, sarcasm laced heavily in my words. “I’m thinking of changing my middle name to Rebel. What do you think?” He laughed along with me, driving down the road with no set destination.

In the end we didn’t end up going anywhere. Instead we drove around all day, continuing the game we had started before. And I loved every minute of it.

And even though I had had a fight with my mother that morning. Even though I knew I was going to have hell to pay for throwing my drink at her. Even though I knew my hair was a mess from the wind I had let in by having my window open. I couldn’t stop smiling.

And Daniel Blake was completely to blame.

~\*~

okay so what did you think??? I'm pretty awesome if I do say so myself :P JK I know it's a bit dodgy bu I read over it and I think I have it to a point wher it's worth updating anyway :)



## **Step Twenty-One: You Make the Good Girl Dress Up Warm and Sexy**

okay so I was about to upload this hours ago when I realised - HEY I PROMISED TO UPDATE KEEP MOVING ON NEXT :P ... my bad... so here it is hours later (because I fell to sleep - again my bad)

OH AND SPECIAL THANKS TO

Ari3ll3Erica

FOR HER AMAZING COVER THEY MADE ME (ON THE SIDE)

## **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad**

### **Step Twenty-One: You Make the Good Girl Dress Up Warm and Sexy**

When I had arrived home last night, I somehow had managed to avoid the chaos that was my family. Today however there was no avoiding the situation I had created last night with my mother.

It started when I had crawled out of bed to make breakfast, like I did every morning for over five years, but I woke up to find it had already been made. It took me a while to realise I had slept in, it was already past eleven o'clock. But everything looked like it was still first thing in the morning downstairs.

My mum was standing over the stove, cooking sausages in the frying pan. I could hear them sizzling when I walked in. Both Rebecca and dad were sat at the kitchen table, scoffing the food down happily enough.

My heart clenched in my chest.

How many times had I woken up wishing that it was the day when I'd get to wake up to my family again? Too many to count.

And when was it that I had abandoned the wish, telling myself it was simply a childish fantasy? It had been years ago. I knew that much. Somewhere along the way I had lost faith in the dreams. Somewhere along the way I had simply given up.

I could still remember a time when I had gone to sleep every night promising myself that everything would be better when our parents got home.

And now here they both were.

And for the first time in a long time we looked like a family again.

And the sight was completely strange to me.

It was wrong how weird something that should be so normal felt.

It didn't feel right. It felt like I had walked in on a completely different family. I felt like it was a posed picture for framing and showing off to the neighbours and friends. It didn't feel real.

I stared at everyone in the room, feeling as if I did so much as blink it would all vanish, like in the dreams I used to get as a child.

When I opened my eyes again though, nothing had. Everything was still exactly the same. Yet everything was completely different. My mother was still standing there cooking and humming softly to herself, my sister was still smiling at our dad, and my dad was still nodding along to what she was saying whilst scanning the newspaper in his hands.

However, as soon as I entered the room the whole atmosphere seemed to change. My mother stiffened over the food she was cooking and any time she had been humming before disappeared. Rebecca stopped talking and

sent me worried glances. My father however remained oblivious to the new tension in the room.

“Hello sweetheart.” He greeted me with a smile, over the rim of his coffee mug. He was sat at the end of the table, looking completely relaxed as he always did. “Good rest?”

I nodded my head, the whole situation feeling completely surreal. Which I knew it shouldn't. “Good morning.” I nodded my head at everyone, taking a seat as well. I was trying my best to ignore the tension, I don't know how my dad didn't notice it I couldn't *not* notice it.

“Sausage?” Rebecca offered me after a moment's silence.

“No thank you.” I told her, despite the fact food was my original reason for coming down here the squirming in my stomach let me know if I did try eating I would only throw it up again in a minute or two.

When nobody else said anything else I stood up to make myself a cup of coffee, my hands shaking a bit as I did so. I don't know what it was but I had half been expecting my mum and dad not to be here when I woke up, and seeing them was really disorientating to see them.

I knew I wasn't going to be that lucky though.

A small bitter smile tilted the edges of my lips. Now I had started thinking of my parents leaving as a god thing? That was new at least. Flicking the kettle on I grabbed a plastic tub of ground coffee using a teaspoon to measure out the correct amount.

“Hailey I need to speak with you.” My mother said, her voice no longer the warm voice I had grown up with. Instead now it sounded cold and distant. That was probably because most of the time she was.

My back stiffened, and I clenched my jaw, before forcing it to relax so I could answer. “Well I suggest you do it now. I'm busy later.” I told her. It

wasn't a lie to sound like I was nonchalant about the whole thing, but I'm pretty sure it sounded like it, I had made plans with Blake to go on our first date today.

It was something we had decided on the way back home last night.

A small smile twitched at the edges of my lips as I remembered how flustered Blake had been whilst asking me. Despite the fact I had already told him I had wanted to go on a date with him. It was like he was waiting for me to change my answer.

"Don't tell me, it's plans with that *Daniel* boy." She said in disgust. My hands clenched in anger, bending the lightweight metal teaspoon that I had been using to stir my coffee.

"His name is Daniel Blake, not 'that Daniel boy'." I hissed at her. "And not that it should concern you anyway seeming as I can see whoever I want, especially seeming as you're not here most of the time," I shot glaring at her. "But yes, I'm seeing Blake tonight."

I didn't particularly care what she thought right this second. Or any second in the foreseeable future either.

I could swear I could see smoke coming out of my mother's ears as she turned cherry red. That's where I got it from, I realised once I saw that she just kept getting redder with seemingly no limits.

"It bloody well *is* my business Hailey." She seethed, talking though clenched teeth. "I'm your mother, in case you forgot."

I smiled bitterly at her. She thought *I* was the one who forgot? No I remembered I had a mother just fine, but half the time I think she completely forgets she has two daughters. Take our birthday for example...

I decided not to dignify her with a response. I knew it would annoy her a lot more if I simply ignored her last sentence completely. Plus if I got into

another argument with my mother there was no promising that we wouldn't have a similar ending result as our last one in Starbucks. And right now the only drink I had at hand was boiling hot straight from the kettle.

Really it was for her good.

She didn't seem to realise this as she continued to hound me, as I tried to walk past her and out of the kitchen. "DON'T YOU DARE WALK AWAY FROM ME!" She screamed angrily.

I turned to give her a blank look. "What? So you can insult my boyfriend some more?" I asked. My eyes widened as I realised what I said. Blake hadn't technically asked me to be his girlfriend yet. And what if I did something horrible at our date that would make him never ask me? Like accidentally amputate his foot?

Then he'd have never had asked me.

However my eyes didn't widen as much as my mother's, and Rebecca's had. Even my dad's eyebrows raised into his fringe, in what I could only assume was his, wow-I-seriously-didn't-see that-one-coming face, because it was the most surprise I had seen him with in a long time.

The exact same word came out of all their mouths at the exact same moment, making me think that they must have practiced this at some point.

"Boyfriend?" My mother screeched at a volume that I'm pretty sure was one decibel away from being heard only by dogs across the globe everywhere.

"Boyfriend?" Rebecca wheezed out sounding choked because she had been swallowing a piece of sausage when I had spoken. I looked at her, but besides from a red face she seemed all right.



“Boyfriend?” My dad said in an almost monotone. He had now completely abandoned the newspaper he was reading as it flopped in his now loosened fingers.

I looked at them all, unwilling to deny the statement, partially because I would look like an idiot claiming to be better than I was, and partially because I really liked the sound of it. I blushed at the thought. I sounded like on of those fourteen year old school girls going crazy about their crush, drawing love hearts around their names, and trying out their first name with their crush’s last one.

Hmmm...

Hailey Blake...

That didn’t sound half bad-

I wanted to slap myself. I shook my head a little trying to erase the thoughts from ever being there...even if I had liked the name a surprising amount...

NO.

I forced my mind away from the subject to notice my mother was now yelling – rather loudly – in the middle of a really long speed rant. My eyes widened a little bit. How did I not notice that? It was like sleeping through a particularly annoying alarm and wondering how you managed to keep yourself unconscious through out it.

Maybe this was what my father felt like all the time...

Realising I was once again lost in thought I tried to focus on the words my mother was saying, at once I had I found it hard *not* to focus on it. Anger built tightly inside my chest, and I clenched my teeth together.

“How you could even think for a moment that I will allow you and that Blake boy to go running off out with each other on a date?” She said like I had asked her if she blew up churches full of nuns and children in her spare time abroad.

My teeth grounded tightly together. “You don’t have to allow me, I’m allowing myself.” I told her with an unfamiliar sneer on my face. “Blake’s a really great guy, and you would know that if you tried to talk to him instead of pulling your deductions out of nothing.”

“Out of nothing?” She asked shrilly. “He got you drunk, scarred your body with tattoos, and managed to get you excluded all in the space of twenty-four hours and you’re telling me that I pulling deductions out of nothing?”

“Yeah at least he’s always there when I need him to be! At least he actually cares about what’s going on in my life! I bet you can’t even tell me what classes I’m taking this year!” I yelled back at her.

“That’s not my fault Hailey, stop blaming me for everything bad in your life.” She threw her hands up in exasperation. “I want what is best for the two children I have left, if that means working a lot then that’s what I’ll do. If that means I have to be the bad guy in your imagination, I’ll be the bad guy! But you are not going out with that Daniel boy.”

“You’re always acting like you know best mum, but you don’t. You don’t know anything about me anymore.” My anger flared higher. “You probably haven’t noticed because you’re never here to but Blake makes me happy mum. That should be enough for you. And even if it’s not I don’t care because it’s enough for me.”

She still saw me as that same ten-year-old girl, who didn’t fight back. I didn’t want to be that girl anymore. That girl had been left behind years ago. I was tired of being left behind. I was tired of waiting.

I refused to stay the same for them. If she wanted to see that same girl she should have been here in the last five years.

“I’m not going to let you throw your life away over some boy Hailey. Everything was fine before he came along.” She looked at me with eyes that could kill.

“And where did you pull that assumption from mother?” I asked. “The report cards full of A’s? That’s not proof that everything is fine mum, that’s proof that I’m capable of good grades. I never even smiled mum. I was so busy trying to be this idea that you had of perfect so you would come home again. So that you didn’t feel guilty for leaving like you should! But five years is too much mum. You’re asking for too much.”

“Too much? Too much is having to watch your son die! I needed time to deal with that Hailey.” She yelled at me.

“He was my brother!” I screamed as loud as my voice would let me. “I needed time too. But I didn’t get that privilege mum. I was ten and I was robbed of my chance to mourn because you left me with no option but to sit down, shut up, and take care of Rebecca. I had to put yours, dads, and Rebecca’s needs before my own, and I’m tired of it. I shouldn’t have had to do that. It wasn’t my job.”

“Stop doing that. Stop making it all about you.” She said with disgust.

“Do you want to know something mum? I *am* going to make it about me. Do you know why?” I asked. “Because,” I got ready to explain without waiting for a response, “for five years nothing has ever been about me and I’ve been silently miserable throughout it all. Now I’ve finally found someone who makes the five years worth it all. He cares about me. He listens to me. He makes me smile when I feel like I’m going to cry. And I don’t give a damn about how selfish that sounds to you mother because for the first time in a really long time I am happy again.”

My mother grew more and more red as I spoke. Any moment I was expecting her to explode.

I didn't want to wait around for it though. I could feel Rebecca and dad watching me, with shock. I didn't want to know what thought of this. It was strange to me too. I went from never talking back to my mother, to having three screaming matches with her.

Before I could leave my mother gripped my arm, glaring at me.

"Don't walk away from me, Hailey." She said in a dark voice.

"Why not mum? What more is there left to say? We're just going around in circles. I've got nothing left to say to you." I told her tightly.

She gritted her teeth together, and tightened her hand making me flinch at the pressure. "So how about you shut up and listen." She hissed at me. "I'm not going to let you go out with that boy, and I'm certainly not going to let you get away with tipping drinks over me. You are grounded until further notice."

I shook my head in disbelief. The hell I was. I wasn't about to let her rip the one good thing out from under me. Not when I had finally learnt to stand for myself. I'm not going to just lie down and take everything from her anymore; I wasn't going to let her make me.

"Go to hell." I spat at her, my jaw clenched in rage. She couldn't boss me around. She lost her right.

"Don't speak to me like that. I'm your mother." She told me.

"You are?" I asked. "Great, so what are you going to do about it? Hit me again?" I suggested, raising an eyebrow at her.

I heard Rebecca's shock filled gasp from my right. I didn't have to look over to her to know she was staring open mouthed at the both of us. My

eyes flickered over to her anyway, and I was right. Her jaw was slack and her eyes were darting continuously between the two of us.

I hadn't told her about the slap before. Pressing my lips together, I roughly pulled on my arm. I stumbled a bit when I managed to escape her grip, but rightened myself quickly. I offered my mother a quick glare and left the room.

I stormed out of the room, my ears ringing from all the rage that was bouncing in my head. I pressed my lips together in to a thin line. I looked down at my arm at where she had grabbed hold of me. I had turned red in the shape of her long thin fingers.

I was pissed off beyond belief. I could actually feel myself shaking with anger. I stormed my way to my room, trying to shake the anger from me. I hated this. I hated that every time I seemed to talk to my mum we ended up in an argument.

I slammed the door to my room shut. I know I sounded like a stroppy teenager, but damn it I wanted to be able to act unreasonable every so often. It wasn't like I was asking for the world. I just wanted a little piece of normalcy.

My door creaked open, making my head snap upwards. Rebecca was stood in my doorway, looking as if she was on the verge of bursting into tears. "Mum hit you?" She asked in a small voice.

My heart sunk in my chest. This was why I hadn't told her about it. I hadn't wanted to shatter her dream of having a happy family. Because that's what it was doing to her.

"Rebecca," I started in a soft voice. "I-" She shook her head, cutting me off.

“No you don’t have to be.” She told me firmly. “Why didn’t you tell me?” She asked.

I sighed. “I was hoping that it would never need to come up.” I said with a shrug, not looking at her. I didn’t want to see the crushed look on her face. I was the one who had always told her when mum and dad came home everything would be fine. I didn’t want to see the look in her eyes when she saw that those promises had all been wrong.

“Hoped it would never come up?” She echoed. “That is ridiculous.” She told me sounding astonished. “Our own mother hit you Hailey.”

I shrugged my shoulders once more, knowing if I spoke right now I was very liable to start crying. I didn’t even notice Rebecca crossing the room, so when her arms closed around me, pulling me into a hug my whole body froze in shock.

“I’m sorry Hailey.” She said quietly into my ear.

I blinked shaking my head. “You’re not the one who hit me.” I said slightly dazed.

“Yeah but I’ve been a complete psycho bitch.” She told me pulling back a little but holding onto my shoulders, whilst looking me in the eye. “Even yesterday, I kept winding you up about the whole anger management thing.”

I chuckled softly. “Well I can’t argue with you there. You are kind of a bitch.” I gave her a half smile, and she rolled her eyes at me. She let go of my shoulders and picked up a pillow from my bed before using it to smack me over the head with lightly.

“Anyway,” she said her eyes narrowing. “What is this I hear about Daniel being your boyfriend?” She asked, leaning closer to me.

I let out a small groan. “Just ignore I said that.” I told her blushing. “It’s not even really true, he hasn’t asked me to be his girlfriend technically.” I said ducking my head in shame.

“Technically? What do you mean?” She asked sounding confused. “He either asked you or he didn’t.”

I licked my lips. “Okay then he didn’t.” I paused a minute. “But he did ask me to go out with him on a date tonight.”

Rebecca took in a sharp breath in a gasp of shock. Then squealed in the way that the inner girly girl of me wanted to. “He did?” She screeched. “Oh my god, tell me you said yes.” She shook me.

A huge dopey smile covered my face, and I nodded my head.

“Oh wait.” She said in a sad voice that had my stomach dropping.

I looked up at her furrowing my eyebrows together in confusion. “What?” I asked, at her worried expression.

“Mum grounded you.” She said sounding dejected.

I rolled my top lip up in disgust, and clenched my teeth together angrily. “Screw that.” I said shaking my head. “There is no way I’m letting her keep me away from Blake. She doesn’t have the right to start acting like a mother now after she abandoned us for so long.”

Rebecca looked at me shocked. “You’re going to sneak out?” She asked a small smile spreading over her lips. I shrugged my shoulders.

“If that’s what it takes.” I told her confidently, even though I had never done anything like this in my life.

She squealed and clapped her hands together, letting off so much enthusiasm I felt my own stomach clench in excitement. Rebecca was born to



be a cheerleader. I realised with a small smile. Then she asked a question that had my nerves acting up.

“So what are you going to be wearing?” She asked.

I paled a little. “I have no idea.” I admitted.

She frowned in disapproval. “Well where are you going?” She asked with a roll of her eyes.

I gave her a sheepish smile and a tiny shrug of my shoulders. “I have no idea.” I admitted once more. She gave me an exasperated look. “He never told me.” I tried to appease, not bothering to mention I had never bothered to even ask.

She narrowed her eyes at me, as she tried to decide on whether or not she was going to except my answer. I bit into my lip looking at the ground. The way she was looking at me had me thinking that it should have been the first thing I asked, before even accepting.

I wasn't like Rebecca I didn't know this stuff. I wasn't used to dating. Sure I had been out with a few guys, but none of them had been anything like Blake. This was like a whole new experience for me.

“Stop looking at me like that.” I ordered her embarrassedly. “I'm not as used to this whole dating thing as you are. You're the pretty one who's constantly getting asked out.” I said blushing and looking away at the wall behind her, with my arms crossed and my chin held high.

She gave out an annoyed sigh. “You don't even get it do you?” I looked over to her confused to what she was talking about. “I spend hours trying to get my hair just right, picking out the perfect outfit, and making sure all my make up is perfect, and you're just completely gorgeous without even trying.”

“What are you talking about?” I asked, wondering if my sister had received a recent blow to the head. It could explain the hug she had given me before.

She rolled her eyes. “It’s really annoying actually.” She told me sitting on my bed, leaning back, and using her arms to support her into a sitting position. “How could you have not noticed?”

I wrinkled my nose. She was insane. Did she not know how many boys had walked up to me made loads of small talk, acting all interested before then proceeding to ask for Rebecca’s number? I voice these thoughts to her and she rolled her eyes at me again.

“Okay, I’m not going to repeat myself, because it’s awkward for me, but trust me when I tell you that those boys were definitely interested in you.” She said. I was about to protest but she held up her hand. “I had to stop going out with the boys who’s numbers came from you because any time I went on a date with them they were all like ‘so is your sister dating anyone’ and ‘so your Hailey’s sister right’. It’s ridiculous, they walk up to you to try and make a move on you and then chicken out last minute asking for my number.”

My jaw dropped open. “That’s a lie.” I said in disbelief. “Why would they chicken out?” I asked.

“Because you’re freaking perfect Hailey.” She told me with another eye roll. “You’re smart, and gorgeous, and you act completely disinterested all the time to all the boys. You just scream out ‘unapproachable’.”

“I do?” I asked wrinkling my nose.

“Trust me. Do you know how many guys ask me to put in a good word about them to you? It’s annoying enough that I started pretending we weren’t sisters in school. Hell I even had to spread rumours about you being a lesbian just to get them to stop asking.”

I gasped loudly. “You told people I was a lesbian?” I screeched in shock.

She just gave me a look that just said ‘duh’, and shrugged her shoulders. “You didn’t seem to mind, you never really looked at boys, for all I knew it could have been true.”

I sighed loudly, picking up the pillow she had used on me and smacked her with it. “You’re unbelievable.” I told her with annoyance. “I can’t believe you did that to me. I may not have been looking into getting a boyfriend, but it would have been nice to have been noticed.”

She shook her head at me. “If you honestly didn’t notice the way boys drool at your feet, you don’t deserve all that attention you get.” She told me smirking.

I laughed loudly. I wasn’t really annoyed with her. It wasn’t like I was really interested in dating anyone who’s name wasn’t Daniel Chase Blake, still as I said it didn’t hurt to be noticed every once in a while.

Rebecca smiled at me and cocked her head to the side. “Now back to the matter at hand,” she started, “what the hell are you going to wear tonight?”

I chewed on my lip, looking over to my wardrobe that was suddenly looking rather empty and bleak. I didn’t even know if I owned any clothes that could be considered dateable in. I wasn’t even sure of what kind of clothes to wear. Warm? Sexy? Party? Casual? Smart?

My eyes flickered to my phone on my bedside cabinet. Picking it up I opened a conversation with Blake.

**[What type of clothing should I wear tonight?]**

I text him, trying not to let on just how excited and nervous I was feeling about it. It didn’t take him long to respond.

**[Dress warm Clover, and I won't object to sexy either ;)]**

I rolled my eyes, but a smile filled my face.

“Are you texting him?” Rebecca asked, with an accusing tone.

“How else am I supposed to find out what to wear?” I asked her, raising an eyebrow. She narrowed her eyes, nodding her head reluctantly, and snatching my phone out of my hand, scanning his reply.

A smile twitched at the edges of her lips when she read it. “You guys are complete opposites, you realise that right?” She asked me sounding amused. I nodded my head.

“Yeah I never expected I would be going on a date with someone like Blake.” I told her with a small smile. “But I really like him.” I admitted with a tiny blush.

She let out a small ‘aww’, making my blush deepen. “You two make a good couple.” She nodded her head in approval. I smiled. At least one person in my family thought so. I actually felt better having her approval. I’m not sure what it was but it made me smile.

That was until she started ransacking my wardrobe to find an ‘appropriate’ outfit for that tonight. I could tell by her horrified expression that she couldn’t find anything that was worthy of her approval, which I oddly wanted desperately.

Surely if the head cheerleader of the school thought it was good enough then so would Blake. I wanted more than anything to even look worthy of his attention. He was so far out of my league it wasn’t even funny.

I would have to be blind not to notice. I was the good girl who barely dated, and he was the bad boy who changed from girl to girl as regularly as you would go for a shower. I don’t know what I had done to gain his attention, but I certainly didn’t want to lose it.

Turning back to me Rebecca had a disgusted look on her face. “Do you own no cute clothing?” She asked astonished.

I bit my lip blushing and feeling ashamed of myself. “You are so lucky you have such a dedicated sister like me.” She groaned out.

I gave her a questioning look. “Dedicated sister?” I asked jokingly. “I didn’t know my had another daughter.”

She pulled a face. “Ha ha, very funny.” She said sarcastically. “You’re hilarious Hailey.” She said in a deadpan tone that suggested I was anything but.

Grinning cheekily at her, she just dropped the subject completely. “As I was saying you are damned lucky you have a sister who actually has some kind of fashion sense, who also happens to be the same size as you.”

I laughed feeling a little relieved. “That sounds more like the sister I know.” I told her, “and love.” I added quickly on to the end after she sent me a death glare. Rolling her eyes for what must have been the fiftieth time, she grabbed my arm and pulled me in to her room that was opposite mine.

I was forced to sit on her bed, whilst she ransacked her cupboard for something ‘warm and sexy’. I smiled. “Thank you.” I told her sincerely as she exited her wardrobe holding a whole selection of clothing for me to try on.

She smiled at me. “It’s fine.” She told me, with a small glint in her eyes that scared me a little bit. “I always loved playing dress up with you when we were younger.” She said holding up her straighteners in a way that reminded me of the shows with mad scientist about to start their invention.

I gulped, images of Rebecca forcing me into various dresses when we were younger.

What had I just gotten myself into?

Daniel Blake's P.O.V

"Dude you have to get over here tonight. This party is going to be epic." Chad whined like a girl down my ear, making me a little annoyed.

"I've told you," I said for the millionth time. "I have plans tonight." I considered hanging up on him, but I was pretty sure he would just call back, and I would have to make up some stupid excuse about the phone cutting me off.

"What could possibly so important that you would miss the party of the year?" He asked.

I rolled my eyes, even though he couldn't see me. He always said every party was 'the party of the year'. "I've got a date." I told him honestly.

He laughed loudly over the other end of the phone. "So ditch them." He said. Seriously it's a pool party and I heard Rebecca Winters and Courtney Reese are going to be there. Imagine it dude, both of them in bikinis...Dude what if they start a water fight?" He asked, from the far away sound he got I knew he was imagining just that.

I scowled at my wall at his suggestion. I didn't know any better. Had this been any other girl a month ago I would have followed his advice, which just reminded me of what an asshole I was. How I even managed to get Hailey Winters to agree to go on a date with me was beyond me.

But I wasn't about to question it. I was half expecting her to text me last minute telling me she had changed her mind. And I wouldn't even be able to be angry about it. She deserved a thousand times better than me,

but she seemed not to have realised that yet, and I intended to take full advantage of that fact.

“Not happening, you’ll have to find someone else to ride with to the party.” I told him calmly. There wasn’t a chance of me standing Clover up. I wasn’t a complete idiot.

He let out an annoyed sound. “Who the fuck is this girl that has Daniel Blake whipped? She better be really, really, hot.” He told me.

A smile spread across my face, and I’m pretty sure I looked like an idiot, but I honestly didn’t care. I didn’t even care that he had called me whipped. “Hailey Winters.” I said with a grin.

“Wait a minute.” He said in a shocked voice. “*The* Hailey Winters?” He asked incredulously. “Dude she’s *hot*.” My smile widened. I knew that already.

“Yep.” I said nodding even if he couldn’t see me.

He let out a groan from the other end. “That’s not fair, I was told she was a lesbian!” He complained. “If I had known she was available for the taking I would have made my move ages ago.”

I laughed. “Sucks to be you.” I said. He didn’t have any idea what kind of opportunity he had missed out on. But I was glad he had. Apparently Chad had some appeal to him that either he only showed to women or only women could see it.

“Please tell me that when you’re done with her, I can have a go.” He begged making my grin turn instantly into a scowl.

“Hell no. Piss off Chad.” I told him coldly.

“Hey, don’t go all PMS on me Dan.” He said defensively. “It was just a question.”



“Hailey is not up for grabs.” I told him sternly not caring how possessive I sounded. “She’s my girlfriend.” I warned him off.

All of the joking vanished from his voice. “Seriously? As in a serious, serious girlfriend?” He asked shocked.

I didn’t deny it, even though technically it wasn’t true, because I was damned determined to make Hailey Winters my girlfriend. “Yes.” I told him instead. “So back off.”

“Whoa.” Chad said in a distant voice. “She’s not like the girls you normally date.” He said eventually, even though I already knew this.

“I know.” I said in agreement.

“So you’re really serious about this girl huh?” He asked.

“I am.” I confirmed.

“So there’s no chance of me convincing you to ditch her for this party tonight?” He queried.

“None whatsoever.” I told him firmly. There was a short pause.

“Well when do I get to meet her?” He asked. I could hear the smile in his voice as it took on a teasing tone. “I know you’ve been hiding her from me Dan. You scared I’ll woo her away into dumping your scrawny ass?” He questioned.

I scowled. “I could beat you up with my hands tied behind my back.” I told him, sounding confident though I wasn’t sure if the words were true. Chad looked like one of those guys who had been pumped full of steroids.

He laughed from the other end. “Sure you could.” He said sarcastically, and I didn’t bother arguing with him, when I heard my name being called

from downstairs I told him goodbye, and hung up without waiting for a reply.

I returned the phone to the hook before walking into the kitchen, where my name had been hollered from. My sister was sat at the table, painting her nails. I was almost surprised to see her here without her fiancé; they were usually attached at the hip.

She pulled a face at me as soon as I entered the room. Real mature Abby, I thought sarcastically. Still I pulled a face back at her.

“Mum’s being lazy and ordering pizza tonight.” She said, focusing on the almost blinding shade of pink that she was painting her nails in.

I shrugged my shoulders. “I’m going out tonight anyway.” I informed her, pulling open the fridge to get a glass of orange juice. “Where’s Rick you almost never leave his side?” I asked her. “I thought you two had surgery so that you were attached.”

She glared at me. “Ha ha.” She laughed sarcastically. “Rick is having dinner at his parents tonight, and you know how they hate me.”

I smiled in amusement. “You have to stop avoiding them sometime.” I told her. “You did agree to marry their son.”

Her frowned deepened and my phone went off in my pocket, letting me know I had a text message. I smiled when I saw Clover’s name flash on the screen. Reading the message my grin grew further, as I punched in a reply.

She wanted to know what to wear, which means she wasn’t planning on cancelling on me tonight.

I tried to stop smiling, but I’m not sure if I could. “Hey Abby you’re a girl.” I said sitting down on the seat opposite her.

“Good observation Sherlock.” She told me, once again using sarcasm. I rolled my eyes, ignoring her comment.

“When a girl is worrying about what to wear, that means she likes you right?” I looked at her, as she gave me a look that suggested I had grown another head. Does that mean no? Nerves were scrambling my thoughts as I tried to work out the complexity of a girls mind.

Why couldn't they be easy to read like men were?

I began to worry the longer that Abby took to answer. “Um...yeah.” She said eventually sounding a little unsure.

I frowned. “Are you sure?” I asked. “Maybe it just means that they want to know in case it's going to be cold.” I said my eyebrows furrowing together.

Abby continued to stare at me. “Who are you and what have you done with my brother?” She asked, scooting further away from me.

I groaned loudly. “You're not being very helpful Abby.” I told her with a scowl.

She shot me an amused look. “Okay who's the girl that managed to get my brother all up in knots?” She asked, screwing the lid back onto to her nail polish to give me her full attention. She actually looked really interested for my reply.

I groaned again. “No one.” I said, feeling the blush rising to my cheeks, giving away my already obvious lie. My sister knew me better than that.

Her grinned widened. “Oh it's juicy.” She squealed like a teenaged girl. “What's her name?”

I frowned. “Hailey Winters. I'm taking her out tonight, and she just text me asking what type of clothes she should be wearing...that means she's

definitely interested in me, right?” I asked.

Instead of answering my question she got this far away look. “Hailey... Hailey...where does that sound familiar?” She asked the thin air around her. She suddenly snapped her fingers sitting up straight. “Wasn’t she that cute girl that dropped by a week or two ago, looking for you? I think I met her briefly.” She said smiling.

I nodded my head, knowing she was talking about the time she had dropped by our house on her birthday.

“Wow, she was really cute, had this adorable blush...you sure she’s not out of your league there Daniel?” She asked teasingly.

I frowned. “Not helping Abby.” I said with a scowl. I *knew* she was out of my league already. What I didn’t know was if she was blind enough to that fact that she was actually excited about our date.

Her whole faced softened, and she lost the playful look she had on before. “Wow you really like this girl.” She said with a smile.

I nodded my head, not even able to deny it.

Her smile widened at my confession. “When are you picking her up?” She asked.

“We agreed seven.” I said grumpily. This whole liking someone wasn’t as fun as the movies made it out to be. It was horrible having to try read their minds, in fact it was exhausting me to always second guess my action, and words with every text and phone call.

I thought of the text I had sent her minutes ago. What if I came off as a complete jackass? Sure I meant it as a joke, but it was hard to tell over text message sometimes...

Ugh I felt like a girl!

I looked pleadingly up at my sister, begging her silently to put me out of my misery. She seemed to get the message as her next comment was much more helpful than the previous ones.

“It’s still early.” She said with a smile. “If she’s already texting you to ask what to wear it means she’s already thinking about your date, which means she probably hasn’t stopped thinking about it since you asked her, which means she’s more than a little excited for your date. If you like this girl you have nothing to worry about, if you don’t you should break it off now.” She said making my shoulders sag with relief.

“Thank you.” I said with a smile. Girls are really confusing, but what she said did sort of make sense. A slow smile spread across my face until I was fairly sure I looked like a moron, grinning at nothing.

“Wow you really like this girl *a lot*.” She repeated herself. I didn’t care. “I wish I had spoken to her for longer, I just thought she had been one of your usual girls.” She said with a hint of disgust. I flinched a little.

“You won’t mention that to her if you meet her again right?” I asked desperately. “I know she knows I get around a lot, but I’m not sure if she knows how much a lot is.” I blushed a little. Otherwise I have no idea why she ever agreed to go out with me, I added silently in my head.

My sister was grinning at me like a Cheshire cat. “You know I never thought I’d see the day when my brother was so head over heels over a girl.” She told me edging closer. “You’re so adorable. I can see why she agreed to go out with you if this is what you’re like around her.”

I scowled at her, feeling heat rise to my cheeks again. Maybe Clover’s blush was infectious because I’m pretty damn sure I never blushed this much before I met her.

Just then my mum entered the room and Abby turned to her with a wide grin. “Have you met this Hailey Winters person?” She asked before I had

the chance to stop her, making my eyes widen.

She looked at the two of us confused. “Yes.” She said slowly. “She’s a really sweet girl, though I’ve only met her three times, you met her too once when she came to talk to Daniel. Actually I’ve got a really good recording out of that.”

My whole face paled as I realised she was talking about the disc the principle had sent her after our suspension. I knew that there was no stopping Abby from watching it now.

She had this glint in her eyes that let me know she was going to take advantage to of sister privilege to mock me openly, without getting beaten up.

“Well Daniel and Hailey have a date tonight.” My sister blurted out. My mum smiled excitedly, turning on me.

“You asked her out?” She said nosily, putting down the basket of washing she had come in with and taking a seat with us. She had this I-told-you-so look that had me wishing the ground would swallow me whole right now.

“It’s so adorable, you should have seen him getting all flustered over some text she sent him.” Abby said her eyes gleaming. My mother’s grin was widening, as they carried on gossiping like a pair of teenaged girls.

It didn’t help that my dad walked in just then carrying Shane. He was looking for some of the mushy crap that they always fed the poor guy. “What are you two talking about?” He asked at the same time that Sophie came in to ask when lunch was going to be ready, Darren hot on her trail.

Great the whole family was here. And they were talking about Clover. The girl I really, really liked. What could go wrong?

“Hailey.” My mother answered him, giving him that loved up look she always did when he entered the room. I scowled.

“You’re Hooker girl?” Darren asked me arrogantly. My mother gasped and he let out a small ‘ouch’ when dad hit him over the head for his bad language. I narrowed my eyes at him. He really needed to stop calling her that. “She’s a riot.” He continued, taking up the next seat.

“You’ve met her properly too?” Abby asked her eyebrows rising in question.

“Her name’s Hailey.” Sophie said confused, still stuck on Darren’s ‘Hooker’ comment. “And she’s my friend.” She tagged onto the end. “When is she next coming over?” She asked excitedly.

My eyes widened. What was this? Twenty questions?

I mumbled a quick ‘I don’t know’, and shrugged my shoulders.

“You should invite her over soon.” Mum said sounding excited.

“Who is Hailey?” Dad asked, his eyebrows pulling together in confusion.

“She’s the pretty blonde girl friend of Daniel, the one with the adorable blush.” My mother said with a huge smile. I glanced at the door, already planning on an escape. My best option right now was wait for the ground to open up and swallow my whole, because by the look in my sister’s eyes nothing short of a miracle would get me away from this.

“The girl from the recording?” He asked, making me want to bash his head against the table.

“Okay *have* to see this recording you guys are talking about.” Abby said.

“Sure I have it upstairs.” My mother said with a nod, and evil smile.



*Dear ground – you remember that whole open up and swallow me whole thing I was on about before? Yeah. Any second now would be good...*

I waited but it didn't happen. Good to know that there's a god and he's listening to me...

~\*~

The hours dragged by incredibly slow. I watched the clock work it's torture whilst my stomach kept flipping over in a mix of excitement and nervousness.

This all felt new to me. I was Daniel Blake I didn't get nervous about dates. I didn't get hug up over one girl. I never worried about all the things that could go wrong on a date before, because I always knew that in the end it didn't really matter what the girl thought about me.

But this was different. This was Clover.

This was the girl who could get me flustered over a simple text.

This was the girl who had a smile that could make my heart race in my chest.

This was the girl who could keep surprising me, no matter how well I think I know her.

This was Hailey Winters. The sometimes crazy, often sarcastic, always beautiful Clover that had me going out of my mind wondering if she was going to realise she could do a lot better than the sometimes moody, often asshole, always idiotic prick like me.

I drove to her house, feeling myself getting more and more tense as I got closer.

By the time I had arrived I almost wished I had some alcohol on me to calm myself down. I was going to end up looking like a real dipshit if I kept acting like I was now.

I glanced in my rear view mirror feeling a little self-conscious. I had never before in my life felt self-conscious before a date. If there was anything I had always been confident in it was the fact that I could always get whatever girl I set my eyes on.

But Clover was different. I felt like I could lose her at any second, and that scared the hell out of me for reasons even I couldn't explain. Seeing that was nothing wrong with my reflection I sent Clover a text to say I was coming to the door, only to receive one seconds later telling me not to knock.

Hesitating I leant against my car, my hands stuffed in my pockets to try protect myself from the cold night air. It wasn't long until I saw one of the upstairs windows open, and saw Hailey carefully climbing out of it.

My jaw dropped open as she inched carefully towards the tree outside what I assumed to be her room, trying to find a sturdy area before leaning on it with her weight. I watched wide-eyed as she glanced around herself, leaving the window she had crawled through a crack open.

She dangled herself down before letting go and landing with an audible thud. She froze, looking as if she expected a squad car to pull up and several policemen to tackle her to the floor. She looked around sneakily, before relaxing.

At some point she noticed me standing there staring at her in shock. She grinned over at me, before running the distance letting me see her up close. I froze completely.

She looked even more amazing then usual. Her hair was falling down in soft waves around her face, and she was wearing a pink jacket that

brought out the pink in her cheek that was darker than usual due to the cold. Under her pink jacket you could see the soft purple of her t-shirt that laced and framed her body appealingly.

She was wearing a pair of light blue jeans that clung to her legs, showing off how long they, were underneath, and she wore a pair of purple converse that matched the colour of her top. She was wearing a light layer of make-up that I had rarely seen on her.

Her clover coloured eyes popped with the small amount of eyeliner used, and the mascara she had worn made her eyelashes thicker than usual. Even the lips shone with a thin coat of lip-gloss.

But none of that was what was making me freeze up around her; it was seeing her full-blown smile up close that was making my heart hammer in my chest. I could only stare at her with wide eyes.

She bit softly into her lip. “Hi Blake.” She said in a voice that made my heart pick up an even faster speed. This girl was going to give me a heart attack one day. What was scarier than that though was that I didn’t mind. It was worth it to see her look at me like that.

“Hi Clover.” I said, my voice coming out a little hoarse. I cleared my throat offering her a small smile. “Ready to go ninja girl?” I asked sounding a lot more like myself. I looked at the room she had snuck out of moments before, and back at her in question.

I reached out a hand to tick a stray piece of hair behind her ear that had been falling into her face (probably from her recent act of jailbreak) whilst waiting for an answer to my unasked question.

A blush took over her cheeks. “Sorry about that. My mum was being awkward.” She said sounding upset.

I frowned. I could feel my jaw clenching in anger, and my hands tightening into fists. “She really pisses me off.” I told her in all honesty.

She sighed reaching over to take my hand in hers. “Me too.” She admitted.

Our conversation seemed to completely slip from my mind as I stared down at our hands. Did she know what effect that was having on me? Warmth was spreading through my entire body from where her hand touched mine. I sucked in a huge breath, letting my fingers wind around hers, before tightening a little bit.

I pulled her closer when she started getting ready to go into the car, and she stumbled into my chest. I wound my arms around her pulling her so that she was facing me. There was barely an inch between us, and I could feel myself losing focus about what I had wanted to say.

It came back to me, and I shook my head. “You look amazing tonight Clover.” I told her in all honesty. A blush took over her face and a small smile appeared at the corners of her mouth. She opened her mouth to respond but nothing came out.

I couldn’t stop smiling. At least it wasn’t just me who found it difficult to talk when we were this close together. I dropped a small kiss on her cheek before letting her and reluctantly releasing her hand so she could climb in to the passenger seat.

I walked around to the driver’s side smiling widely. Now that Clover was here, sitting next to me, smiling at me, all my nerves from before had vanished away. Right now, with Clover at my side, looking at me like she was it felt like nothing could possibly go wrong.

And I honestly loved that feeling.

okay so not a lot of Hailey and Daniel in their chapter TOGETHER but a lot of Daniel and Hailey on their own..that makes up for it right?

lol I have no freaking clue when the next upload is but it's my brother's birthday today...and it's already quarter past nine so it won't be today :)



## **Step Twenty-Two: You Take The Good Girl On A Date**

*Hello all I know I promised to upload last night - but I fell asleep at my laptop! so instead it's up ridiculously early Monday morning!!! yayyy*

any way enjoy :)

### **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:**

#### **:Step Twenty-Two: You Take The Good Girl On A Date:**

“So what was with the escape act, Houdini?” Blake asked me as we drove away from my house. I could feel myself relaxing the further away from my house we got and the longer that I spent around Blake.

I grimaced. “I’m grounded.” I mumbled under my breath. I knew it was illegible from how Blake’s eyebrows wrinkled together in confusion.

“What?” He asked sparing me a quick glance, before focusing his eyes on the road again.

I groaned out loud. "I'm grounded." I said louder this time. A surprised look passed across his face.

"Grounded?" He said in disbelief.

I nodded my head, crossing my arms and staring out of the window. "Apparently my mum isn't a fan of having ice tea thrown over her." I said sarcastically. *Or you.* I added silently in my head. I wasn't about to say it aloud. I knew he already disliked my mother enough.

I could see him stiffening next to me. "She grounded you for that?" He asked angrily.

I nodded my head. At least that had been her excuse. She had only grounded me after I had told her I had a date tonight. I had a feeling that she only said it to stop me going out with Blake. Not that I was about to share that information.

Blake's jaw clenched slightly.

"She's a bitch." He said angrily.

I nodded my head again. "Let's forget about it." I told him forcing a smile onto my lips. "I just want to have fun tonight." I reached over to squeeze his knee, and I could see him relaxing a little under my touch.

He sent me a small smile, and I felt my own smile become more real at the sight of his.

I could feel my chest tightening, being around him felt hazardous to my health. My heart was doing all kinds of crazy things in my chest whenever he was near me.

"So are you finally going to tell me where you're taking me?" I asked, trying to calm the funny feeling I was getting.

He grinned, shaking his head. Even the small movement had my heart beating faster. A small piece of hair fell over his eyes. Did he always have to look so amazing with everything he did? I swallowed.

“Nice try.” He said with a smirk, looking exactly like the Blake I first met that day in the parking lot. “I’m not telling you anything.” He mimed sealing his lips, and I rolled my eyes at his childish behaviour.

Still I couldn’t get rid of the small smile that had forced its way onto my lips. Being around Blake had that effect on me as well.

It wasn’t long until I figured out where Blake was taking me. Mostly because it was a short journey and partly because of the shining lights beaming off of tall rides were a dead give away. “A funfair?” I turned to Blake dubiously, as he parked the car.

It had been a long time since I had ben to one. I couldn’t remember being to one after finding out about Tommy’s illness. My stomach jolted a little thinking about my little brother. More had changed than I had realised. I hadn’t so much as thought of funfairs in over five years.

Something must have been showing on my face because a worried expression took over Blake’s. “You don’t like it here?” He asked. “We can go somewhere else. There’s a movie theatre close by. You like movies right?” His words were rushed, and he stumbled over a couple of them.

My eyes widened and I could only stare in wonder at him. I had never seen Blake so...flustered before. I felt my crush on him grow impossibly deeper. Slowly a small smile spread over my face as Blake started to buckle in his seat belt.

I placed my hand over his, putting his actions to a halt. “Hey Blake, calm down.” He still wasn’t looking at me, but his cheeks had a faint glow to them. What happened to the over confident, conceited, sort of idiotic, Daniel Blake I had first met?



Unable to get rid of my smile, but not caring that I was grinning like an idiot, I reached out for Blake's face, and forced him to look at me. His brow was furrowed slightly and his jaw was clenched, like he was waiting for me to punch him.

"I like funfairs Blake." I told him, watching as he calmed at my words. "I was just surprised, is all. I've not been to one in a while." His whole body relaxed, and he smiled back at me. He ran a hand through his hair, and let out a deep breath.

"I guess I'm freaking out for nothing then?" He asked, licking his lips.

I stifled a giggle and nodded. To be honest I loved how freaked out he got. That meant he was interested in me, right? Once again seeing him nervous seemed to calm me down a lot. He wouldn't be this nervous if he didn't really like me, would he?

I didn't think so. But then again I'm not exactly experienced when it comes to boys.

I was grateful to Blake for telling me to dress warm when I stepped outside. A chilly breeze met me as I climbed out of the car. When I was fully out I could see Blake frowning at me as he closed my door.

"What?" I asked, feeling self-conscious. I ran a hand through my hair to check it wasn't sticking out in some bird's nests fashion, and then ran my hand down my face to make sure that I didn't have anything on that.

He continued to frown at me. "It's a date." He said sounding grumpy. "Aren't you supposed to let me open your door or something?"

I blinked at him, surprised. He wanted to open my door for me? A blush lit up my cheeks. Wasn't that out dated? At least I had thought it was. Geez I was bad at this whole 'dating' thing. I looked up at him through my eyelashes apologetically.

“Sorry Blake.” I apologised. “I’m not used to this whole dating thing.” I told him honestly. It wasn’t exactly like boys lined up around the corner asking for a date with me. I had barely even had a boyfriend before. And I had never dated someone that I liked as much as I liked Blake. “I didn’t even know people still did that whole, open the door thing.”

It was his turn to look confused now. “People don’t do that?” He asked, sounding a little lost. “I guess I’m not used to this dating thing either.” He admitted.

At his words my nerves calmed a little, and I sent him a small smile. I may not be any good at dating, but if there was anyone I wanted to learn about it with it was Daniel Blake.

No one else could bring the butterflies in my stomach the way he did. I remembered how furious I had been with my mother before he showed up. No one else could calm me down the way he did either.

For some reason he always seemed to know exactly what I need to hear.

“Well I guess we’ll just have to work it out together.” I said feeling my confidence building.

He grinned back at me, and stepped forwards. “Well I heard that people hold hands on dates.” He said pretending to look confused. Slowly he took my hand in his, every move deliberate as he watched our hands entwine.

I let out a small laugh. “And here I thought that was just a rumour.” I joked stepping closer.

His grin widened.

“I guess I don’t know much, so tell me Blake,” I licked my lips. “What else do people do when they’re on dates?” I asked him.

Blake's smile grew even bigger at my words and he cocked an eyebrow at me suggestively. I felt the hand of his that wasn't wrapped in mine tug gently on my hip, forcing me to take another step closer, pretty much removing all distance between us. Not that I minded.

In fact I had been planning on getting rid of that distance anyway. His arm was now winding around my waist and I could feel his breath on me because of how close we were. Once again, I wasn't complaining.

"Well there is this one other thing I heard that people do on dates..." He trailed off glancing quickly at my lips before meeting my eyes with his own once again.

I smiled a little. "Oh yeah, what's that?" I asked, my voice coming out a little breathless. I couldn't bring myself to care though. I was so far gone that I barely even registered it in my brain.

I watched as Blake sucked in a deep breath. Butterflies were parading proudly around my stomach now, as he grew closer. My heart thudded loudly in my chest, like it was trying to break through my rib cage to be closer to him.

"I heard that..." He paused dramatically, making a small smile appear on my lips. "...They actually go on the date." He smirked before pulling away completely. I stared after him in shock, as he tugged me to the entrance booth.

My jaw hung open as he led me away from the car. I was in a mixture of emotions, partly shocked, partly amused, and a little disappointed as well. I had really wanted him to kiss me then, I even had half the mind to pull him back and force him to kiss me properly for the first time. That only shocked me more though, because I was *never* like that.

I didn't have the guts to do it anyway. I just wasn't confident enough to do things like that. Something that I currently hated about myself at the

moment, because if I were Rebecca I would have just done it anyway. She was a lot more outgoing than I was.

But, then again, if I were Rebecca I wouldn't even be on a date with Blake right now. That thought helped a little as Blake paid our way in and I got given a small plastic bracelet to allow me on rides. I felt myself blush a little as he pulled me close to his side, in the crowds.

It was really noisy, but I barely even noticed because my heart was pounding in my ears as Blake wrapped a securing arm around my waist, still not letting go of my hand, so we were both pressed firmly against each other, so it would be impossible for us to lose one another in the crowds.

Usually I hated being in a crowded place, but this was definitely an advantage. "So what ride first?" Blake asked me I looked around, undecided. I shrugged my shoulder. Some of these rides I didn't even recognise (which just goes to show how long it's been) whilst the ones I did recognise, like the haunted house and the rollercoaster, I wasn't too inclined to go on.

I wasn't exactly known for my fearlessness. The thought of going on anything that tipped me upside down – even for a second – wasn't exactly appealing.

"What do you want to do?" I asked him, shifting the attention from myself and on to him.

He looked thoughtfully around us. "Hmm..." He mused. "How about that one?" He asked pointing me towards a towering rollercoaster that looped more times than I cared to count.

My stomach clenched. Damn Blake and his macho-ness. He looked a little excited to go on it too, which made me unwilling to say no. However the loud piercing screams of the rides current occupants were making me unwilling to say yes either.

“Do we have to?” I questioned, trying to determine how badly Blake wanted to go on that ride in particular. Judging by the way his face fell the answer was very.

“No.” He told me sadly. “Not if you really don’t want to.”

I really didn’t.

I chewed slowly on my lip, watching the dejected look on Blake’s face. I could feel my resolve of being too scared leaving me. “Okay, fine, we can go on the terrifying ride.” I huffed out. “But you better not complain when it terrifies me so much that you’re stuck having to ride the tea-cups with me for the remainder of the date.” I warned him.

He laughed loudly and his grin came back full force, making me wonder if he had just forced me in to this with guilt on purpose.

I watched him suspiciously as he pulled us over to the ride.

“You’re going to love it Clover.” He told me happily. I highly doubted that. But seeing Blake so excited over it was making me think that my decision of sacrifice had been worth it. I had never seen him look so happy.

It was the look I assumed someone would get if you told him or her that they had won a lifetime’s supply of chocolate. At very least it was the look I would get if someone told me that.

He chatted excitedly about the thrill of the ride we were about to go on. I didn’t have the heart to tell him that with every step that we grew closer he more I was thinking I couldn’t go through with it. I wanted so badly to change my mind, but I knew if I didn’t go on, Blake wouldn’t either, and he obviously wanted to.

Far too soon we were at the front of the queue being ushered through the rope to find seats. Blake eagerly dragged me along. He pulled me easily

into the seat next to him, and I could feel my stomach dropping in fear.

*It's just a ride. It's just a ride.*

I chanted mentally.

*Several people have been on tonight and it didn't collapse on them. It's just a ride.*

I securely wrapped the safety bar around myself, but it didn't feel like nearly enough.

*I'm fine. This is just a ride.*

I repeated this to myself for what felt to be the millionth time. It didn't appear to be helping any. Blake seemed to notice my fear, possibly because of the death grip I now had his hand in.

"Hey calm down, Clover." He soothed. "It's just a ride." He told me gently. And, for some strange reason, hearing him say it out loud was a lot more comforting than chanting it to myself repeatedly in my mind.

I let out a shaky breath, but didn't let go of Blake's hand. I was so forcing Blake on the tea-cups ride after this. Blake didn't once complain as I gripped his hand tightly. When the ride rumbled into a start my mind ditched all attempts to comfort me by telling me it was just a ride.

*FUCK I'M GOING TO DIE!*

It screamed at me instead.

I found myself curling towards Blake automatically, because some illogical part of my brain was telling me that the closer I was to Blake the less possible it was for any harm to come to me. And let's be honest here, I wasn't exactly thinking with the logical part of my mind as I pictured all the ways that this ride could be the cause of my death.

I let out a loud scream, clutching tightly onto Blake's whole arm as the ride went faster, twisting sharply enough that I was scared of the whole thing derailing.

God I was going to be sick when I got off of this ride. I barely heard Blake's laughter over my high-pitched yells. We hadn't even gone upside down yet, and I was the only one screaming on the entire ride. I couldn't bring myself to feel self conscious about it though.

I was going to kill Blake with my bare hands once we were off this death trap waiting to happen.

I about had a heart attack when we started to slowly rise to the highest point of the ride. We were going at an agonisingly slow pace, that only reminded me of how fast we were going to speed up by in a few short moments, and suddenly it felt like it wasn't traveling nearly slow enough.

My nails dug deeply into Blake's skin as we got higher and higher. Aside from a small flinch though he made no signs to show it was of any discomfort to him at all.

Instead he reached his other hand over to mine, and held my hands comfortably, whilst drawing soothing patterns gently on the back of my hand in a calming manner with his thumb. As strange as it sounds it helped a little too.

Suddenly there was a dropping sensation in my stomach as we reached the peak, and plummeted downwards. I clenched my eyes together and continued to hold Blake's arm captive. I could hear his whoops of excitement with all the others in all the twist and turns of the ride, but I refused to open my eyes.

*Just a ride. Just a ride. Just a ride.*



We bent sharply around another corner, causing me to crash into my safety bar. Why could I move around so much?

*I'm gonna die. I'm gonna die. I'm gonna DIE!*

I had probably killed my voice by the time the ride finally rolled into a stop at the end. I had been screaming loudly pretty much non-stop through out it all, and it had felt like it had lasted hours – although I knew it had only been a few minutes.

I only opened my eyes when I felt us slow down considerably, indicating the end of the ride. The first thing I saw was Blake's worried face.

"You okay Clover?" He asked brushing some of my hair out of my face that had gone crazy due to the ride. I knew it probably looked like a birds nest, but I didn't care at that point. I just wanted to get off of this metal contraption of doom.

Funfair my ass. I could think of many words to describe that ride, terrifying, heart stopping, stomach churning, fun however was completely off the mark.

I shakily nodded in response to Blake's question. I was going to kill him for convincing me to go on that ride. Just as soon as I knew I was on stable ground once more.

I took hold of his hand for support, when I had pushed the safety bar above my head again. He helped me to my feet, and for the first time since I had met him Daniel Blake wasn't the reason my insides felt like jelly.

His arm easily wound itself around me as he let me lean on him. For that I was grateful. I'm not sure if I would have been able to move without him being there, to hold me up.

“That ride should be illegal.” I said once I finally gained the ability to talk again.

Blake chuckled and gave me an apologetic smile. “Sorry, I didn’t know rollercoaster’s scared you so much, otherwise I wouldn’t have insisted going on.” He looked like he was beating himself up about it. It made me feel guilty to see him with that expression on his face.

“It’s fine.” I told him, with a small shrug and shaky smile – I still wasn’t one hundred percent recovered from the nausea induced from the ride.

He still looked worried but I waved him off. We were still standing next to the roller coaster, and there was a snack cart a little way up, near some picnic benches. “I’m fine.” I assured him, repeating myself when he continued to fret.

My assurances seemed to be soothing him slightly though.

“Why don’t you get us something to eat, whilst I sit down?” I suggested. I could kind of use a drink right now. He nodded somewhat reluctantly, and even walked me over to the bench in a way that made it seem as if he were trying to make sure I made the distance without trouble.

It was actually kind of sweet. I bit back a small smile. He was trying to make sure that nothing went wrong tonight. Even if he didn’t say it, I knew that was the problem. He thought he had messed up by forcing me to go on the ride.

And if I was being honest with myself it was not an experience I would willingly repeat, but the realisation of the fact that he seemed to care enough to worry about whether he messed up was making it worth it.

It didn’t take long for Blake to return after he left, as there was barely any queue at the cart.

I smiled as he grew nearer and he offered a bright one back.

“Okay, so the rollercoaster was a bad idea.” He admitted taking the available seat opposite me, ditching the snacks he had brought on the table between us. He swung his long legs over the bench and shrugged his shoulders at the same time.

He was more composed than he had been a few minutes ago, and seemed a little more like his old self again.

“So I bought you candyfloss to make up for it.” He told me, holding out the pink fluffy swirl in a peace offering kind of way.

I winced a little, a small apologetic smile taking over my features. Blake’s smile dimmed a little when I didn’t take it.

“What’s wrong?” He said, his eyebrows furrowing together.

I smiled sheepishly at him. “I don’t like cotton candy.” I confessed flinching a little at the thought of eating it. I honestly didn’t know why the snack was so popular. Then again it wasn’t so much the taste that I minded so much as the texture.

Eating cotton. Not fun.

If I wasn’t already feeling sick, I might have eaten it anyway because Blake had been so sweet to get it for me as an apology. I felt a little guilty *not* eating it.

Blake was now looking at me as if I had committed a huge criminal offence. “What?” He asked astonished. “You can’t hate cotton candy!” He gasped. “That’s like hating Christmas.”

I chuckled at his overreaction. What could I say? I was weird and I knew it.

“It’s just sugar!” He continued. A small smile twitched at the corners of my lips. He frowned and took back his offering keeping it to himself.

“What *do* you like?” He asked.

I shrugged my shoulders. “Pretty much everything else.” I told him. I then scrunched up my nose. “Except popcorn.” I told him. “Popcorn is disgusting.” Why people willingly ate what was basically salted cardboard was beyond me.

His eyes widened again and he shook his head disgust. “You need you head tested. Popcorn is amazing.” He sounded horrified by the very idea that someone could hate popcorn.

I laughed loudly, y head falling back as I did so. I couldn’t help it. It was strange to me seeing Blake so rallied up about something. It was typical that the one thing he felt so strongly about was food. Hell he couldn’t even cook.

I could still remember the whole microwave soup incident.

He smiled back at me shaking his head. “I’m sorry about getting you cotton candy.” He said next, surprising me. He did actually look apologetic as well. “If I had known you hated it I would have gotten you something else.” Frown marks appeared on Blake’s forehead that I wanted more than anything to get rid of.

I shrugged my shoulders in a nonplussed manner. “It’s the thought that counts, right?” I said waving it off.

It seemed like nothing was going as planned tonight. I didn’t really mind though I was just glad that I got to spend time with Blake, it was a good break from my life. I needed that. My eyes rested on the other snacks Blake had brought with him.

I smiled happily. “I’ll just take this instead.” I told him rattling the tube of millions he had gotten. “Now *this* is an apology.” I told him, whilst flicking off the lid with easy and pouring some into my cupped hand.

I flashed him a cheesy grin and threw them into my mouth. I *loved* millions.

He smiled brightly back at me.

We spent a fair amount of time at the bench. Get it? Fair? Man I'm sad. Anyway soon I was feeling much better than I had when I had ridden the rollercoaster.

We then went on loads of rides. Better rides. I even forced Blake onto the teacup ride as I had promised him I would. I even managed to bribe an old lady into taking a picture of us on it, much to Blake's horror.

I had been in stitches at the way Blake had looked stuffed into the brightly teacup. He looked completely out of place, as I did, next to the much younger riders. I was going to get this picture printed off.

Plus it was the only picture I actually owned of Blake and me together, and I wanted one however obsessive that sounded.

We also ended up riding 'Explosive', which quickly turned into one of my favourite rides. It was basically a long row of seats that rose slowly and then dropped at super speed. Although I had been a little dubious going on it at first the fact it didn't turn upside down was comforting to m, enough so that I pulled up the guts to ride it.

I had probably forced Blake to ride it about five times, but he said he didn't mind and I wasn't about to argue with that even if it was a lie. The ride was a lot of fun.

Blake had even won me a small stuff teddy. He had earned enough points from the darts game for one of the big toys, but the eyes had scared me on the huge stuffed toys – so much to the astonishment of the man working at the stall and Blake I had asked for a smaller one.

Instead I now had a small, brown, plush bear that was wearing a red shirt with a less than three sign in the shape of a heart printed on. I loved it; possibly more than Ronald, which was saying a lot.

My night had definitely been looking up when we passed by the roller-coaster again. I could still see some people coming off of the ride, as unsteady on their feet as I had been.

Some people even wretched their guts out over the open bins, making me flinch. I had some strange phobia of sick. It was disgusting.

So of course I felt a little uncomfortable when one kid, looking a little green in the face, stumbled in our direction. It was probable that nothing would have happened if he hadn't of had the unfortunate luck of tripping over his own two feet as he was just about to pass us.

Clearly his stomach wasn't up to the sudden jerking movement as he fell. His hand reached out to grab me, and my arms automatically went to help him. Unfortunately this meant that when he threw up it had been all down my jacket.

I froze in complete shock.

He had thrown up on me.

I was seconds away from being sick myself now. I couldn't even respond to the apologies that the boy was throwing at me. Blake stared at us both in shock and horror.

"Shit." He murmured before telling the kid to beat it. My stomach was rolling as the thick scent of puke filled my nose. He had thrown up on my shoulder so it was pretty much impossible to ignore, or avoid smelling.

"He threw up on me." I said in a state of shock. "That's disgusting."

Blake had on a worried expression as he nodded his head. “Come on take the jacket off.” He instructed, reaching for the zip to help me.

I didn’t argue. I couldn’t wear this jacket now. As a strong breeze hit me, I shivered as Goosebumps riddled along the now exposed skin of my arms.

“Here.” Blake shrugged off his jacket holding it out to me. I took it without complaint seeming as he was wearing a jumper underneath. I smiled at him gratefully. Now that the smell of sick was away from me I felt less queasy myself.

I could now see the worried expression on Blake’s face. “I can’t believe that on our first date some kid threw up on you.” He said incredulously.

My eyes widened a little bit. *Our first date.* That sounded to me like a promise that there would be more. That thought had me smiling involuntarily and caused butterflies to erupt in my stomach.

I tugged on his jacket wrapping it around myself. To be honest I preferred wearing his jacket anyway. It was warmer. And admittedly it smelled nicer too. Not that I was smelling it...

Okay I’m lying; I was sniffing the hell out of it. I probably looked like a crazy person as I buried my nose into his jacket trying to be discrete about it. I completely blame Blake though seeming as it was his fault he smelt so nice.

He looked worried again, like he was waiting for me to yell at him like it was his fault. I rolled my eyes a little. “I’m alright Blake.” I told him. “I’ll live.” I gave him a smile. “Anyway,” I said with a small shrug. “It was Rebecca’s jacket.”

That got him to crack a grin. I smiled back at him. I couldn’t help it. His smile was contagious.



If I were to be honest with myself if this date had been going this badly and I had been on the date with anybody else I would probably take it as a sign that I wasn't meant to be going out with the guy. I would then probably proceed to avoid said person for as long as possible.

But with Daniel Blake I couldn't help but find myself not caring about any of the things that were going wrong. It was fine if everything was going wrong as long as I was with the right guy.

I then spotted a ride over his shoulder that I had wanted to go on since we first got here. I looked wide-eyed at the spinning circle that shone with so many lights, brightening the darkened sky.

"Blake, let's ride the Ferris wheel!" I squealed excitedly, tugging on his arm once again.

He chuckled, clearly amused by my reaction, but let me pull him along. I had always wanted to go on a Ferris wheel with a guy I like.

Standing in queue as completely worth it as Blake bought our way in. I proceeded to bounce excitedly in my seat as he slid into the seat next to me, his arm falling almost casually across my shoulders. I couldn't help but notice the slight hesitation before he did it though and small glow in his cheeks as they contained a slight blush.

I was starting to understand why Blake liked making me blush so much.

I leant in to his hold, letting myself relax completely.

We moved slowly and my eyes greedily sunk in the scenery before us. The silence that fell around us wasn't an awkward one. In fact I felt content just being by Blake's side.

"Clover?" Blake broke the silence, as the ride pulled to another stop, this time with us resting at the top as passengers existed from the bottom.

“Yeah?” I asked looking up at him. He was looked down at me, a thoughtful expression on his face.

“I’m sorry that this date has sucked so much so far.” He said with a frown. I stared at him surprised. None of it had really been his fault, yet he looked guilty.

I smiled as reassuringly as I could at him. “It’s okay.” I told him. “Call me crazy, but I’ve had fun.” I told him.

He didn’t look like he believed me, and I didn’t bother to continue assuring him. Mostly because I found myself completely distracted by how close, I hadn’t realised, we were. All I could think about was closing the rest of the distance between us, and really kissing him. Without interruptions this time.

I don’t know who was moving closer to who, maybe we were both moving closer to each other, but pretty soon I could feel his breath mingling with my own. My breath caught in my throat at the look in his eyes.

He looked determined.

And if his actions were anything to go by his goal was the same as my own. To finally have a proper kiss between us.

I felt my arms lifting themselves up to wind around his neck as he turned to face me at a better angle. His face was inching closer to mine and my fingers were weaving themselves into his hair for preparation.

Our lips were about to touch when a gruff voice interrupted. I almost wanted to cry in annoyance. Was it too much to ask for one kiss? Apparently so.

“You need to get off the ride.” The grumpy man holding the ‘door’ to our carriage open told us. I let out a huge sigh of defeat, letting my arm muscles slump as my arms continued to rest on Blake’s shoulders.

Just then, as if the gods heard my sigh and decided it would be an appropriate time for a shower, the sky opened up and huge fat raindrops fell around me.

They were falling fast and heavily, and soon I was stood with Blake in a downpour. Everyone around us was rushing for some kind of shelter. Blake pulled on my arm, leading me towards the car he had driven me.

“Time to leave?” I asked him, holding back a pout.

He nodded his head briskly.

I almost wanted to whine in disappointment like a five year old told it was their bedtime and they had to pack away their toys. I didn’t want this night to end, because I didn’t want my time with Blake to end.

But I knew I wasn’t able to argue. The rain was falling faster and faster, and both of us were already completely soaked. Plus the pair of convers I was wearing weren’t exactly waterproof meaning my feet were soaked too.

I let him pull me along to the cars, and he easily identified his own. This time I let him open my door for me when climbing in, because I had remembered our earlier conversation about it.

The ride back was a little awkward. Blake still spoke to me, but his smile seemed off. His jokes seemed somewhat forced too. I opened my mouth to ask him about it several times what was wrong, but I always chickened out at the last possible moment.

What if he simply told me to mind my own business?

It wasn’t until we pulled outside my house, and Blake held up a finger signalling one minute so that he could open my door that I finally built up the courage when I saw the small gesture. It made me smile to see him trying so hard.

Thankfully the rain had stopped after just a few minutes. But it had really bucketed down. There were large puddles lining the roads and pavements.

There was still a small frown on Blake's face as he watched me climb steadily out of the car. I turned to face him, as he closed the door, still not ready to end our night. "What's wrong Blake?" I asked directly, looking straight into his eyes.

He looked down, staring intently at the ground, a small frown on his face. "Nothing." He mumbled. His eyes flickered back up to meet mine. "Okay everything." He groaned out when he saw my disapproving look.

My eyebrows lifted in surprise and I felt my heart sink a little. "Everything?" I questioned. *Even me?* I added silently into my head, barely stopping the word liping out.

Blake ran his hand through his soaking hair. "I wanted to be able to take you out somewhere fun, but everything kept turning into a disaster." He exclaimed.

"It wasn't a disaster." I said a little hurt. I had had fun. And I got to spend the whole night with Blake. And now I got to steal away his jacket that he had yet to ask for back yet, which might I add, as a bonus to being able to keep me warm, also smelt of him.

"Clover," he groaned. "The first ride I took you on had you terrified and barely able to walk. I got you cotton candy as an apology, which you then turn out to hate. A kid threw up on you. When I tried to kiss you we got interrupted, *again*." He stressed that word a lot. "And to top it off we got soaked through by some apparently completely random freak rain storm that only lasted a few minutes."

He looked really annoyed. I went to tell him that I didn't care but he spoke over me, cutting me off.

“I wanted to give you the best first date ever.” He pouted. “I wanted to be able to keep you smiling constantly all night. I wanted to be able to take you on a sweet and romantic date to show you that you’ve not made some horrible mistake by going out with me. At the end of the night I wanted to be able to kiss you knowing you had a good time with me, and weren’t going to be completely against the idea of going on a second date. I wanted this date to be perfect for you, Clover.”

My heart was back to hammering furiously in my chest. “Why?” I asked, instantly hating myself for it. He was being so honest with me, and that was all I could say?

He gave me an exasperated look probably thinking the same thing I was. “Because, I wanted to be able to be the kind of guy worthy of going on a date with you, so that I could promise you more amazing dates so you would blindly agree to be my girlfriend. And I somehow manage to completely cock it up.” He said calmly. Clearly he wanted a response but I was too stunned to speak.

He wanted to ask me to be his girlfriend? I couldn’t have stopped the smile from leaking out onto my face even if I wanted to, which I didn’t, I was far too happy to care about looking like an idiot.

Eventually I got my brain to work again. “You know, you’re right.” I ended up saying, stepping closer. “The date did suck pretty bad.” I reasoned with a lie. Everything that had gone wrong had been immediately outshined by the speech his just gave me.

“Thanks. Rub salt on the wound why don’t you?” He said sarcastically.

My smile didn’t even waver slightly. “You didn’t let me finish.” I mock scolded him. “Yeah the night sucked pretty bad, but I figure that gives us a great excuse to go on another date. I mean how else would you make it up to me?” I joked.

Blake's whole head whipped up extremely fast, so that his eyes connected with mine. "Are you serious?" He asked as if he was waiting for me to yell out 'April Fools Idiot'.

"Completely." I said seriously. "Plus," I licked my lips nervously, taking in a huge breath. "If you still wanted to ask me to be your girlfriend, I'm pretty sure I wouldn't say no." My heart trebled unhealthily in its place in my chest, as I waited for his response.

I had basically just begged him to ask me to be his girlfriend. I was pretty sure that would be one of the things Rebecca would consider a big 'no' on her list of things a girl shouldn't have to do. I could still remember her speech this morning on how I was supposed to act on this date. Not that I had listened to her advice anyway.

With Daniel Blake there was just no 'planning', and believe it or not I didn't care.

Blake's eyes widened, in shock, as he continued to stare at me. I felt my stomach twist. Had he changed his mind already? What if he didn't want to ask me anymore?

Then hesitantly he stepped closer, taking in a deep breath. "Clover, will you please ignore the fact that tonight was a complete disaster and agree to be my girlfriend?" He asked his voice coming out steady and sure.

My grin came back full force. "I think I could do that." I told him happily.

He smiled along with me. I'm not sure how it happened but his arms were now wrapped tightly around my waist, and my arms were circling his neck bringing his face closer to me.

I don't know what possessed me with the confidence to do what I did next, but I wasn't about to complain. Without permission my feet stood

on their tiptoes and my arms tightened their hold around his neck, forcing him even closer to me.

Close enough that I could close the distance.

Without the slightest bit of hesitation I pressed my lips on his. *Finally.* My brain screamed at me. I couldn't help but agree. Blake's lips felt amazing on mine. He seemed to freeze in shock for a moment, but afterwards I felt his arms dragging me closer to him, by the hips.

He kissed me back fiercely, one of his hands trailing up my back and landing in my hair. A small shiver ran down me spine at his action and my grip on him tightened.

His other hand has pushed my top up ever so slightly, giving him just enough room to rest his warm hand on the small of my back. I gasped at the feel of it sending small shockwaves into my system making everything intensify. Blake took this as an opportunity to deepen the kiss.

I let out a small sound I didn't know I was capable of making as his tongue met mine. It was half way between a sigh of contentment and a moan of pleasure. I couldn't help it. His kisses were doing crazy things to me. It was like the whole world stopped moving and everything revolved around him.

I wasn't even bothered by how wet and cold I was from the rain. I couldn't even feel it anymore. I was too far gone.

It felt like forever when I finally had to pull back. Damn my constant need to breathe. It wasn't fair considering Blake was constantly taking my breath away. We both breathed heavily, and I leant on Blake, relying on his to keep me standing.

"Where did that come from?" Blake asked eventually. He didn't look like he minded. There was a light shining in his eyes that I'm sure was mir-



rored in my own.

That kiss had felt amazing. Why was it we hadn't done that sooner?

Remembering our earlier conversation, I smiled at him. "There was this rumour I heard. Apparently kissing is what you're meant to do at the end of the date."

He chuckled, grinning from ear to ear, and I could feel myself doing the same. "I'll have to keep that in mind, you know, now that we're dating and all." He said gaining a small laugh from me.

"I guess you will." I agreed as he swooped his head down to give me a much briefer kiss, that still made butterflies flap haphazardly around my stomach.

After a moment of just holding his arms around me, Blake let out a small sigh. "I better let you go in and change before you catch a cold or something." Blake said in a regretful tone.

I sighed as well, not really wanting to leave, but knowing I had to. Blake still had to drive home to get changed, and it would be selfish of me to keep him away from that. I pulled myself from his hold, giving him a small smile.

"Goodnight Blake." I said reaching for one last kiss.

"Night Clover." He said as I pulled away.

I turned back to my house then, making sure to try and be careful not to attract attention to myself as technically I had snuck out.

My ninja skills obviously needed some polishing. "Home at last?" A deep voice asked from behind me. I whipped around quickly finding myself staring back at my dad who was sat in the living room, feet up, remote in hand. He switched the screen off when I turned to face him.

“Dad.” I said surprised. “What are you doing up?” I asked.

Amusement flashed across his eyes. “A better question would be did you have fun on your date? I was pretty sure your mum grounded you.” He said shaking his head.

I winced shrugging my shoulders a little. “How did you know?” I asked. I was pretty sure Rebecca hadn’t blabbed on me.

“I saw you sneaking out.” He said matter-of-factly.

“You did?” I asked with wide eyes. Why hadn’t he tried to stop me?

He chuckled and nodded his head before gesturing that I should sit down with him. “So this Daniel Blake guy huh? Is it serious?” He asked once I had sat on the chair opposite him.

I blushed, but wasn’t able to stop the smile from spreading across my face. That seemed to be happening to me a lot tonight. “Yeah it’s serious.” I said softly memories of tonight still fresh in my mind.

I was crazy about Blake to the point where I couldn’t deny it to myself or anyone else for that matter. And I didn’t want to. I was his girlfriend now. There would be no point anyway.

“Well when do I get to meet this boy properly?” He asked, shocking me once again.

“You want to meet him?” I asked cocking my head to the side.

My dad nodded his head. “That’s the father’s job, right? Meeting boys that are dating their daughters, and letting them know what will happen if he hurts them.”

My eyes widened. “I guess.” I shrugged.

A frown passed over his features. “I know I haven’t done to best job of being a father to you and Rebecca.” He said in a sad voice that had my heart breaking a little inside. “And I’m sorry for that.”

My heart clenched, but I wasn’t able to speak.

He looked up at me to meet my eyes. “Do you hate me?” He asked sounding vulnerable.

“No.” I answered instantly, not even having to question it. “But I hate what you did.”

Something close to hope flashed in his eyes. “Some day I’ll make it up to you and her.” He promised. I blinked once again in shock.

*You can try.* I said silently. I didn’t want to see the crushed look on his face I was almost sure would be there if I said it out loud though, so I kept my thoughts to myself. I just shrugged my shoulders. I understood why he had done it. I just wished he hadn’t.

“So tell me about this Daniel character.” Dad said changing the subject back again. “Is he the type of guy I should be trying to scare away?”

I laughed. “Most definitely.” I said with a smile. “But you better not. I really like him, dad.”

My dad had a curious expression on, waiting for me to continue.

“What do you want to know?” I asked. “He comes from a fairly large and massively energetic family. He’s the school badass, but he sucks at it. He’s really sweet, even though he doesn’t seem to notice, which I love because I know he’s not faking it this way. He can’t cook for the life of him, but he can make me laugh until my sides ache and my throat hurts. And he always knows the right thing to say to me to make me smile. He can be cocky and over confident but he’d ruin his reputation in a second if it was for someone he loves.”

My dad looked fairly happy with the description I gave him. “Does he really make you happy?” He asked, referencing to when I had yelled it at my mother this morning.

“Constantly.” I said with complete honesty. “My heart beats crazily when I’m around him. And when I’m not around him I’m usually thinking about him. And he’s always there when I need him to be. I really like him dad.” I confessed.

My dad smiled at me. “It sounds like you’ve done well for yourself kiddo.” He said calling me by my old nickname. My stomach clenched a little. It had been so long since he called me that.

“I have.” I said confidently, making him smile at me gently.

“You better go to bed then.” He said. “Before your mother realises you snuck out and went on your date anyway.”

I smiled at him nodding my head. “Night daddy.” I said feeling even happier then before, which was saying something.

Tonight was turning out to be perfect.

When I opened my door I saw Rebecca curled on my bed, fast asleep. I knew she had been waiting on my to come home to she could hound me for details. It was just the Rebecca thing to do.

I made sure to be quiet as I got ready for bed, and careful when climbing into bed not to wake Rebecca. The fact that she was here was making my smile grow even bigger.

A couple of months ago I had been alone. Now I had Blake, and my sister was back, I reconnected with old friends, and even my dad seemed to be making an effort to get involved in my life again. It was no wonder why I fell asleep the night with a huge smile plastered on my face.

~\*~

*well that's it I don't know you long this was but I'm fairly sure it was a fair amount so fingers crossed it should be more than five pages :) anyway hope you enjoyed i know people wanted a perfect date but this is how i imagined it going - call me wierd i know i am but i like it - plus i added in that kiss that a lot of you wanted so there it goes!*

I hope you liked it

P.S. Thank you everyone who got me to no.1 on romance last week!!!



**Step Twenty-Three: You Change The Good Girl's Look**  
**(thank you amywhiteheart for the title suggestion :D)**

**::How To Turn A Good Girl Bad::**

**Step Twenty-Three: You Change The Good Girl's Look**

I woke up the next morning to a pillow being smacked into my face.  
“WAKE UP HAILEY!” Rebecca commanded. I rolled over groggily in my bed, burying myself further into my blankets.

“Go away.” I murmured, not quite ready to give up on the hopes of more sleep yet. I shouldn’t have bothered; when Rebecca wanted something (which was most of the time) she had her ways of getting it.

My covers were suddenly torn away from me, leaving a whole lot more skin exposed to the cold air of the morning. The witch had opened my window, I realised as I could hear the sounds of traffic outside.

I groaned loudly rolling onto my back and staring at the ceiling, hands resting lazily on my stomach. Rebecca’s face appeared above me, her long hair tickling me as she leant over me staring directly into my eyes.

“I want details, Hailey.” She said demandingly.

Why was it again I wanted to reconnect with my sister? It was hard to think of the reason so early in the morning.

I wrinkled my forehead, before pushing her gently away by her shoulder so I could sit up. “Details about what?” I asked, genuinely confused.

This earned me another smack from what I now recognised to be my own pillow. That was just cruel. She was torturing me with one of the few things I loved most in the world.

“ABOUT YOUR DATE!” She yelled loudly, successfully distracting me from my thoughts.

My eyes widened and I brought up a hand to quieten her. “Shush.” I said frantically. “What if mum had heard you?” I hissed. She just rolled her eyes at me, before licking the palm of my hand.

“EW!” I shrieked pulling a disgusted face. What was wrong with the girl? You don’t lick people! “That’s disgusting Rebecca.” I told her leaning forward to wipe my hand on her legs that were covered in bright pink pj bottoms.

Typical Rebecca. The colour reminded me of the jacket she had loaned to me last night for my date. I then thought to how it came to its end. Poor, poor, jacket.

Rebecca just pushed my hand away with a huff. “Don’t pretend you didn’t get worse from Daniel Blake last night.” She teased, wiggling her eyebrows. A blush rushed to my cheeks and I ducked my head in embarrassment. When I didn’t respond she looked at me suspiciously. “Tell me you did get worse from Daniel.” She said sounding disappointed.

My blush deepened as I thought about the kiss we had shared. Like my favourite ride last night it had been explosive. I loved every second of it. And technically his tongue had been in my mouth – which was in theory a lot worse than what Rebecca had done. It was a little gross to think about actually.

“OH YOU DID!” Rebecca squealed once again using her cheerleader voice, if you’re wondering what that is it’s the high pitched yell one notch above her ‘outdoor’ voice.

My face was on fire as I groaned loudly. Why did my cheeks demand on giving me away? Stupid blush. I licked my lips. “I am so not talking to you about this.” I said with determination as I pushed her away.

She didn’t let me though. “Oh no.” She said with another eye roll, she pushed me back towards the bed, hands on her hips as she towered above me in an almost threatening manner. “You are going to spill every last detail of what happened last night to me.” It wasn’t a request but a demand.

I considered just ignoring her, but decided against it. “What is it you want to know?” I sighed out.

Her eyes gleamed happily at my response. “Everything!” She chirped.



I groaned.

“So what was it like?” She asked. “The date. Did you have fun? Was he romantic? I find it hard to imagine Blake being romantic.” She didn’t give me time to answer any of her questions as she rambled on. “But he’s so different around you. Anyone can see it. You guys are just so perfect together.”

My eyes widened but it was good to hear her say it. At least I knew there was one family member that supported my decision to date him. A small smile tugged at the edges of my lips as I thought about our date last night. “Actually it went horribly.” I told her, still unable to rid myself of the smile on my face.

She looked surprised. “Oh god what happened? What did he do? Did he push you too far? I can beat him up if you want me to.” She mulled the thought over in her head. “Well actually I probably couldn’t but I could have the football team do it for me, or at very least make his school life a living hell. I could spread a rumour around about him. What do you think should I tell everyone that he got a pinky-sized penis? Or maybe that he has some sort of freaky clown fish fetish and watching finding nemo gives him a boner?” She had this scary smile stapled on her face. “I could totally have that rumour spread around in time for school tomorrow.”

I burst out laughing. “No don’t.” I said between gasps of air. All I could imagine was Blake’s face if he heard that rumour. “He didn’t do anything.” I assured her, still trying to stop my laughter. “Actually he was completely sweet.”

She frowned at me. “I thought you said that the date went horribly.” She said clearly confused.

I grinned. “It did.” I nodded. “But it was the most fantastic horrible date in the world.”

Now she looked *really* confused. “Okay explain.” She demanded.

I rolled my eyes but did just that. I told her from when we had arrived at the funfair and he didn’t get to open my door for me, to the very end where he had kissed me outside in a way that made my head spin and my knees weaken. I told her every detail of the night and by the end she was staring at me wide eyed.

To be honest I never pictured myself to be one of those girls who gossiped about the dating life. But by the time I had finished gushing several minutes had passed.

“Wait.” Rebecca said holding her hand up. “Let me get this straight.” She had a disgusted look on her face. “You let someone *throw up* on my jacket!”

I gave her a sheepish look. She had the same almost phobia of sickness that I did. “Yeah...sorry?” It came out as a question. To be honest I wasn’t sorry at all. None had gotten on me and for the remainder of the night I got to spend my time being surrounded by the smell of Blake, as I stalkishly, and hopefully discretely, inhaled his scent from the jacket he loaned me.

And even though the very thought of sick made me want to throw up, I had to admit that it had almost been worth it, which was saying a lot.

“I can’t believe you.” She said in horror. “You know what – keep the jacket.” She told me wrinkling her face. “Think of it as an early Christmas present.”

I rolled my eyes. “Yay a sick soaked jacket.” My voice was leaking with sarcasm. “I can’t wait to see what you got me for my birthday.” As the words left my mouth realisation clicked for me at the same time that it did for Rebecca.

We both looked at each other with wide eyes. “I still haven’t given you your birthday present!” I said loudly.

“I never gave you yours either.” She said with a frown.

Our eyes met, and I raised my eyebrows at her. “Exchange?” I suggested.

She grinned. “Give me a minute to fetch yours.” She said jumping from the bed and running to her bedroom.

Whilst she was doing that I dangled my head over the edge of my bed that I was still sitting on, peering underneath its wooden structure. Where had I hidden it again?

A small sparkling box caught my eyes, and I reached out for it, precariously balanced in a curved position I retrieved the item. In all fairness it would have been easier to climb off my bed and get it. Damn me, and my need for laziness.

When I finally managed to get myself into an upright position Rebecca was skipping back into my room, a purple gift bag dangling from her finger tips. Excitement was written all across her face.

I smiled back at her as she jumped on to my bed, her hair floating around her as she bounced on impact.

“Okay me first.” She said holding her hands out eagerly for her gift.

I laughed loudly, rolling my eyes, but handed her the gift all the same. Her slim fingers easily picked apart the bow of string tied around the box. I knew if she had wrapped my gift like that I would have spent ages trying to get it open, and I probably would have ended up tearing the thin material to get at my gift.

I saw the grin on Rebecca’s face dim a little bit as surprise took over her expression. Her eyes widened ever so slightly as she carefully picked up

the necklace. She carefully opened the locket, and I could see her swallowing.

I had decided upon putting the image of Rebecca, Tommy, and me, on one side, where we all had our arms linked together. It was small and tightly squeezed into the frame but I knew she knew exactly what picture it was, and exactly what it looked like.

It had taken a lot of searching until I found what I thought to be the perfect picture to put in there.

All three of us had huge grins on our faces; even Tommy, despite the fact his was covered in cake. It had been taken on mine and Rebecca's eighth birthday. We had walked into the kitchen to find Tommy already eating the cake so Rebecca had dunked his face into it.

This picture had been taken a few moments after, before our mother had told Rebecca off and washed Tommy's face of vanilla icing. There was one clean mark where I had wiped my finger on Tommy's face, and it was still in my mouth as I ate the icing. Rebecca was hunched over a little laughing as I made a loud moaning sound of appreciation.

Our mother made one mean birthday cake.

On the other side of the locket I had put in a picture of Mum and Dad on their wedding day. They looked so happy together. It was one where they were dancing, but you could see them looking with so much love at one another I was jealous every time I saw the photo.

Rebecca just sat there staring at it. I wasn't worried about her not liking it though. I had had the same reaction when I had looked through our old photos to find these. Originally I had been planning on putting a newer picture in there, but I hadn't found any that felt as right as the ones I did put in.

“Look at the back.” I said nodding my chin towards her in encouragement. She shot me a glance of confusion but did as I asked. I saw her eyes scanning over the words I had gone to get professionally engraved.

*Here Forever.*

The same thing I had tattooed on my wrist. The same thing Tommy had promised to us on the last time we had spoken.

“I love it.” Rebecca said, a little bit choked.

I smiled gently at her.

She glanced up at me and I could see the beginnings of tears in her eyes. “Thank you.” She said quietly, before she threw her arms around me, pulling me close to her.

I froze for a second before letting my arms wrap around her too. I squeezed gently before pulling back. “So what about my present?” I asked jokingly, trying to change the subject.

It worked. I let out a silent relieved sigh. As much as I loved having Rebecca back in my life fully once again I still wasn’t as comfortable with the emotional stuff around her. For so long I hadn’t had anyone close to me that I could share my emotions with. Now I had the bad boy Daniel Blake, Rebecca, my old friends who had turned up after years of separation, and even my father was making an effort.

That was a lot of change for me.

“Well it’s nothing as thoughtful as what you got me.” She admitted with a small blush hinting embarrassment.

I raised an eyebrow at her, but shrugged my shoulders as she shoved the gift bag in my direction.

I reached inside the bag, my fingers met by shredded tissue paper. Pushing it aside I felt around for my present. It didn't take long to find. My fingers met a couple of objects. One of them was long thin and papery feeling, the second was a lot bigger and felt soft to my touch.

I pulled them both out. A wrapped up piece of fabric and an envelope.

I furrowed together and I looked up to Rebecca in confusion.

"Open them then." She said rolling her eye at me.

I laughed and nodded my head. "Alright, geez impatient much?" I joked. Nevertheless my fingers made quick work of destroying the careful work of folding Rebecca had done with the fabric.

When I did about ten things fell out. Clothes.

I blinked and lifted them up. They were all typically stylish – nothing else could have been expected from the head cheerleader – but they were all also a very rock chick/bad ass like style.

"Uh...?" I looked up at my sister again not completely sure what I should say.

She was looking at me with a very knowing look. "I thought that as long as you were going to ditch the good girl image you should at least look the part of 'rebel'." She told me, clearly amused.

I blushed and looked away. "A am not rebel." I mumbled.

She laughed. "I admit that at first it was more of a joke because of how you got detention, but since our birthday you've managed to get suspended, stand up to our parents, go under age drinking, get tattoos, steal a bunch of chickens, sneak out, and lets not forget pour ice tea all over our mum." She told me with a small laugh. "Plus you have the school bad boy completely wrapped around your baby finger."

I blushed when she added the last bit in.

I couldn't believe we were officially a couple now. I was still getting butterflies thinking about it hours later.

Rebecca let out another loud laugh. "You have a completely love struck look on your face." She said teasingly, making my cheeks flame.

"No I don't." I denied quickly, pushing her away lightly. That was when I remembered the other half of my present. I quickly snatched up the envelope tearing through it with a sharp nail.

Two more thin slips of paper were inside. "All day spa tickets?" I asked.

Rebecca shrugged. "Well we've lasted for quite some time here, and I thought that we might be able to make it through to the end of year dance for once." She said. "And I don't want to be seen to be related to the one girl who doesn't make an effort." She thrust her nose in the air.

I rolled my eyes. "Thanks Bex." I said using her old nickname. I hadn't meant to. It had simply rolled off my tongue. I saw her eyes widen a little before she shrugged it off.

"Whatever. So are you going to be going with Daniel then?" She asked enthusiastically.

I shrugged and blushed. To be honest that would be amazing. But I don't really think that a school dance is really Blake's sort of scene. Not unless he was corrupting it with underage drinking, and harassing the teachers on 'guard duty'.

I voiced this thought aloud to Rebecca.

"I could make him take you if you want." Rebecca threatened, cracking her knuckles.



Judging from the reactions I had gotten from her before when she thought that Blake had tried to take things too far on our date I didn't doubt she had the capability to do just that. Still I shook my head frantically at her.

"Don't." I said. I didn't want to risk her scaring him away. "I really like him, and if you get us broken up I'm going to have to get my revenge." I threatened. Old Hailey was seeping through a little there. The same Hailey that could match her twin in all kinds of devious plotting.

"Wow." Rebecca grinned. "I didn't realise you liked him that much Hailey." Rebecca quirked an eyebrow.

I blushed but didn't deny it. "Well I do." I said instead.

Rebecca's face softened and she gave me a genuine smile. "I won't do anything then." She assured me making me sigh in relief. "Unless he hurts you of course." She said pulling a face of anger just at the thought.

My heart skipped a beat and I gave her a full-blown smile.

The rest of my weekend was spent pretty much in the same fashion as the beginning few hours. Rebecca and I were spending a lot of time together. Even my dad was making more of an effort with conversation.

It was strange, even before it all he wasn't the most talkative person. Rebecca had even convinced me that a shopping trip was necessary. As desperate and lonely as it sounded the best part of my weekend was when Blake phoned. We managed to spend hours just talking.

Somehow we just didn't run out of conversation topics. Even after my mum had forced me to stop using the phone we continued to text back and forth with one another.

It was insane how easily I found it was to talk to him. I had been afraid that maybe things would get slightly awkward between us, like we would

start dating and then we would realise that we had nothing in common to talk about or he would find out I wasn't at all right for him, and break up with me.

Thankfully that didn't happen.

It had been an extended weekend that week because we had Monday off for a bank holiday, so by the time Tuesday rolled around I was more than grateful to go to school, just for the fact I would actually get to see Blake again. It was sad that I couldn't go though the weekend without missing him as much as I did. It was two days, but it had felt like longer.

I was starting to feel like one of those obsessive stalker girlfriends.

"Okay stop that." Rebecca's hand fell across mine, which had been tapping nervously on the steering wheel, as I stared out at the unmoving row of traffic lined in front of us. I glanced across at her, smiling in apology.

"Sorry." I mumbled.

She smiled knowingly. "You know Daniel probably won't be there first thing in the morning anyway, right?"

I frowned when I realised she was right. Blake was always late for the majority of his lessons. Especially the morning ones. On the days when we had science first thing, he would usually stroll in ten minutes late, carrying a cup of coffee and sporting a smile that clearly said punctuality wasn't important to him. And that was if he showed up at all.

He had a tendency to skip science, and that was the only class I had with him.

My heart sank as I realised the first time I saw him today would probably be lunch.

That sucked monkeys.

Pouting I faced forwards again, inching along with the morning traffic. Rebecca chuckled from next to me but I ignored it. I knew I was acting like a whiney teenaged brat when it came to Blake, but I couldn't find it in me to care about that.

How had I not realised sooner what a mad crush I had on the guy?

I could tell Rebecca was amused by how annoyed I was that I couldn't see Blake straight away. I wasn't however. I was fighting to keep the sullen frown off of my face, but judging by Rebecca's giggles I wasn't doing a very good job.

We arrived at school in time for Rebecca to make her ridiculously early cheerleading practice. This basically meant the school was pretty much deserted. Why had I been in a rush to get here again? Two seconds out of the car and I was already bored.

"You sure you don't want to come and watch the practice?" Rebecca offered, glancing over to where her cheer buddies were waiting. I rolled my eyes at her. Spending time watching a bunch of really pretty, and well co-ordinated, girls would probably just make me jealous. I couldn't even do a cartwheel.

"Yeah I'm sure." I told her with a shrug, "I have some work I could probably catch up on." I swung my shoulder slightly to indicate the bag I had resting on it.

Rebecca wrinkled her nose. "You 100% sure we're related?" She asked, looking in distaste at the rough and worn material that just about supported the weight of all my books. Papers were peaking out, proving just how much I had crammed in there.

You could never have enough recourses with you, with all the upcoming exams we had.

I waved my hand in the air a little. “I’m more around the ninety region.” I joked.

She nodded her head in agreement. “Sounds more like it.” She glanced over her shoulders, to where her friends were waiting impatiently. “I’ll catch up with you later.” She waved goodbye to me.

“Bye.” I called to her, but she was already half way to the fields where her practice was being held.

Sighing I decided it was my fate that I would be the library I headed in that direction. I sighed with relief when I saw that Mary Anne and Thomas were both sat in one of the far corners, next to the section of the library supporting math books.

“What are you doing here so early?” I asked when I reached them. Both their heads snapped up to greet me at my interruption. Neither answered my question though. Instead they both squinted their eyes at me.

“Hailey?” Mary-Anne asked eventually, sounding confused.

I gave her a confused look back. “Last time I checked.” I told her scrunching up my face. Why were they looking at me like that?

“You look different.” She stated eventually. “I mean you look amazing – but different.”

“You look seriously hot.” Thomas blurted out, turning a deep shade of red when he did so.

My eyes widened when I remembered how I had dressed this morning. My brain had been so focused with thoughts of Blake that I had actually managed to forget I had decided to put use to Rebecca’s birthday present to me. Was that a bad sign?

I'm pretty sure it would be in the book titled 100 signs of becoming an obsessive stalker.

I bit my lip, my hands automatically going to pull the black jacket I had put on to cover the tight electric blue top I was wearing today. It was long enough but clung to me like a second skin, much like the black skinny jeans Rebecca had chosen. She had even gone as far as to wake me up extra early to straighten my hair, which was no longer in it's 'I can't be assed' ponytail I usually wore.

I fiddled nervously with the belt hanging loosely on my hips.

This morning this had all seemed like a grate idea. It was more for a laugh than anything else. However with the pair of them staring at me like that, I was feeling more and more ridiculous as the seconds ticked by.

"They were a gag gift from Rebecca." I said, feeling the need to explain. "We thought it'd be funny to see people's reactions." A small smile formed on my face. "You should have seen my mum's face this morning before we left." The moment was on replay in my mind. Her astonished and horrified expression had made it all worth it, even if I looked stupid.

As I snapped into the present again both of them were still staring at me as if I had grown an extra head. I cleared my throat awkwardly. "So you guys never answered my question, what brings you here so early?" I asked.

Mary-Anne snapped out of whatever though she had been in previously and pulled a face. "Revision for our finals." She tapped the tip of her pencil against the maths book in front of them. "Join us if you don't mind being bored out of your skull." She offered, pushing out the chair next to her with her foot.

I smiled at her, taking the seat. "Sadly I have nothing better to do." I informed. I leant over the table to look at the question she was working

on. It was something I had already worked on last night for homework.

Still more practice couldn't hurt. Pulling out my pad of clean paper I got to work on writing out the question.

"Wow, what's he doing here?" Mary-Anne's voice broke through my concentration. I looked up to find her staring at something – or rather somebody – over my shoulder. "I don't think I ever seen him enter a library before."

I turned around in my seat, and a huge grin plastered itself on my face when I saw Blake walking in the direction of our table. I felt a rush of excitement at seeing him, and almost launched myself out of my seat and towards him because he seemed to be taking an agonising amount of time walking over here.

I managed to stop myself looking like a crazy fan girl by clenching on to the back of the library chair, but couldn't resist the dopey smile I wished I could hide, because I'm sure I looked like a pillock but I wasn't able to push the smile away.

It had only been a couple of days since I had last seen him, not a whole year. I scolded myself silently in my mind.

I wanted to be able to give him the completely casual look he was shooting me, like it was a completely ordinary day and I wasn't actually my first day seeing him again since he had asked me to be his girlfriend.

It was only when he reached us and was giving me the usual dazzling smile he had perfected to make girls swoon at his feet, that I realised there was a reason I hadn't been expecting to see him until lunch.

"What are you doing here?" I managed to sound like an idiot by spurring out.

He smirked slightly. “Wow, nice to see you too Clover.” He grinned down at me.

I blushed. “Shut up.” I said, trying to sound confident and laid back, but I’m pretty sure as I stuttered the words out I sounded anything but. “I am happy to see you, I was just wondering why you’re here so early.” I explained further.

He laughed. “I knew what you meant.” I scrutinised his expression, waiting for him to elaborate.

When he didn’t I frowned. “Well?” I prompted.

He took a split second to look slightly embarrassed, before he pulled a confident smirk over it, and shrugged his shoulders. “Chad called me this morning to tell me there was an early cheerleading practice he wanted to watch, and I was half way through telling him to stuff it for waking me up at such an idiotic hour when I remembered Rebecca was cheer captain, and your always driving her everywhere. So I putting two and two together I figured you would be here. And I thought that seeming as I now have the role of ‘boyfriend’ it’s my job to save you from horrifying danger of boredom whenever the threat of it should arise.”

I blinked at him in shock. He had gotten up early and had come into school so I wouldn’t be bored? I grinned feeling my heart pick up a notch in my chest.

It was only then he seemed to notice my outfit change. “You look different.” He said unknowingly mimicking Mary-Anne’s words when she had first noticed the outfit change. His eyes had widened and he was looking over me in a way that made my stomach squirm in a pleasantly.

“Different?” I asked raising an eyebrow. “I was expecting better vocabulary from you of all people, I mean earlier someone called me hot...” I said barely able to hold the blush that wanted to burn away at my cheeks.



Out of the corner of my eye I was Thomas turn red and bury himself further into the math's book he was reading out of.

Blake raised an eyebrow. In one quick and fluent movement his hand reached out and pulled me closer to him, forcing me out of my seat. I didn't mind though. I was now being held close to him. I didn't mind one little bit. "I'm sorry." He said his grin contradicting him. "You look amazingly gorgeous." A wicked glint shone in his eyes. "I'd definitely do you."

My cheeks blazed and I buried my face in his chest to try and hide their colour. I felt it as he laughed, as his chest rumbled against my forehead. "Jerk." I hit his chest lightly for his bluntness.

He shrugged his shoulders as I pulled back, keeping his arms around me. "I've been called worse." I said grinning.

"I don't doubt it." I said rolling my eyes at him. I turned my head to find Mary-Anne staring at the pair of us in shock. I then remembered I hadn't actually told Mary-Anne I was dating Blake. I smiled sheepishly at her. My bad. She seemed to notice that she was staring then, and went back to her work.

Thomas was still buried face first in his book, looking as if he were trying to convince us he wasn't there. I turned back to Blake to find he was looking straight at me, a small smile pressed on his face.

"So you chose talking to me over watching cheerleading practice?" I clarified, a grin taking over my features. "I feel honoured."

His smile grew. "You should do. I'm going to get so many 'whipped' comments off Chad for this one." He said shaking his head, and making his hair fall into his eyes a little.

I had heard all about Chad from around school, although I had never actually spoken to him. But from what I had been told he was quite the

player, and every bit worthy of being called Blake's best friend.

Despite his words, he didn't sound too bothered though.

"Not going to assure your masculinity by dumping me are you?" I joked, feeling slightly worried the words might come true. As soon as I saw the look he gave me, the feeling vanished. He was looking at me like I had said the stupidest thing ever.

"I don't need to assure my masculinity." He said pretending to sound offended. "I'll have you know you're dating a manly man Clover." He removed one of the arms he had wrapped around my waist to flex his muscles.

I rolled my eyes. "My apologies." I laughed. "You're right. You're very butch." I reached up to pat his arm. "Yep my man is bad ass." I winked.

He grinned. "And don't you forget it." He warned me jokingly.

I smiled. "Okay so is Mr Man going to join us for some maths?" I asked, chanting in my head for him to say yes, as I offered him to join our small semi study group.

He looked like he was on the verge of saying no, so I turned on my puppy dog eyes. It worked like a charm. He groaned a little.

"I didn't know dating the good girl meant I had to study." He said pouting.

I smiled at him, pulling him towards the table. "You should have read the fine print Blake." I shook my head. "See if you fail the exams and get held back a year, I'll have to dump you." I told him in mock seriousness. "I can't risk my reputation you know. I have the honour title 'Little Miss Perfect' so I have to take my role as good girl very seriously."

He pretended to look thoughtful. “Well we can’t have you dumping me can we?” He said picking up a textbook. “I guess I’ll have to sacrifice some face and revise.” He sighed heavily as if he were talking about cutting off an arm.

I rolled my eyes at him. “Man up.” I told him.

He pretended to look offended again. “I thought we went through this Clover. I’m too manly to be capable of manning up.”

I laughed, leaning against him. He had picked up the textbook I had been using, not that I minded sharing with him.



## **Step Twenty-Four: You Make The Good Girl Late**

Okay the second one is up! WHHHHHOOOOOOOOPPPPPPP

## **How To Turn A Good Girl Bad**

## **Step Twenty-Four: You Make The Good Girl Late**

I spent the remainder of the time before the first lesson helping Blake with maths questions. I’m not sure if he knew what I was going on about though because he spent the time messing with my hair, with the hand of the arm that he had wrapped around me keeping me curled into his side.

Strangely I liked the feeling, it defiantly had me considering the possibility of leaving my hair down more often.

When we left the library we were spotted by Mark who waved me over, calling my name over the crowd.

“How was anger management?” He asked when I had reached him. I shrugged my shoulders.

“Could have been worse.” I said. I had had another session on Sunday and it hadn’t been as bad as my first, one. Jane seemed to have given up asking me so many questions as it wasn’t my first session anymore. “Met some interesting people.” I shrugged, thinking of Jo, Brent, Jessica, Kirsty, Milo, Tyler, and Ferris.

They were all definitely interesting.

“Actually one of them is a girl who comes to this school believe it or not.” I said thinking of Jo.

Blake who had his arm wrapped around me, pulled me closer to him when Mark flashed me a huge smile. I felt a flush of warmth flood through me, and couldn’t find it in me to complain. Mark only now seemed to notice that Blake was even here.

“Hey Daniel.” He offered a friendly greeting, to receive only a grunt and a nod of acknowledgement in return. I frowned a little. Did Blake not like Mark? I couldn’t think of any reason for him not to like him. Mark was a decent enough guy.

I gave Blake a confused look, as he continued to walk with us both to my class.

“Isn’t your class in the other direction?” I asked, as we turned left around the corner. He rolled his eyes at me.

“Yeah.” He said, choosing not to elaborate. I wasn’t going to give him that option though.

“Then what are you doing?” I questioned, confused.

“Walking you to class.” He said casually.

“Won’t you be late?” I asked reluctantly, not wanting to send him away but not wanting him to get in to trouble either.

“I’m always late.” He shrugged not caring.

I still felt a little guilty. “You should probably go to your lesson.” I said, and sounded unhappy with the decision even to my own ears.

Blake turned to give me a smile. “It’s fine.” He said. “Stop worrying about it.” I bit my lip and shuffled my feet.

“You sure?” I asked. “I don’t want you getting in trouble for walking me to class.”

I glanced down the corridor where Mark was now walking a head of us slightly, allowing us some privacy. Blake stopped walking and held me in place so that I didn’t walk off without him. Turning me to face him he looked at me directly in the eyes.

“Look Clover. I’m only going to say this one more time, so listen close because I’m really no good at saying this sort of stuff.” His tone left no room for argument, even though he sounded a little unsure of himself. “I’m not sure why you agreed to be my girlfriend, but you did. So that means I’m entitled to do all the things befriends do.” He moved his hand to wind it around mine. “So that means I get to do all the mushy stuff like hold your hand,” he waved our hands, “and walk you to classes. And if that means that I get to spend a couple more minutes with you every day, I’m not complaining. Now stop questioning it.”

I smiled a little, as a blush rose to my cheeks and my heart picked up pace. Why had I been complaining again? Before I could think about it too much, Blake was pulling me down the corridor towards my class again.

When we reached my history class Blake surprised me by pulling me back towards him when I had just been about to walk through the door, and giving me a kiss. When he pulled back I looked up at him wide eyed.

He grinned and winked at me. "Boyfriend privileges also gives me the right to kiss you when I want." He explained. I laughed grinning from ear to ear.

"Of course it does." I told him, before tugging on his hand and bringing our lips back together for a small peck. "Girlfriends get privileges too." I told him with a small wink of my own, making him laugh.

I then pushed him away so I could get into my own class on time. However much I wanted just to stay there and kiss him it wasn't actually an option.

I ducked into my classroom just as the bell rang loudly. With a quick glance to the teacher, I started scurrying to my seat next to Mark when I saw him glaring at me in disapproval for barely scrapping 'on time' to his lesson.

When I sat down in my seat my eyes automatically flickered to the window. Blake was still there and didn't look even a little fazed by the fact he was already late to his own class, as he continued with his sauntering pace to his first lesson. He acted like the school rules didn't apply to him like they did to everyone else.

Rolling my eyes I faced my teacher again. Despite myself I had a small smile on my lips. They were still tingling from when he had kissed me

and my heart was still beating faster than it should be. Not that I was complaining.

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“Okay, I have to ask.” Mark said as we walked to the lunchroom together. He was moving at an almost jog to keep up with me as I sped my way to the cafeteria. “What’s with the outfit change?”

I smiled at him. “And here I thought you weren’t going to ask.” I told him. To be fair I had known he had noticed this morning, still he waited this long to ask me.

He smiled sheepishly. “I wasn’t going to, but curiosity got the better of me.”

My hair fell across my face as I nodded understandingly, and I brought up a hand to push it back. “It’s not permanent.” I told him with a small shrug. “I’m wearing them because Rebecca got me them for my birthday, and I thought it would be fun to watch people’s reactions.”

“Oh.” Mark said, but he sounded like he didn’t understand at all. I didn’t point him out on it though, I didn’t really see the point in diving into the topic.

Without warning I felt something heavy land on my back. I stumbled forward as small limbs began winding around me like a monkey, and I found myself being clung to tightly. My arm automatically darted out, and clung onto Mark so that I wouldn’t completely lose my balance.

“Hailey!” The voice of my assailant screeched loudly, despite the fact my ear was just inches away from their mouth.

I cringed, bringing my left hand up to bat them into silence. “Ouch.” I complained, clutching my ear. Now that the surprise had passed I recog-



nised the ink black spikes of hair that I could see out of the corner of my eye, and the chunky black boots that were digging into my stomach.

“I love your jeans.” Jo said, resting her chin on my shoulder like it was completely natural, still speaking in her normal volume of voice.

“Thanks, but you know when I said talk to me in school sometime I didn’t mean assault me, right?” I injected sarcasm into my tone. “Couldn’t you greet me like a normal person?” I asked her.

She grinned at me. “Now where’s the fun in that?” She asked shifting herself so she had a better grip on me. Mark was staring at me as if I’d grown another head. Jo chose that moment to notice him. “Who’s tall, blonde, and gorgeous?” She asked, not bothering to be subtle about her assessment of Mark, as she let her eyes roll over him.

I rolled my eyes and carried on walking with Jo attached to me. “Jo meet Mark, Mark meet Jo. Jo’s the girl I told you who was in my anger management class, and our school.”

Understanding flashed across Mark’s eyes as he nodded at me. “Oh. Nice to meet you.” He grinned at her, showing her a flash of his perfectly straight teeth.

Jo loosened her grip on me a little so she could nod her head. “You too.” As the two of them got to know one another I pushed open the double doors leading to the cafeteria, every so often I stumbled a little due to the combination of the added weight on my back and my complete lack of coordination.

Seeming as Jo didn’t appear to be letting go any time soon, I put all my focus on trying not to fall over embarrassingly in front of the whole school. I managed to tune out Jo and Mark’s conversation, but I wasn’t blind to the odd looks I was receiving from passers-by as I basically gave Jo a piggyback ride through the crowd of hungry teenagers.

“Is it just me, or is there something different about you since we spoke a couple of hours ago?” Blake’s familiar voice brought me to a halt when he spoke up from behind me. I turned around to see him giving Jo a questioning look.

“OH MY GOD!” She squealed loudly, making me flinch again. “You’re Daniel Blake.” Jo screeched.

I wrinkled my nose and brought up a hand to push Jo’s face away from mine a little. Blake looked taken aback at the fan girl like call Jo was letting off.

“Blake meet Jo, Jo officially meet Blake, my boyfriend.” I couldn’t help adding on the last line. I wasn’t trying to be possessive or anything, I just really liked the way it sounded. My boyfriend. I’m pretty sure I was smiling goofily again but thankfully no one pointed me out on it.

“Oh my god.” Jo squealed again, this time at a much more appropriate volume. “Not to sound completely stalkerish or crazy but I can’t believe I’m meeting Daniel Blake.” She said in wonderment.

I rolled my eyes. It wasn’t like she was meeting a celebrity or anything, still I guess in this school Blake was the closest thing they had to one. He was pretty well known in the school.

“Um, nice to meet you too?” Blake sounded completely unsure of himself but Jo didn’t seem to notice, because she was distracted when she noticed someone she recognised.

“AMBER!” Jo yelled. I was going to have to have a serious talk to her about her volume control she intended to make a habit out of jumping on me like she had today.

A small scarlet haired girls head turned out the sound of her name, and Jo eagerly waved her over. She blushed but made her way over, avoiding

eye contact as much as possible.

“Um, Jo?” She said sounding nervous to be surrounded by strangers.

“What’s going on?” She asked.

“Amber, meet my friend Hailey, and her friend Mark, and boyfriend *Daniel Blake*.” Jo said motioning to each of us. Amber’s eyes seemed to widen at the last name, as her head snapped around to Blake, to make sure she hadn’t misheard.

Her face turned a little pale as she turned back to her friend. “Oh god, please tell me you haven’t turned your obsession into stalking these people.”

Jo looked unabashed by her friend’s words. “I’m not stalking.” She waved her hand in dismissal. “Hailey introduced me. You know I told you she was in my anger management class.”

Amber didn’t look entirely convinced.

“Are you two eating lunch with us?” Blake broke the silence by asking.

“Yes.” Jo didn’t give her friend a chance to answer before squealing.

I turned to Mark, raising an eyebrow at him. As long as we were offering spaces, the more the merrier right? “What about you Mark? You joining us?”

He shrugged his shoulders, looking at the two boys he usually sat with.

“You don’t mind if Zack and Evan sit with do you?” He asked.

I shrugged my shoulders, seeing no problem with it. “Sure.” I told him. As I said before: the more the merrier right?

So it turns out I overlooked one small mathematical error. When we had all gotten our lunch and walked over to the table where I usually sat, was

when I remembered the problem of seating space. We had enough problems last lunch time trying to fit seven of us in, now that we had five more people joining us you could see where our problem was coming from.

“Okay, we do *not* have enough seating space for this to work.” Rebecca turned up next to our group, taking my thoughts and voicing them aloud. It was moments like these when I could actually tell we were twins.

“Yeah.” I said sheepishly, rubbing the back of my neck with my hand. Jo was no longer swinging from my back, but instead stood at my side, whilst Blake had his arm draped across my shoulders.

All twelve of us were stood around our six-seater table, staring at it awkwardly as if it would suddenly expand if we stared at it long enough. Katie, Thomas, Mary-Anne, and Kyle were all shifting about uncomfortably.

“I’ll fix this.” Rebecca announced telling us to hold on a minute. She then walked confidently up to a group of five boys occupying a large table. We all watched her as she leant over the table, talking and flipping her hair every so often.

I could hear her flirty laugh, and after a minute or two she nodded her head in our direction making the all the boys she was talking to turn their heads. After a couple more minutes the boys all stood, earning a huge toothy smile from Rebecca.

“Thanks.” She called after the boys as she motioned for us to come sit with her.

“Okay that was pretty cool.” Kyle said grudgingly, earning nods from the rest of the group.

“It’s like she has some kind of super power of them.” Thomas said staring at my sister as we made our way over.

Jo rolled her eyes. “Yeah, it’s called having boobs, genius.” She told him.

Amber seemed to think that one over. “I don’t know. I have boobs and I don’t think that I could have gotten them to do that.”

Katie and Mary-Anne both nodded in agreement. I decided not to give my input to this conversation. All of us took our seats, and I ended up sat between Mary-Anne and Blake. There was only just about enough space for all of us at the table, still Blake pulled the small distance we had between us to a close by dragging me to his side, and resting his arm around my waist.

Mark who was sat across from me raised his eyebrow at the gesture. “So you two are going out then?” He asked. I couldn’t recognise the tone in his voice, but Blake didn’t seem to like it as he shot him a glare.

I nudged Blake with my elbow slightly wondering what was up with him today. “Yep.” I answered Mark’s question with a huge grin.

“That’s cool.” He said nodded his head, but not making any further comments.

I was a little confused by his behaviour, but didn’t say anything. Maybe it was just me, but a lot of people were acting strange today in my opinion so I couldn’t be bothered to question it.

“So did you finish doing the assignment we were set in Calculus?” I asked Mark, remembering him complaining how difficult it was on Friday. I had offered to help, but he had told me it wasn’t necessary.

Mark groaned. “I just have to finish off my conclusion.” He said. “I just can’t work out the final equation.” He told me scrunching up his face.

I smiled at him as encouragingly as I could. “You’ll get it eventually.” I told him, confident in the truth in my words.

“Yeah I hope so, otherwise Mrs Garden is going to tear me a new one in front of the whole class.” Mrs Garden was our calculus teacher, and despite her small size you wouldn’t want to cross her. She was seriously vicious and she was always worked the smarter students the hardest.

“She is brutal.” I agreed, holding back a small shiver. I felt Blake’s hand starting to rub small circles into my back, and suddenly I was suppressing shivers for a whole other reason. I chewed gently on my lip as his thumb sent what felt like a million electric shocks flooding through my shirt and into my spine.

I leant further against him, loving the feeling.

“I know what you mean.” Amber spoke up. “I have Mrs Garden my maths class. I can honestly say she scares the living Jesus out of me.”

Jo nodded her head. “One time I forgot my homework and she yelled at me for ten minutes.” She scowled moodily. “I seriously considered setting her desk on fire.”

Everyone laughed at her comment, thinking it was a joke, besides Amber and me. I wouldn’t put it past Jo to do exactly that. “She’s not joking.” Amber confirmed my thoughts. “She actually asked me if I would go with her after school to pick up the petrol.”

That sobered everyone up, and they started giving Jo odd looks, which she either didn’t care about or remained oblivious to. Probably the first one. From the short time I had known her she didn’t seem to be the kind of girl who cared what anyone thought of her.

It was part of what I liked so much about her. Lunch somehow seemed a lot shorter today. It seemed almost as soon as I had finished eating, the

bell was ringing, telling us to get to lessons. Was stuck between being really happy over the fact that my next lesson was science because Blake was at least in that class, and really annoyed because I didn't want to have to deal with Mr Glass for the next hour.

Groaning I picked up my rubbish and threw it away before putting my tray back.

"Excited for science?" Blake asked raising an eyebrow at me.

I groaned again in response. "I just know Mr Glass hates me." I said grumpily. I don't even know what I could have done to make him dislike me so much.

"Don't worry Hailey. Mr Glass isn't that bad." Mark invited himself into the conversation, and Blake gave him an annoyed look.

I smiled at Mark half-heartedly. "No he hates me alright." I told him shaking my head. "I'm betting he sits at home every night thinking of ways to make me miserable."

Mark laughed. "I'm sure." He said sarcastically. "Because that's what people do."

I smiled as well. "Yep." I chose to ignore his sarcasm. "I'm betting he has a whole pad full of his evil schemes kept in his desk draw."

"Yeah. Sure he does." He bobbed his head in an exaggerated nod and slowed his words.

I laughed. "You know you'll be sorry if that is what he does." I told him, knocking him with my elbow.

"Sure I will." He imitated his actions from before, shooting me a sly grin.



I noticed then that from next to me Blake was scowling at the floor. I frowned a little. What had him looking so upset?

“What’s up Blake?” I asked him as people started leaving the cafeteria to make it to their lessons on time.

He shrugged his shoulders. “Nothing.” He said not looking at me. I raised my eyebrow at him.

“Really?” I asked, not at all convinced he was telling me the truth. I bit my lip, wondering if I should ask my next question. I decided to go for it. “Do you not like Mark?” I asked.

Blake took a sideways glance at me and shrugged his shoulders again. “Nothing to hate really.” He said frowning.

I furrowed my eyebrows together. “That’s not really answering my question Blake.” I said confused. “Mark’s a good guy.” I told him.

His scowl deepened. “Yeah I know. He’s a great guy, and you two get on really well.” He said, sounding almost bitter.

Now I was REALLY confused. “What-” My eyes widened a little bit. “Are you *jealous*?” I asked taken aback. Blake frowned even further and turned to face me.

I was expecting him to instantly start denying it, but to my surprise he jutted out as his jaw and spoke confidently. “So what if I am? I’m allowed to be jealous.”

My heart sped up a little. I wasn’t even sure if I had ever had a boy jealous over me before. It was oddly empowering. “But why?” I asked. What could Blake possibly have to be jealous about?

He glared at me. “You’re gong to make me spell it out for you aren’t you?” He pouted a little. When he looked down at me like that I could see the

small sign of embarrassment flooding his cheeks. I winced a little.

Was it supposed to be obvious? I instantly felt a lot stupider. Why couldn't I be good at the whole dating thing like Rebecca was? Did she have to get ALL of the good genes? It seemed mightily selfish of her.

Blake sighed loudly, running a hand through his hair. "Everyone's always saying what a great couple you and Mark would make since his first day here." He grumbled. "And now since we've started dating, I've already heard about bets on how long it will be until we break up. So I think I'm allowed to be jealous."

My eyes widened. How was it that I never heard about these sorts of things? I was starting to think that I was going to have to ask Rebecca to keep me updated on these sorts of things.

I shook my head, trying to keep my thoughts on topic. A smile forced its way onto my lips. "How long do you think we'll last?" I don't know why I asked it. It was the first thing that came to my mind to say.

It didn't look like Blake was expecting me to ask that either. "I don't know. Probably until you dump me for being a prick." He said with a small shrug.

I laughed a little stepping closer to him. "Blake you're *always* a prick." I said wrapping my arms around his waist. "If I was going to dump you for it, I wouldn't have even bothered going out with you in the first place." I joked.

It worked. His lips twitched involuntarily into a smile, and I felt my own mouth grinning in response.

"So I've not got to worry that you're going to suddenly realise that Mark's probably a much better match for you than I am?" He asked.

I shook my head. To be honest, Mark wouldn't be a better match for me. Maybe if I had never met Blake I would have liked Mark like that, but I doubt I would ever like him as much as I liked Blake. From the slightly doubting look in Blake's eyes I wanted to tell him that: I didn't get the fluttering feeling in my stomach when Mark smiled. I didn't get the electric feeling I got whenever my hand brushed Blake even slightly, when I touched Mark.

I didn't find myself smiling like an idiot just because Mark was in the same room as me. My heart didn't do crazy flips at the sound of Mark's laughter. I didn't constantly miss Mark whenever he wasn't around.

I wasn't confident enough to say any of that though. Instead I gave him the simpler version.

"Mark doesn't do it for me." I joked pulling Blake even closer; trying to tell him without words all the things I couldn't say.

Blake's whole face seemed to soften and he brushed some hair behind my ear, leaving his hand resting lightly on my cheeks. I closed my eyes sucking in a deep breath. He didn't know what he was doing to me.

I had half the mind to pull him closer and kiss the crap out of him.

I opened my eyes to look directly at him, trying to implant the thought into his mind with just one look. It didn't work sadly. I guess it was safe to say I wasn't Jedi material.

"You busy tomorrow night?" Blake asked instead.

"No. Why?" I asked.

"Because I think it'd be a good time for us to go on that re-try date of ours." He said. His hand was still resting on my cheek, and it was sending my stomach into a frenzy.

“I don’t know...” I said biting my lip. “It’s a school night. What if my parents don’t let me out of the house?” I asked raising an eyebrow at him.

His mouth pulled into a lopsided smirk, which wasn’t helping the stomach problem I was having at all. “Well Hailey Rebel Winters, you could always sneak out again.”

I laughed, pushing myself even closer to him. “Hmm, I’m not sure. What’s in it for me?” I questioned.

“You get to spend time with the most amazing boyfriend ever, duh.” He said smugly.

I rolled my eyes at him. There was the conceited Daniel Blake I knew so well. “Well that hardly sounds like something I can say no to.” I told him.

He grinned pulling me closed, making my heart do another flip. It was eventually going to be hazardous to my health to spend too much time around him if he kept making my body react like this. I was sure it couldn’t be healthy for me.

I didn’t say anything though, as he pulled me closer, cutting out the remainder of the distance between us.

Just as our lips were about to touch the late bell rang loudly. Blake groaned loudly, resting his forehead on mine. “We’re late.” He said unnecessarily. “We should probably get going.”

I found myself shrugging my shoulders. We were already late. “A couple more minutes can’t hurt.” I said as I stared at his lips, which were pulling up into a smirk at my words.

“Oh yeah?” He asked.

I nodded my head slightly, not needing to move it much due to how close we were.

“You really are turning into quite the rebel, Clover.” He said, his minty breath blowing across my face in a way that made me swear he was doing it on purpose just to taunt me.

“Mm,” I hummed in agreement. “You’re quite the influence, Blake.”

“I’m not sure that sound like such a good thing.” He told me, quirking an eyebrow.

I shook my head. “It’s not.” I assured him. He looked amused, and I flashed him a cheesy grin. “But it’s well worth it anyway.”

“Oh yeah?” He asked.

“Oh yeah.” I nodded in agreement, before pulling his head down to meet mine. It was fair to say we were more than a couple of minutes late to Science but I really didn’t care.

Yep. Daniel Blake was a bad influence alright.



## **Step Twenty-Five: You Get The Good Girl Into An Awkward Phone Conversation**

Okay so this is the third one :S not sure when the next update is and I never know when I'm going to update so don't get your hopes up for continuous updates as bad as that makes me sound I'm really bad at doing it :S

**::How To Turn A Good Girl Bad::**

## Step Twenty-Five: You Get The Good Girl Into An Awkward Phone Conversation

### [Dress really warm x]

I chewed my lips staring at the only instruction he had given me for tonight. I was trying to work out where he was taking me tonight, that I would have to dress warmer for than a night in the amusement park.

“Hmmm.” Rebecca hummed as she read the text over my shoulder. I could see her smile growing. “He sent you an ‘x’, that’s so cute.” She said probably the least helpful thing she could.

I couldn’t stop the blush from rising to my cheeks, and pushed Rebecca away from me. Great help she was being. She just laughed, reaching out to pinch my cheeks.

“You’re adorable Hailey.” Rebecca cooed, making me glare at her, as I slapped her hands away.

“Bug off.” I told her, trying to fight the blush but failing miserably.

I looked once more at the text Blake had sent me; unable not to notice the small ‘x’ Rebecca had brought my attention to. I sighed audibly putting my phone away. I wasn’t going to be able to guess where he was taking me, I concluded.

I had just about under an hour until Blake was supposed to be meeting me, as that thought passed through my mind my insides livened up as sparks of excitement shot through me making my limbs twitch as I held in a happy dance.

It felt almost like I was going to burst with excitement. I wasn't as nervous as I was for our first date, and when you took away all that it left me as a grinning fool.

"Hey girls." Both Rebecca's head and mine snapped up at the sound of our door opening and our dad calling out to us. He had the phone in his hand. "There's someone called Abby on the phone, for a Clover?"

I recognised the nickname Blake had assigned me instantly, but the name Abby didn't ring any bells. And I couldn't think of any reasons why Blake would be calling my house phone and impersonating a woman. "Um that would be me." I said lifting my hand up for the phone.

My dad looked down at me confused, before handing me the phone and muttering something about 'teenagers these days' and how we never used the names given to us at birth. I rolled my eyes at him and put the phone to my ear.

"Hello?" I asked confused.

"Is this Clover?" A voice I didn't really recognise asked.

"Um I guess." I said. "Most people call me Hailey though."

"THAT'S RIGHT!" She roared triumphantly. "I'm sorry I'm bad with names, and my brother called you Clover today, and that's what your contact was stored under on his phone."

My eyes widened in surprise. "Blake has my number stored as 'Clover'?" I asked, not knowing anyone else it could be that she was talking about.

"You call my brother by his last name?" The voice asked.

I blushed a little. "Force of habit." I explained. Abby chuckled from the other side. Suddenly I realised I had met her before. "Hey you're the girl who's getting married, right?" What was her fiancé's name again? "To



Rycece or something...” I clicked my fingers trying to come up with a name.

“Rick.” Abby supplied.

“That’s it.” I said with a grin. “Not to be rude but why are you calling me?” I asked, having to push away Rebecca who was nosily trying to listen in.

“Then put her on speakerphone.” Rebecca whisper demanded, making me roll my eyes. I tried shaking my head but she wasn’t taking no as an answer.

“Actually I had a few questions for you.” Abby said seriously.

I was still battling Rebecca off with one arm, unsuccessfully I might add. “Questions?” I echoed.

That’s when Rebecca decided to get really difficult. “PUT HER ON SPEAKER PHONE! PUT HER ON SPEAKER PHONE! PUT HER ON SPEAKER PHONE!” Rebecca started screaming out. I had to slap a hand over her mouth to make her stay quiet.

“Is everything okay over there?” Abby asked sounding both confused and concerned.

“Everything is peachy.” I told her, struggling to keep Rebecca pinned down with my knees. It wasn’t an easy feat, with all the cheerleading training and everything Rebecca had gained some serious muscle.

Suddenly a sharp pain in my hand had me snapping my arm back, and cradling it to my chest. I completely forgot about the phone conversation. “YOU BIT ME!” I accused as she pushed me away, picking up the phone I hadn’t even noticed I had dropped.

“All is fair in love and war baby.” She told me wiggling her eyebrows before turning back to the phone. “Hello this is Hailey sister Rebecca Winters, I am more than willing to answer any question you might have.”

My eyes widened. She wouldn't. “Rebecca give back the phone.” I hissed. She just shook her head, jumping back so she landed standing up on the bed. Holding out her hand to keep me at bay. “STD's? You're kidding me; my sister has like no sex life. How would she get an STD?”

My jaw dropped open. What the *hell*? “Rebecca!” I screeched at her, making a lunge that she easily avoided.

She skipped by me, dashing down the stairs. “WHAT? YEAH YOU SHOULD SEE THE LOVED UP EXPRESSION SHE WEARS WHENEVER YOU MENTION HIS NAME, IT'S A LITTLE SICKENING!” Rebecca called out loudly; to make sure I could hear every word.

I gasped. Okay if she was going to play dirty so was I.

“Oh no. I think I can hear the sound of your favourite hair straighteners jumping out of your balcony window.” I said, raising an eyebrow at her. “I better go investigate.” I barrelled back up the stairs.

“You wouldn't dare!” Rebecca called after me, chasing me up the stairs.

“You told my boyfriends sister unnecessary information on my sex life, there isn't nothing I wouldn't dare do.” I challenged her, opening her bedroom door. Now that I mention it there's pretty much no information on my sex life my boyfriend's sister would need to know.

By the time Rebecca got into her room I had her straighteners hanging from the tips of my fingers, dangling over our garden, where they could easily drop onto the concrete bellow us and smash. If it was one thing Rebecca couldn't stand it was her insanely curly hair. She wouldn't be

able to go the time it would take to get a new pair of straighteners, if this one somehow managed to brake.

“Okay don’t do anything rash.” Rebecca said.

“Give me the phone Blondie.” I ordered her, holding out my hand.

She slowly walked towards me giving me the phone. Once I had it firmly in my hand again I grinned at her, giving her her hair straighteners back as I pushed past her to get inside first before sliding the balcony door closed and locking it with a twist.

Her expression was one of outrage. “LET ME BACK IN HAILEY!” She called out to me, banging on the door.

“All is fair in love and war Becca!” I copied her earlier words giving her a small salute, before returning the phone to my ear. “I’m sorry for the interruption.” I said calmly. “What was it you wanted to ask me?”

“Is this a bad time?” Abby asked. She sounded amused though.

“Not at all, Rebecca has just stepped outside for a bit and won’t be returning until the end of the phone conversation.” I told her, waving at Rebecca through the glass door.

“Did you lock her outside?” Abby asked, sounding surprised.

“I’m sorry that’s on a need to know basis.” I said. “But yes Rebecca is outside and yes the door separating her from inside is locked at this current moment in time.”

Abby chuckled from the other side of the phone. “You’re interesting, I like that Hailey.”

I smiled. “Thanks.”

There was a short pause. “So no sex life huh?” Abby said eventually. I was glad she couldn’t see me because my cheeks burst into flames.

“Please can we pretend the last few minutes never happened?” I begged.

“Nuh-uh.” Abby denied.

I groaned. “So there was some questions you wanted to ask me?” I changed the subject.

She chuckled. “Well be grateful your sister answered the most difficult ones for you. Now I just have a few add on questions.” I hesitated not sure if I wanted to know after hearing the answers Rebecca had been giving.

“Go for it.” I told her with a sigh.

“In the chocolate/vanilla debate where do you stand?”

“Vanilla.” I answered easily with a sigh of relief. That at least meant there weren’t any extremely awkward questions.

“Good. Cat or dog?”

“Dog.”

“Summer or Winter?”

“Autumn is my favourite so winter I guess.”

“Interesting. Okay are you a daddy’s or a mummy’s girl?” I froze at that question.

“Neither really.” I told her after a short pause of both Abby and me saying nothing. “But if I’d have to chose I’m probably more a Daddy’s girl.”

“Okay one more question.” Abby said making me sigh in relief. “Picking a number between one and ten how excited are you for your date with my

brother tonight? Ten being, crazy fan girl, stalker obsessive excited.”

“Um.” I didn’t want to be categorised as being ‘crazy fan girl, stalker obsessive’ but I had a feeling if I said anything under ten I would just be lying to myself. I sighed. I didn’t really have anything to lose she already knew because of Rebecca’s oh-so-helpful unstoppable gob that I had no sex life and crazy go-go eyes for her brother.

“At the risk of you warning Blake away from me and calling me a wack-job I’m going to have to say ten anyway.” I said. I didn’t like the description but it was oddly accurate to the way I felt about Blake.

Abby laughed from the other end of the phone. “Honest. I like it. We should go shopping together sometime.”

My eyes widened. I was half expecting her to tell me to keep the hell away from her brother. Just then I heard a familiar voice in the background. “OMG we should go shopping sometime, get our nails done braid each other’s hair.” Blake imitated his sister’s voice, and I had to chuckle at the sounds of him trying to pull a ‘girly’ voice.

I could almost hear the smirk in Abby’s voice. “I’m sorry Hailey, I’m sure you know how immature my brother is.”

“Wait Hailey? As in my girlfriend Hailey?” I heard Blake’s almost panicked voice.

“Yep.” Abby said, popping the ‘P’.

I heard some scuffling, and the sound of Abby’s laugh over the other end of the phone. “Okay what did she say to you?” Blake asked sounding deadly serious. “I want to point out my sister is the spawn of the devil and whatever she told you it’s probably a lie.”

I laughed. “Don’t worry she didn’t say anything.” I told him.

I heard his sigh of relief. “So you’re not about to back out on our date or anything right?” He asked.

“Nope.” I smiled. “You’re stuck with me for a while.” I told him.

‘Good.’ He said making my heart stutter. “Now if you’ll excuse me I have a sister I have to go beat up.” He said, making me laugh.

“Okay.”

“See you in half an hour?” He asked.

Looking at the clock I saw it was half five. “That’s what we agreed on.” I nodded. “Bye.”

“Bye.” I heard him say back before he hung up. I could hear him shouting for Abby before the line went dead. I smiled. Glancing to the balcony I could see Rebecca watching me with a death glare.

I smiled sheepishly at her. “Help me now. Kill me later.” I told her. “I have half an hour to be ready for my date.” I looked up at her with pleading eyes and she made a face at me.

“You locked me outside!” She cried at me.

“You told my boyfriend’s sister that I have no sex life.” I defended.

Rebecca tried to remain looking angry with me, but her lips twitched upwards at my words. “Now please help me pick out an appropriate outfit.” I demanded, adopting a very ‘Rebecca’ tone of voice.

“Fine.” She huffed her resolve to stay mad vanishing. I shot her a big smile.

“I love you Bex.” I said grinning like the Cheshire cat.

“You better.” She told me. “I’m helping you even though you threatened my straighteners.” She watched me through narrowed eyes.

“As I said before. Help me now. Kill me later.”

“I’ll hold you to that.” She warned. Then pointed to the chair. “Now sit down.” She ordered before she started rummaging through her wardrobe for my outfit.

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Half an hour later Rebecca was stood opposite me, scrutinising her handy work. “Okay if Daniel doesn’t think you look hot tonight, he’s completely blind.” She told me with a triumphant smirk.

I rolled my eyes at her. Picking up the winter jacket she had dragged out from the back of her closet. It was a baby blue colour that I absolutely loved. I was half considering telling her a made up story about how it got thrown up on so she would say to keep it like she had with the last jacket she had leant to me. Though I think she might notice the lie.

Just then the doorbell rang loudly. A grin automatically wormed its way onto my face.

This time I had gotten permission from my dad to go on my date. I hadn’t even bothered to ask mum, because she had already made it perfectly clear what her opinion on me dating Blake was, and how she was going to stop me from going out with him if she had the option.

So with my father’s permission paired with my mother’s ignorance it meant I didn’t have to sneak out tonight.

I went downstairs to find the front door already opened, and Blake standing in the doorway with my father. “Hey Blake!” I grinned when I got to the bottom of the stairs.



His eyes automatically snapped to mine, and he got a glazed overlook in his eyes. I bit my lip trying to fight back a blush. I refused to blush from just one look. However defiance battling biology wasn't exactly a fair fight, and it was fair to say I lost the battle.

"Warm enough?" I asked doing a small twirl, hoping for his approval.

He smiled nodding his head. "Definitely hot enough." He said, his eyes twinkling with amusement. I blushed and smacked my forehead, motioning towards my dad who Blake appeared to have forgotten was standing right next to him.

His eyes widened a little bit, and he ducked his head murmuring a short apology. I held back a laugh as my dad just raised an eyebrow at Blake.

"This is the Daniel Blake kid I hear so much about?" He asked clearly finding the situation funny. I had to admit even I was holding back a laugh at the embarrassment written so clearly on Blake's face.

"Yeah." I said with a grin.

"And he's always like that?" My dad asked.

I laughed. "Pretty much." I told him.

"And you like him?" He asked sounding dubious.

I rolled my eyes. "Yeah." I said not denying it. Blake looked like he wanted the ground to swallow him up whole. He gave me a sheepish look. "Ready to go?" I asked him, fighting back a laugh. He didn't look like he appreciated the humour.

He nodded his head, stuffing his hands into his pockets. "Alright you have fun." My dad told us, holding open the door.

I shot him a grateful smile. “Will do. I’ll be back before midnight.” I told him, kissing his cheek on the way past. He nodded somewhat reluctantly. He had wanted me home at a much earlier time and to be honest I wasn’t really expecting to be out that late, but I didn’t want to cut our time short on the chance of spending more time with Blake.

I managed to sway my dad into agreeing to home by midnight by using the I’m eighteen now argument, though I think him saying yes had more to do with the fact that he still felt guilty for missing my birthday.

When the door closed behind us Blake let out a sigh. “Great, so I managed to make myself look like an ass before our date even began.”

My lips twitched as I held in a laugh. “I wouldn’t say that.” I told him. “I think the date starts when you arrive at the door, so it wasn’t before the date even began.” I teased.

He wasn’t impressed. “Funny Clover. Real funny.”

I chuckled shrugging my shoulders. Clearly he didn’t find it half as amusing as I did.

“I can’t believe I did that. I bet your father’s just standing there thinking about what a prick I am.” He groaned.

“Probably not.” I assured him. “My dad’s more likely thinking about the video tape they sent to him with us vandalising the school. You know for a while your nickname was ‘that Daniel boy with the dreadful singing voice’.”

“You’re not helping.” He told me grumpily.

I just smiled at him, moving my hand to take hold of his. “Don’t worry. My dad actually likes you.” I told him.

From the look he shot me, Blake clearly didn't believe a word I said.

"Yeah right. I'm the idiot who stood right in front of him eye-raping his daughter and making flirty comments. I bet I'm every father's dream for their daughter's boyfriend."

I raised an eyebrow at him. "You were eye-raping me?" I asked trying not laugh without much success.

He glared at me, a thin disguise of his embarrassment that I saw through straight away. We reached his car and he opened the car door for me. I smiled a little, sliding into the passengers seat. I could get used to this.

Blake climbed into the driver's side, still looking annoyed with himself, and I started to feel guilty for laughing at him. "Talking about family," I started, when he pulled out of the parking space, wanting to take his mind off of it for a little bit. "That call your sister gave me earlier was interesting."

Blake didn't look to impressed with the subject change. "I like her." I continued.

He glanced sideways at me, taking his attention off the road long enough to give me another disbelieving look.

"She's interesting." I continued.

Blake was silent for a moment before sighing. "Yeah well I don't know what you said to her but she loved you." He confessed. "She's now demanding I take you over to properly introduce the two of you."

I looked up surprised. She wanted to properly meet me? Even after I admitted I was kind of obsessed with her brother? That was new. Maybe the whole Blake family was a bit weird. From the people I had met so far, I was willing to say that might just be the case.

"She does?" I asked.

“Yeah.” Blake nodded. “And my mum wants you to visit again soon. Sophie keeps asking when you’re next coming over, my dad said he wants to meet you, and even Darren said you should come over again because you’re a ‘riot’.”

I blinked slowly, feeling a little overwhelmed. “Wow.” I said.

“Yep. You seem to have won over the whole Blake family.” Blake said smiling a little at me.

“I guess we’ll have to arrange sometime for me to come over again.” I said hesitantly. I had met or spoken to the majority of them before, but for some reason I felt it was going to be different now that I was dating their son.

I felt as if I would have to earn their approval all over again.

“You could always come over for Darren’s birthday this weekend.” Blake suggested, sounding almost hopeful but at the same time worried. I looked at him surprised. Did he want me to spend time with his family? From what I knew of their family they seemed pretty close, so I guess it would be important for me to meet them.

I looked at him curiously. “Do you want me to?” I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. “Well if you hadn’t already met them I would probably say no, but seeming as you’re already aware of how weird they are I’m not so worried about them scaring you away from me. So yeah. I want to show you off to them a little.” He said with a small smile.

My eyebrows rose at his confession. A warm feeling flooded through me at his words. “Then yeah I’ll go.” I told him, forcing back the part of me that was scared to meet them again in case they suddenly realised hated me.

Blake smiled widely at me. "If they start acting really strange and freak you out I'll take you home." He promised making me laugh. I nodded my head in agreement.

"Deal." I said.

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"Okay, remember when I told you I lack all kinds of balance." I said staring doubtfully at the building in front of us. This was where Blake had chosen to take me on our second date.

I looked over at him confused. Surely he knew that this could only possibly lead up to a disaster. Blake ignored the look I was giving him and gave my arm a pull. I pouted childishly as he dragged me towards the desk.

My eyes flickered over to where there was a massive circular ice skating rink. My eyes darted back to Blake. Me plus any activity that required any sort of co-ordination equalled an accident waiting to happen.

Blake nudged my arm, nodding his head towards the lady behind the desk who was watching me expectantly. Giving a long sigh I told her my shoe size and she went to fetch the ice skates for us.

"You realise I can't even skate with roller blades right?" I asked. "I'm going to epic fail at ice skating."

Blake just shot me an award-winning grin. "That's what I was hoping for." He told me happily. I frowned at him. So he wanted to watch me fall on my arse and make a fool out of myself? I couldn't think of any other reason he would be doing this to me.

"I'm confused." I confessed scrunching up my face. "You're making no sense." The lady returned with our shoes and Blake paid her before taking them and leading us to a nearby bench.

He gave me a smug smile. “You’ll see.” He told me, lacing up his skates.

I wanted to press it further, but had the feeling that he wasn’t going to elaborate for me.

He just watched me expectantly until I caved in and put on the skates, making sure to lace them up as tightly as possible. I didn’t want any increased chance of hurting myself, as I was pretty sure I was going to leave this place plenty bruised enough.

I took Blake’s hand when he offered it out to me glad to be able to have some support. Almost as soon as I was stood up my feet wobbled underneath me, warning me to sit back down. I ignored it and instead held on tightly to Blake’s arms, which were pulling me closer to him.

He kept his eyes on me as he expertly led us towards the entrance of the rink. I held on to him as tightly as possible as we reached the ice. “Okay I’m not going on.” I chickened out shaking my head vigorously, regretting it when I wobbled unsteadily on the skates.

Blake laughed, pulling his arms tighter around me to hold me steady. “Come on Clover. I’m not going to let go of you.” He promised.

Okay *now* it sounded tempting. Which was saying A LOT.

I chewed on my lip, and Blake pulled me even closer raising an eyebrow challengingly at me. I sighed in defeat. Who was I kidding? There wasn’t even a little chance that I was going to say no to him. Sighing I nodded my head.

“You better not break that promise Blake.” I warned him.

He just gave me a big smile, making me think that this was all going to be worth it just to see him that happy.

“I don’t intend to.” He told me a strong conviction behind his words that had shivers running down my spine. What would it be like to be hearing him say those same words but not about ice-skating? Shaking my head I pressed further into Blake, trusting him to keep his promise and not let go.

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so that's what I've written so far :P hope you enjoyed them all don't forget to comment on the chapters and vote :D I love hearing about what you guys think :D



Step Twenty-Six: You Have A Re-do Date

So it's been a while (understatement) and i'm really sorry :(and here's another chapter, though I'm really sorry that this wasn't sooner or as long as I would like but I've been SUPER busy :/

Anyway I was asked to do a little recap of what's been going on i the past chapters because it's been a long time so here story so far in steps (this make take a small while - skip ahead to the bold writing for real chapter):

Hailey (a.k.a clover) meets Blake (a.k.a Daniel) he's an ass, she sasses him (BIG SHOCK I'M SO ORIGINAL :P) He gets an intrest.

They fight a lot.

Blake gets her drunk and Suspended/excluded (Hailey calls herself an apology whore, meets sapphire etc.)

Turns out Hailey has a lot of family problems (Brother: dead. Mum and dad: MIA. Rebecca: just a general bitch) and Blake as a highly energetic loving family (All: EPIC)

Blake comforts, and woos her. (is that spelt right?)

Blake asks Hailey out. Hailey forced to attend anger management (meets jo...)

First date - in short: NO (but she agrees to be Blake's girlfriend officially)

Hailey agrees to second date and here we are: (can't believe that takes 132 pages in full :S)

How To Turn A Good Girl Bad:

::Step Twenty-Six: You Have A Re-do Date::

I was sure that Blake was holding me close enough that he could actually feel how hard my heart was beating against my chest. If he could feel it though he made no mention of it. It wasn't a choice reaction I was having. If I had a choice I would be calm, cool, and collected around him. Not the jittery ball of nerves I was being lately.

I was just thankful that it was so cold, and I could blame the redness of my cheeks on that. So the constant blush on my face didn't seem so out of place, like it usually did.

Blake pulled his arms tighter around me, pulling me closer into his chest, making my heart speed up impossibly. I opened my mouth to make some sort of smart comment on it, but nothing came to mind.

The truth was I had no idea what I was doing. I wasn't used to being the centre of attention, but when I was with Blake it felt like all the spotlights were pointing at me. So whilst being ecstatic that I had his attention, I was also self-conscious of everything I said. Suddenly now that we were dating everything I wanted to say to him sounded stupid.

My mind was completely distracted on these thoughts as Blake pulled me around the ice rink. So far he hadn't attempted to teach me how to skate, so much as held me up as he skated for the both of us. Which was fine by me seeming as I was sure I would manage to somehow drag us both to the ground if he did attempt to teach me.

My breath caught in my throat when Blake did a fast spin on the ice, forcing us both to do a full turn. I could see the smug smirk on his face as I clung on to him tighter. Once the shock of the spin had worn off, I was able to risk letting go of him with one of my arms to hit him on the shoulder awkwardly as I tried not to make us both fall at the same time.

"You gave me a heart attack." I accused.

I could feel him laughing around me, making an uneven scowl cross my face as I tried not to laugh with him. "You could have at least given me a little bit of warning." I told him with a glare.

He shrugged his shoulders smirking at me. "Like this?" He asked cocking an eyebrow. "Clover I'm going to turn around." He did as he warned; this time doing two full spins. I gasped holding on to him again.

"You're a jerk." I told him. My smile gave away that I wasn't really angry though. "You just like showing off."

He grinned. "Of course. I've been skating since I was ten." He bragged.

"I've been skating since I was ten." I went for the mature option of mimicking his words in a deep voice. He laughed at my obviously well thought

through comeback.

“Is someone jealous of my superior talent?” He asked clearly amused.

I rolled my eyes at him. “What are you talking about? Falling on my ass every few seconds is intentional. You wish you had my talent.”

He chuckled, his breath hitting my ear, causing a small shiver to run down my spine. “Oh yeah.” He said sarcastically. “I’m really jealous, you’re obviously a natural at this.”

“Thank you.” I said ignoring the sarcasm that was laced into his tone. He rolled his eyes at me, a small smile stretching across his face.

I leant further into Blake, trying to hide the unavoidable – verging on creepy – smile stuck on my face, in response to his much more casual one. I was almost positive that he saw it, but yet again didn’t make any mention of it. Instead he leant his chin on my shoulder.

“So oh-talented-one,” he started, and even from the angle I was at I could see his eyebrow rise slightly. “How do you feel about trying to actually learning to skate?” He asked.

I turned my head to try and face him more clearly than I was without making us both fall to the ground. “Are you serious?” I asked.

He lifted his head, leaving my shoulder oddly cold, smirking at me in a way that clearly stated a challenge. “You’re the one who said you were a natural...” He trailed off.

Usually I would have just said no straight out. Me? Skating? Those two things just didn’t go together. However I had been on the ice for a while now, and not fallen over once. And how much could Blake really be helping me?

I felt a surge of confidence as I accepted the challenge Blake had set me with. To say he didn't look surprised would be a lie, and that just made me want to do it more. Still, he followed through and tried to help me learn to skate.

And for a while nothing bad happened.

Of course everything finally going so smoothly wasn't something that happened often to me, and there's no need to say that when things seemed to be going perfectly it usually didn't take long before I somehow managed to find a way of screwing it up.

The fact that I was on ice right now just made it a more serious danger.

So it was inevitable that something bad was going to happen. However when we got closer and closer to the end of the night, I really thought I might actually make it through the date without making a complete fool of myself.

Life wasn't that kind though.

It was my fault really. I got too confident. Our earlier conversation had really gotten to my head somehow, however sarcastic it might have been. So when Blake offered to teach me to skate I and I had reluctantly said yes.

It should have been really obvious that that would be where the problems would arise for me.

I think I had just tempted fate too much for it to resist. Or, then again, maybe it was Blake. He had been the one who told me I was doing well in skating. Maybe it was his words had tipped it just that little bit too far. Maybe I had been his words that just forced fate to prove him wrong.

All I know for certain was that in one minute I had happily been letting Blake's compliment get to my head, so much so that I hadn't noticed the

three foot tall blonde haired boy of pure evil who had for some reason decided that skidding in front of me, an amateur skater, was a good idea.

And in the next minute I had tripped over the aforementioned devil in disguise bringing down not only myself but also, Blake, one kind elderly woman, and both her grandchildren.

A small shriek left my lips as I tumbled forwards, my arms letting go of Blake and flailing in the air helplessly. All I managed to grab onto though was the cardigan of the elderly lady trying to teach her grand children to skate.

That wasn't helpful at all.

I quickly pushed out the only other remaining hand to brace myself for landing on the floor, whilst Blake tried to reach out to grab onto me before I could fall. That just made us both fall over.

A loud cracking sound came from under me as I landed on my arm in an awkward position.

I cursed loudly as Blake's weight landed on top of mine. I hissed through my teeth at the pain that raced through my arm as it was forced further into the ground.

"Shit." Blake mumbled clambering to get up quickly, which proved to be difficult whilst he was wearing the death trap people called skates.

As he fumbled around trying to get onto his feet I wriggled around until I was protectively cradling my right arm into my stomach. Damn that was a painful fall and my arm protested every time I tried to move it.

I ground my teeth together.

"What was that sound? Are you all right? Clover?" He didn't give me any time to answer, and I would have been more annoyed if it wasn't for his

truly worried tone.

“I don’t know.” I grunted out. We were gaining quite a crowd now. Everyone had circled around us to try figure what happened. And although I hated all the attention on me I didn’t even bother trying to stand whilst I had the skates on my feet.

I would only end up hurting myself, and innocent passers-by, further.

From the corner of my eye I saw a man in a red work shirt kneel down beside me. “Are you okay?” He asked politely, eyeing my arm. He gently put his hand on the top half my arm to steady me.

Over the top of his head I could see another worker helping the old aldy and her two children, all f whom were glaring at me for ruining their evening, even though the blonde boy who had caused me to trip in the first place was standing two feet to their right. I could also see Blake watching from the side his face strangely pail.

“I just landed on my arm funny. I’m sure I’m fine.” I said with a shrug focussing back to the red-topped worker in front of me, before craning my neck to see past him again.

“Blake?” I sought out Blake, irrationally thinking that if he was closer somehow the pain would lessen. Stupid, I know. But it couldn’t exactly hurt more to have him there.

He instantly jumped into action offering out his assistance to help me stand up, putting his arms around my shoulders.

I winced when my arm jostled against his.

This didn’t go unnoticed by either Blake, or the red shirted worker. “I think you should go to the hospital to check that out.” The worker said frowning. “It looks broken to me.”

Blake gave him a horrified look. “Broken?”

I looked down at my arm. It hurt a lot, but broken? That couldn't be a good sign. “Hospital?” I said in the same tone Blake had just used.

The worker seemed to be oblivious to this though, and just nodded his head. “Can I take a look?” He asked holding out his hand expectantly. If I hadn't been in skates I would have taken a step back from him.

Instead though I just held my arm closer to myself, ignoring the shot of pain racing through my arm as I did so. The worker took back his hand looking embarrassed. I felt a twinge of guilt at the look on the worker's face, and I smiled a little sheepishly at him.

Blake's arm tightened over my shoulders, making me look over at him. “We really should get your arm checked at the hospital.” He told me determinedly.

I didn't say anything for a long while as I looked at him, trying to think of a way of convincing him to drop the idea, but between the pain in my arm and the look on Blake's face that clearly left no room for argument I decided to give up before even trying.

I sighed loudly and nodded my head silently.

I hated hospitals but I didn't exactly have a choice here.

Blake led me gently towards the door. I barely even noticed though. The thought of the hospital was making the world seem like it was spinning so fast that I could throw up at any seconds.

It didn't feel like long, but it must have at least been fifteen minutes because I could now smell the sterilised air of the hospital. I snapped out of the fog that had been clouding my mind and my spine straightened.

Memories of Tommy started filtering in. All the hospital visits. All the times the doctors apologised to us because there was nothing they could do.

I could remember all too well the feeling of helplessness as I watched my little brother slowly die in front of me.

I could hear Blake calling ‘Clover’ to me, but it registered only in the back of my mind.

“Hailey?” Blake’s worried voice asked me. And then suddenly he was in front of me, holding on to my shoulders.

It’s just a hospital. It is just a hospital.

“I...” I trailed off, not sure where I wanted to lead that sentence. I sighed loudly pressing my forehead into Blake’s shoulder. “I don’t like hospitals.” It seemed like an understatement. I hated hospitals with a passion.

There was nowhere in the world I felt more crowded, helpless, and alone. ‘Don’t like’ didn’t cover it even slightly.

I could feel Blake tense before he relaxed and looped his arms loosely around me. “You’re brother?” he asked quietly. I nodded against his shirt. I was feeling a lot calmer having him hug me like this.

“Yeah, it’s pretty stupid but...” I sighed, knowing instinctively he would understand, and I wouldn’t have to finish the sentence. I didn’t even know *how* to finish that sentence. All my words seemed to have evaporated away.

Blake pulled away a little, looking straight at me. “It’s not stupid, Hailey.” He said in a deadly serious tone, that I didn’t even know he had until now. I smiled and nodded my head.

Taking in a deep breath gestured with my chin towards my arm. “We’re here now so we might as well get my arm checked.” I tried to smile, but my lips wouldn’t do it properly. Sighing I looked at the long queue.

“Looks like it’s going to be a while.” Another understatement.

Blake sighed next to me. “Maybe some people will leave.” Wishful thinking.

“Maybe *we* should just leave, I’m sure my hand is fine.” Lie.

I risked a glance at Blake. He wasn’t buying it. I sighed again. “This is going to be fun.” Sarcasm.

Blake’s P.O.V

This wasn’t supposed to happen. Hell I’m not even sure *how* this happened. I sucked in a breath looking down at Clover. She was staring at the wall opposite us with half lidded eyes as she rested gently on my shoulder. She looked physically exhausted, which wasn’t a surprise because it wasn’t long ago that she had finally stopped fidgeting so nervously at the thought of being in a hospital.

I hated myself right now.

What kind of dickhead managed to get such an amazing girl to give him a second chance of a first date that he had already screwed up royally on, and then landed her in *hospital*?

The worst kind. A small voice in the back of my mind, that constantly told me what a prick I was or at least made myself look like for screwing up in front of Clover all the time, gladly supplied that answer for me.

I sighed running a hand through my hair, accidentally jostling Clover.

Smooth move dumbass. The voice didn't shut up. I sent a sheepish look to Clover who was sitting up groggily now rubbing her eyes with her good hand.

"Hey sorry about that." I apologised, my eyes flickered down to her swelled arm. The nurse behind the counter had given us an icepack that whilst helping the swelling, also had goose bumps dotted up her arms as she shivered in the cold.

I frowned at myself. How didn't I notice how cold she was before? God I sucked the big one.

Shrugging off my jacket I placed it over her shoulders. Not giving her a chance to refuse my offer.

She glanced up at me with a blush deepening the red on her cheeks, making my stomach flip, even at a ridiculous time like this she had me up in knots. "Thanks." She said snuggling into the jacket's warmth.

She had an adorable smile on her face, that I couldn't help leaning in towards her. I brushed the hair that had fallen into her eyes behind her ear and sighed, closing my eyes. I wanted to enjoy this whilst it lasted. She had every right to push me away. Hell she had every right to dump me on the spot. But she didn't do either, even though mentally I was trying to prepare myself for them.

Instead I felt her warm breath hit my face as she let out a long sigh, and her forehead hit mine gently. My heart thudded loudly.

She had managed to surprise me again. Opening my eyes I stared at her to find she had closed her own eyes. Her lashes looked longer up close, and her lips were slightly parted as she breathed steadily, her cheeks still holding a pink flush.

From this close I could see every detail. The small almost invisible mole under her right eye, the small curve of her nose, the dark colour of her lashes, to how her teeth weren't as perfectly straight as they always seemed, and the small indent her those same teeth had made biting constantly on her lip.

I brought my hand up slowly, cupping her cheek almost instinctively as my thumb brushed over the small spot that I knew a dimple would appear when she smiled. Almost instinctively knowing what I was thinking the corner of her lip rose a little bit in a half smile.

"Blake?" She said quietly, her breath fanning across my face.

"Yeah." I replied trying to keep as still as possible. I didn't want to mess up. Not again. And I figured if I moved at all I would royally screw up this moment.

"Thank you." Was all she said.

My eyebrows pulled together. Thank you? For what? Landing her in hospital? "For what?" I asked my question out loud. Maybe right now she was asleep, not fully aware what was going on around her. Because from where I was standing I should be grovelling on my knees for forgiveness, not being thanked.

She made no sense to me sometimes. "This. Now. Everything." She answered.

Okay so maybe she banged her head in the fall. I pulled back a little bit, trying to discreetly check for injuries. She laughed a little. It was a small one but enough to make my heart skip a step in my chest. I pulled my eyebrows together trying to get myself to stop acting like a love struck teenage girl.

Looking at her small smile didn't help. My heart did the funny skip a beat thing again.

I frowned. This just wasn't healthy, was it? I was going to have to lay off the McDonalds or something.

Looking at me she opened her mouth to explain what she meant, but just my luck that that was when the doctor called her through.

After that the conversation wasn't picked up again. Leaving me completely confused. Just like I always was when it came to Clover.

XXX

THAT'S IT I'M AFRAID, YOU PEOPLE ARE AWESOME FOR WAITING SO LONG! And I suck for making you do so :(

LOVE YOU ALL! <3



Step Twenty-Seven: You Give The Good Girl Some Pain Medicine

sorry it's a couple of hours late :(

How To Turn A Good Girl Bad

::Step Twenty-Seven: You Give The Good Girl Some Pain Medicine::

Numb. I was loving the feeling – or lack of feeling – in my body right now.

I knew I had a dopey smile on my face. But why wouldn't I? Everything was perfect. This feeling was perfect. My grades were perfect. My sister was perfect (or at least she seemed to think so). My life was perfect. My eyes flitted across the room to where my boyfriend was sitting a confused and unsure smile on his face as I grinned at him.

Daniel Blake was perfect.

I didn't know why he had that look on his face because as I said all in all things were perfect.

I scrunched my face up, throwing the biggest smile my face would allow at him, trying to wipe away his worry. Blake smiled back a little more genuinely, before glancing at the doctor I had forgotten was even in the room.

“So these pain killers last how long?” Blake asked.

“It varies from person to person, but judging by the way she's acting I would say you have a fair few hours at least.” The man in scrubs and a white coat said. He was a bone specialist or something. All I know was he gave me medicine and now everything was perfect.

Blake walked towards me, taking my good hand. I stared as our fingers intertwined. More than perfect.

“Come on let's get you home.” He said brushing hair out my eyes, giving me a smile intended for the gods. Have I said the word perfect already? I

pouted a little when I registered what he said. Home? That meant less time with him.

“Do we have to?” I asked, trying to pull puppy dog eyes.

Blake groaned, bringing a hand to my face and cupping my cheek. “Yes Clover, you’re acting like you’re drunk again.” He said shaking his head. “We wouldn’t want anything to go like it did last time.”

I sighed. It was true. Last time ended in a suspension and two tattoos.

“Not to mention I promised to have you home hours ago, your dad’s going to kill me.” He looked genuinely worried about that.

I laughed and nodded my head, an image of my dad going through the effort of killing someone wasn’t something easily imagined. The more probable reaction from my dad would be a raised eyebrow and an off hand comment of the time. Blake didn’t seem all too aware of that though.

“Come on then.” Blake helped me off of the bed I was sitting on. I surprised him by clinging to him like a monkey instead of landing on the ground, making him stumble back a few steps and have to catch himself on the wall behind him, almost knocking over the doctor.

Blake sighed in relief when he caught himself and managed to straighten us up. Instead of complaining about the position like I thought he would, he simply adjusted me so he had a firm grip around my waist.

He’s strong. I poked his arm where his muscles were standing out from holding me up. *And sexy.* I grinned happily, burying my nose into the crook of his neck.

He smelt just as good as I remembered - if not better. I felt his muscles stiffen for a second whilst I rubbed my nose against his neck, making

myself comfortable, before relaxing again. I sighed finding myself a lot warmer.

I could have sworn I heard Blake's breathing hitch slightly but I didn't say anything. I was too comfortable. My mouth had it's own ideas about not talking though. "Blake you smell good." I told him with a grin.

I saw the smallest movements in his lips that were pulling up ever so slightly into a smile. There was something smug about the way he smiled but that just made me love the smile more. It screamed Daniel Blake.

And as I said before, Daniel Blake was perfect. *How did I get so lucky?*

I felt Blake stiffen a little, and I realised I had said the last question out loud. *Oops.* The smug smile had dropped off of his face and he was giving me a funny look. I couldn't decipher what the expression was but it didn't look exactly happy. Actually he looked more sad than happy.

I had been expecting a cocky response. Something aloof and light that would make me laugh, like he always somehow managed to do.

"You're kidding right?" He asked quietly. He sounded so sad it was making my heart clench in my chest painfully. He didn't sound like himself. He sounded a little lost and insecure – two words I would never use to describe Daniel Blake in normal circumstances.

I pulled a face. What was there to kid about? He knew how amazing he was. He said it himself enough times.

"I've got to be the worst boyfriend in history." He grumbled, not looking at my face. I don't know how he managed it but I only just now realised I was sitting in his car, as he strapped in my seat belt for me.

I was so confused. What would make him think he was the worst boyfriend in history? There were tons of girls who would gladly kill me and take my place as his girlfriend.

Before I had time to ask him any of that though he was already shutting the passenger door and making his way to the driver's side.

As he climbed into the sea behind the wheel he had a dark look on his face. Funnily enough I knew he wasn't annoyed with me though. It looked more like he was annoyed with himself. Before he had time to start the car I reached over and grabbed his arm, trying to make him turn to look at me.

I knew that if it wasn't for the powerful pain drugs flowing through my system I wouldn't have nearly enough confidence to do what I was about to. But I hated the look of self-doubt and hatred on Blake's face right then.

"Blake." I said quietly when he didn't turn. He still stared straight ahead, but he wasn't trying to start the car. "Blake." I tried again louder, more confidently. Still nothing. "Daniel." I sighed out eventually, demanding attention from him.

Finally his head turned and his eyes met mine. He looked so unsure it scared me a little bit. What had he got to be so unsure about? He looked like he was trying to prepare himself for the worst. What did he think was about to happen?

"Daniel, you're not the worlds worst boyfriend." I said sounding confused to my own ears. "What would make you think that?"

He snorted loudly. "Oh let me think." He said sarcastically. "Could it be the fact that so far I've taken you out on two dates, managing to get you thrown up on on the first one, and then managing to brake your wrist on the second?" He scowled.

"Not to mention that I probably have all the personality traits of a complete knob head?" He ran a hand through his already messed up hair. "I have no idea what I'm supposed to be doing as a boyfriend, and-"

“You smell great.” I cut him off. I wasn’t even sure where this was going, but at least it got him to stop putting himself down like he was.

He gave me a puzzled look. “That doesn’t-”

“And you’re drop dead sexy.” I interrupted again. Hell I was drooling just thinking about him without a shirt. “Very, very, sexy.” I mumbled getting distracted.

Blake laughed a little bit sighing. “That still doesn’t-”

“I mean like body of a god sexy.” I interrupted.

Blake was blushing now, which was a strange turn of tables. Usually I was the one blushing. He turned his head away from me, but I could still see the flush running up his neck. I smiled a little.

“I’m starting to think you only want me for my body.” He half joked, but there was a hint of worry in his voice. Did he really think I was like that?

I shook my head. “Nah, those are just bonuses.” I told him leaning closer towards him. “There are a whole bunch of reasons why I’m crazy about you.” I sighed leaning my head back on my chair.

I could see his head snapping towards mine. “Like what?” He asked.

I smiled. He sure was persistent. “You make me laugh all the time. And every time I need you to listen, I don’t even have to tell you. You just know. And afterwards you always say something that makes me feel better.”

He stared at me wide eyed.

“You make me feel like the old me too. I was always working so hard to meet everyone’s expectations and then you came along and – I felt like for once I didn’t have to put up a front, at first because I really didn’t care

what you thought about me, and afterwards because you looked at me like you liked the real me. You made me feel like the real me was worth a damn. You have no idea how much that meant to me Blake.” I sighed staring at the ceiling of his car.

Now that I had started my mouth didn't seem to want to stop. “You make my heart beat faster, and a lot of the times I don't know what to say around you, but you always seem to understand what I'm trying to say anyway. And just being near you makes me happier than I've been in years.”

I flickered my eyes across to him and he was looking at me with wide eyes. Those purple grey eyes that never failed to make me weak at the knees. His strong jaw was slack, and I could see just a glimpse his row of perfect teeth.

My eyes travelled lower to the shirt that was sticking to him appealingly, showing off his abs. “Plus you're sexy. It helps.” I grinned unable to help myself.

That earned a loud laugh from him. A loud genuine laugh that make my insides melt with joy.

I smiled back at him. “You're sexy too Clover.” That was Daniel Blake. That was confident, self-assured Daniel Blake that I got the honour of calling my boyfriend.

“That laugh is seriously hot Blake.” I groaned.

His was grinning at me as if his face would split in two. I'd never seen him look that happy before. I was close to ripping off his clothes and having my way with him right now. And I didn't feel even slightly embarrassed by the fact. Damn these painkillers were strong.

He brought his hand over and brushed his thumb across my cheek. God I loved it when he did that.

“I don’t know how you do it Clover but you get more and more surprising every day.” He said, his voice low and husky. I moaned a little. He needed to stop talking like that. I still had some common sense left.

But that didn’t stop me from unbuckling my seat belt, grabbing his face, and kissing him.

To say Blake wasn’t surprised would be a lie, but he didn’t complain. Instead he kissed me back pulling me closer to him. If it weren’t for the drugs in my system I probably would have complained loudly about my injured hand knocking against the back of Blake’s chair, but right now it felt more numb than anything else.

I moaned when Blake started to draw little circles into my hips. When had he gotten so good at this?

Probably with all the practice he had gotten over the years. But not even that thought could bother me right now.

I licked his bottom lip practically begging for entrance. Blake wasn’t exactly against the idea. His mouth opened under mine and our tongues tangled together.

The taste of him was amazing. I wasn’t even sure how to describe it. Maybe if I was in my English class room with my pen to my paper and a completely drug free mind I could have thought of a million words to describe it, but right now with Blake’s lips on mine there weren’t any words just a jumble of messed up nonsense in my head.

I sighed as Blake pulled our lips apart and started kissing his way down my neck.

My breathing hitched when his teeth grazed my skin ever so slightly. That didn't deter him from his path back up my neck and on to my lips again. I squeezed my eyes shut enjoying the sensation. I almost missed it completely when Blake shifted me so that I was now sitting straddling his lap.

How he managed to do that was beyond me because I'm pretty sure my legs were just jelly, and I wasn't helping in the slightest. Still he managed it.

I moaned tangling my good hand in his black hair and tugging on it, pulling myself closer. I felt his hand scrape under his jacket, to where my t-shirt had ridden up slightly along my back from all the carrying around Blake had done with me.

His skin meeting mine made my back arch, and groaning against his lips.

Suddenly Blake pulled away panting heavily. "W-w-we should stop." He stuttered out. I blinked my mind still fuzzy from his kiss. Since when did Blake stutter? And did he say stop? I sighed loudly, leaning forwards and resting my forehead on his shoulder.

Maybe it was my imagination, but his kisses seemed to get better every time. I pulled back from him pouting a little bit. "But I was having fun." I protested, not caring how childish or slutty I sounded. Blake was my boyfriend, so I was allowed to kiss him when I wanted, right?

He groaned. "Believe me so was I." He said sounding a little pained. "But I have to get you home. Your dad's got to be worrying."

I pouted and wrinkled my nose. "Mention my dad, mood killer much?" I asked quirked an eyebrow.

Blake laughed loudly, leaning forwards and pecking my nose. "I think I like drugged up Clover." He said with a smile.

“Well I think I like cocky and conceited Blake. Does that make me weird?” I asked cocking my head to the side.

He grinned happily at me. “The weirdest.” He said. I smiled too. There was something so much lighter about his smile. It made my insides feel fuzzy. Maybe that was just the drugs though.

“Hey Blake. I really like you.” I told him running my hand through his hair.

For a moment he looked surprised before he grinned at me. “Good, because I really like you too.” He told me pecking me lightly on my lips. It wasn’t nearly the kiss he gave me earlier, but it still sent warmth coursing through my veins.

“God, I love that feeling.” I mumbled as he pulled away.

He gave me a cocky, heart-stopping, grin. “You should probably go back to your seat.” He smirked when I didn’t move from my spot on his lap.

I blushed a little but I didn’t even bother to try and hide my cheeks the best I could with my hair, like I usually did. “Your fault.” I ended up saying, glancing at him through my eyelashes, challenging him with my eyes. “I kind of like it here.”

I wanted a kiss but what I got was a laugh, which I guess was the next best thing considering that it did still give me some of the tingles I was craving right then.

“Well if you insist on being a child about it...” He picked me up, what looked like easily and put me back in my seat. He had ridiculous strength. I blinked. Before I knew what he was doing he was strapping my seat belt for me again, holding on to my elbow so that he could manoeuvre my injured hand out of his way without hurting me.

I was already missing the warmth of him. He started up the car, leaving the hospital parking lot. We talked about pretty much anything during the drive, and it really didn't take long to arrive at our destination, which was sort of upsetting because I liked being able to be so close to Blake for so long.

As he pulled up outside my house I frowned a little.

I shook myself out of it though. Picking up my (technically Rebecca's) coat for me, that I had to avoid because it was too tight fitting to be comfortable on my swollen arm, from the back seat of his car he walked around to open the door for me.

I hopped out without noticing his outstretched hand. He pulled it back again without saying anything when I did notice it though, but I chose to keep quiet about it, and not make a fuss. Instead before he could put it back in his pocket I reached out and held his hand, and I could see him smile out of the corner of my eye.

Walking closely beside him to the doorway of my house I had to pull my good hand away from him to search for my keys, to find them in my jean pocket.

Was it weird that I wanted it to have taken longer to find them? Suddenly I felt exactly like I was in a movie, at the point where the girl fiddled pointlessly with her keys, taking her time to open the door and end the date.

Normally I would have just blushed and fumbled around not so much for buying time as because I was genuinely a clumsy person, but today I turned on my heel to face Blake, calling out his name in an almost question as I did so.

"Yeah?" He responded turning to face me. That made it easier. I grabbed both his cheeks pulling him in for a deliberate kiss, before pulling away

and smiling sweetly at him.

“Thanks for being there.” I told him.

“When?” He asked.

I smiled. “All the time. At the hospital, when I had a fight with my mum, on my birthday. You always make me feel much better.”

Before he had much of a chance to respond I turned letting myself into the house and closing the door between us. I’m not sure why I did it. I’m not sure as to why had done a lot of stuff today.

I blame the drugs.

“You’re late.” I turned to see my dad in the living room dressed in his pjs.

I wasn’t nervous. “Yeah, ended up at the hospital.” I told him waving my hand in the air, almost too proudly.

His eyebrow rose ever so slightly in what I could only assume to be my dad’s version of complete surprise. “It hurt?” He asked, not bothering with the how and why.

I shook my head. “Not really they gave me pain medicine.” I explained.

He nodded his head. “I thought there was something different about you.” I said offhandedly.

I moved over to him, giving him a kiss on the cheek. I missed this. I missed his casual attitude and smart remarks. “I love you dad.” I told him.

For a second I could have sworn I saw his eyes widen, before returning to normal. “I love you, too.” There was more tenderness in his voice than his usual, cleverly hidden sarcasm laced tone. That made me smile.

“Night daddy.” I told him.

“Night sweetheart. Call if you’re going to be so late next time.” He told me tapping my head with a magazine I assume he had been reading before I had arrived.

Now why hadn’t I thought of that before?

It wasn’t until I went upstairs to change for bed I realised that I was still wearing Blake’s jacket, though I had successfully snatched Rebecca’s one back before I had slammed the door in his face.

I felt a twinge of guilt, remembering it being cold out. Taking out my phone I sent Blake a quick text – or at least it would have been quick if I was a text ninja like Rebecca. Sadly however I couldn’t type nearly as fast as she did, and with one hand down it took me longer than I’m willing to admit to send the text.

[Sorry for stealing your jacket :(- return it tomorrow. Miss you already x]

I didn’t have to wait long for a reply. Almost immediately my phone buzzed with the sound of an incoming text.

[It’s fine :) I miss you too. Good night xx]

He had one upped me by sending two x’s but that only made my heart skip a beat before returning to normal, making me feel all warm inside. I sent Blake one last message telling him good night before shutting off my phone and climbing into bed, the warm buzz helping me to drift off to sleep.

I felt great. And confident.

Who said drugs were bad?

XXX

Drugs ARE bad, not promoting drug use - only for medicine :)

**anyway hoped you enjoyed :D next upload (fingers crossed)
should be sunday (possibly sturday? not sure)**



Step Twenty-Eight: You Introduce Her To Your Family

hey this is dedicated to ...

jessica112233

... as a very belated happy birthday :) hope you had a great one, thanks for being a completely amazingly loyal and patient fan (despite how little i update) and being chock full of awesomeness!!! Have a great new year! :) <3

okay so this deosn't mean i'm uploading again still have exams but i do have this part written so i though 'why not?' hope you enjoy this part was requested by a couple of people

::How To Turn A Good Girl Bad::

Step Twenty-Eight - You Introduce Her To Your Family

I shifted from one foot to the other.

Ring the doorbell. Just ring it.

I lifted my hand up preparing myself. I don't know what I had to worry about. I had already met with almost every Blake family member. But were they expecting me to be different now that I was dating Blake? Better?

I sighed forcing myself to push the small button. Instantly I heard the sound of life grow louder behind the door.

I heard a small cry of 'but I wanted to answer the door', and 'tough', before the door swung open revealing Blake. I sighed instantly feeling a little more relieved. He grinned when he saw me.

"And here I half thought you were going to stand me up in front of my family." He joked leaning forward to give me a kiss. However before our lips met Blake was pushed aside and I heard a small high pitched voice yell out my name before my waist was enveloped in a hug.

I almost stumbled in surprise, but caught my balance last second. "Hi Sophie." I said hugging her back, seeing Blake give his sister a harsh glare behind her back.

I gave him a disapproving look before looking back at his sister. She was grinning at me excitedly. "Hailey, I got a new game! It's so much fun!" She said happily. "You'll play with me right?" She asked bouncing up and down a little.

I smiled at her enthusiasm. Kids had so much energy. "Sure." I blindly agreed, catching Blake rolling his eyes. "In a bit though okay?" I asked.

She pulled back nodding her head, so her hair bounced around her shoulders. "Sure."

When she had successfully bounced into the other room Blake didn't hesitate pulling me in for a quick kiss. I wasn't about to complain about that

though. He pulled back with a smile on his face. “Hi Clover.” He greeted me.

“Hi Blake.” I said pecking him lightly on the lips once more before pulling away completely. Just in time too, because Blake’s mother and someone I assumed was his father, rounded the corner a split second later.

“Hailey!” Stacey greeted me, pulling me in for a hug much like her daughter had but much less forcefully.

“Hi Mrs Blake, Mr Blake.” I greeted formally making Blake snort behind me. Stacey shook her head.

“Call us Stacey and Luke, dear.” She waved off my formal approach.

Blake’s dad Luke snorted. “Speak for yourself. I like the title Mr Blake, it makes me feel important.” He puffed out his chest, making me bite my lip to hide my laugh.

“Ouch.” Blake’s dad complained a second later when his wife elbowed him in the ribs, not even bothering to be discreet about her abuse. Blake’s dad frowned at Stacey, rubbing his side. “What?” He asked.

Stacey ignored him, but smiled at me. “Ignore the idiot.” She advised me to follow her actions. “He was dropped on his head at birth. Come through to the living room.” I followed her, hearing Blake’s dad complain to Blake about the dropped at birth comment.

Blake sure had an interesting family...

All Blake’s younger siblings were in the living room. Sophie was now sat on the floor playing with her baby brother Shane, and Darren was sat on the chair his all mighty expression making it look like it was a throne and not just a regular armchair.

He had already opened presents piled up next to him, and some abandoned wrapping paper littered colourfully at his feet. His head snapped up when we entered the room and he sent me a smirk that mirrored the one Blake always used.

“Hooker!” He grinned happily, only to get hit around the head by Blake and scolded by his parents.

“Don’t call people names, I don’t care if it’s your birthday you’ll be sent to your room.” His mother snapped, as Darren rubbed the back of his head.

“Right.” He sent me a small glance. “Sorry Hailey.” I waved it off. I was seriously used to it.

“Here.” I said instead, holding up the paper bag I had been holding on to. “Happy birthday.”

His eyes lit up and everyone’s eyes snapped to the bag in surprise. “You got me a present?” He asked excitedly. I blushed, ducking my head to try and hide it.

“Yeah, well it’s not much but I crashed your party might as well get you a gift.” I said with a small smile. That seemed to satisfy him. He took the bag eagerly from where it had been hanging on my extended fingertips in offering to him.

I had gotten him a small black shirt that just said ‘You Wish You Were This Awesome’ in large red letters. He smiled when he read it, so I took it as a good sign.

“This is pretty cool.” He said turning it to check there was nothing on the back. There wasn’t.

I smiled, blushing deeper as everyone stared at me. I turned to Blake and even he was giving me a funny look. I frowned. Did I do something wrong already?

The silence in the room was broken by Stacey when she stood up and clapped her hands. “The rest of the guests will be arriving soon.” She announced. “Daniel, Luke, help in the kitchen.” She ordered.

Blake groaned loudly, making Stacey shoot him a completely no-nonsense look. “Don’t groan at me, if you had been helping before instead of pacing around waiting for Hailey to arrive maybe this would be done already.”

I flushed a deep red looking to the ground, but took a quick glance at Blake who I was surprised to see was blushing a little bit too. Not nearly as much as I was, but it’s Blake we’re talking about. He barely ever blushes.

It was cute.

He didn’t argue with his mother on her point, but instead stood up with a small sigh. “Make yourself at home.” He leant over giving me a quick peck on the lips. “I’ll be right back.” He promised. “You won’t get too bored will you?”

I smiled at him, waving off his concern. “It’ll be fine, I’ll hang around with your brother and sister. They’re cuter than you are anyway.” I tagged on the end sentence making him glare at me. “You better hurry up. We wouldn’t want your mum coming in here and braining you with a frying pan for taking too long.”

He sighed. “Yeah alright.” Then he left.

Sophie was quick to latch onto my now free attention. “Hailey! Can we play now?” She asked. “I need your help.” I shrugged sure.

Happily she jumped up giving her brother, Shane, a small toy he could play with.

Apparently by game Sophie meant a Where's Wally book. She opened to the front page frowning. "I can't find him." She pouted.

"Well good for you, I rock at this." I told her, lying. I couldn't find Wally for the life of me. But she didn't know that. Plus I think that Where's Wally is just something you get much better at when you get older.

"God you're so childish." Darren judged us from his 'throne'.

I grinned at him. "You're jealous. You can't ever find Wally, can you?" I goaded.

That was how the three of us ended up sprawled across the floor, racing each other to find Wally.

"Hailey, move your hand." Darren told me, poking the hand that I was holding over the right hand corner of the page. "I wanna search there."

I waved his hand away. "You already have, and so have I. He's not there."

"So why are you covering it?" He asked smartly.

The truth was that I hadn't looked there at all yet, but three puzzles in and I hadn't been the first one to find Wally yet so far either. "Just look over there." I gestured vaguely to a spot I had already searched thoroughly.

He continued to try batting away my hand. But I ignored his attempts.

That was how Blake and the rest of his family found us. I hadn't heard the doorbell go off, too stuck into trying to win just once.

"Clover, are you cheating at Where's Wally?" Blake's shocked voice surprised me, making me jump a little. "Against my eleven year old brother and eight year old sister?" He felt the need to continue.

I blushed turning to face him, only to see a few other family members behind him. Two of which I recognised as his sister Abby and her fiancé from the brief meeting we had on my birthday.

Oh great, now they definitely thought I was crazy. An amused smile passed over Abby's face.

"Hailey, nice to meet you properly at last." She shot a glare at Blake as if she were accusing him of making it take so long. I wrinkled my brow in confusion at the gesture, but didn't say anything. Though I didn't really get the chance to say anything if I wanted to because I was pulled into another hug. This time by Abby.

I'm starting to think that Blake's family are huggers.

"Nice to meet you too." I said awkwardly patting my good hand against her back gently. She beamed at me as she pulled back.

"What happened to your arm?" She asked as if noticing for the first time that it was in a bandage.

I felt the inevitable blush take over my cheeks, and Blake's father and Darren started to laugh loudly. So I'm guessing Blake had told them all my embarrassing story of my failed attempt at skating. I looked over Abby's shoulder, expecting to find Blake giving me an amused grin. Instead though I caught him blushing.

I blinked in surprise, my embarrassment momentarily forgotten. Why was Blake blushing?

Abby looked around just as confused as I was. Even Blake's mother looked slightly amused. Sophie was just sat still searching for Wally, oblivious to everything around her right then. She sort of reminded me of my dad in that way.

A delighted grin took over Abby's face. "Well this promises to be interesting." She said taking in everyone's reaction. "What happened?"

Blake spoke up then. "Nothing!" He said loudly.

His dad just pushed away his protest. Literally. He put his hand over his face and pushed him away. "Basically Daniel tried to act all Mr Cool by showing off his skating skills, and somehow managed to land poor Hailey in hospital instead." He laughed.

My whole face was burning now. Abby was looking at Blake, who had also turned an interesting shade of red, with a slack jaw.

"You put your girlfriend in hospital?" She asked astonished. I was just surprised Blake had left out the part of the story where I knocked down a bunch of innocent bystanders.

God that had been embarrassing.

Abby turned on me now. "And you're still with him?" She asked incredulously. "You really weren't lying about the 10 thing were you?" She said referring back to our phone conversation and my admission to my crazy stalker like crush on her brother. My blush deepened and I didn't meet her eyes.

"That ten thing?" Blake asked completely confused. My eyes widened snapping to Abby's, begging her now to say anything about it to Blake.

Abby smirked a little bit. "It's a girl thing." She said eventually making me sigh with relief. I didn't need Blake, the boy well known for being a player, finding out just how serious I wanted this relationship to be.

What if he dumped me? Worse, what if he dumped me and then avoided me forever because I was completely creepy? My stomach dropped a little at the thought. Oh god. I didn't even want to think about it.

When had I become so creepily attached to Blake? I'm sure it wasn't long ago that I hated his guts and was considering backing over him with my car. Then again a lot of things had changed because back then I would have also considered letting Rebecca take the blame for him murder, just for being a flat out bitch all the time.

Over the next hour or so as more guests arrived I met more and more people, who's names I forgot completely.

One person I hadn't expected to meet was Chad. Blake's best friend. I hadn't even known who he was when he strolled through the house with an air of confidence that screamed 'I own this walk bitch'. I wasn't exactly sure how else to explain it.

He had walked straight up to Blake giving him an aloof grin, and saying a quick mischievous 'hey', before turning on me. "So we finally meet Hailey Winters." He grinned bringing his hand up to cup my face and pulling a sexy smirk on that would make anyone in his or her right mind swoon (yes I said his).

The thing was I wasn't in my right mind. I hadn't been for a while. I had been in my obsessive, crazy, pathetic, lovey-dovey, mind all because of Blake. So instead of swooning I gave Chad a confused look.

"Um. You too I guess?" I said stepping away from him, and consequently away from Blake. I sounded just as confused as I felt.

"I'm Chad." He said like it explained Daniel's best friend." He said, narrowing his eyes at Blake accusingly. "He has to have mentioned me at some point or another."

Was that hurt in his voice? "Uh..." I said. "I've heard of you before." But that was more through rumours than Blake. I added silently on the end. "You're the guy he goes to to sleep around with."

Abby and Stacey choked on the food they had been eating, whilst Luke doubled over laughing and Blake and Chad stared at me wide eyed. “What?!” Blake half screeched out.

My eyes widened. “N-not together. I-I meant l-l-like a wing man?” I stuttered over my words. “I mean...” I buried my face into my good hand. I was so bad at this. Blake was going to regret ever having introduced me to these people as his girlfriend.

God I sucked.

“Hailey,” Abby said between laughter. “I know this is early but I love you.” She said pulling an arm over my shoulder.

I blushed staring at the ground, but I was happy with her approval.

“Are you not going to say it back? Wow I feel crushed!” She said dramatically putting a hand over her heart, feigning hurt. And even though I knew she was joking, some part of me panicked.

“I-wh-I-didn’t-I’m sorry!” I blurted getting flustered.

Abby just laughed. “It doesn’t matter,” she said grinning slyly. “The important thing is that you love my brother.” She said flashing me her teeth in a grin. My eyes widened.

What?! “I-What-I-You-” I’m sure not even I had ever blushed this much. Was what she said true? Did I love him? I shook my head trying to get my hair to fall around me, and make me invisible. I couldn’t even bring myself to look at Blake right then.

“Abby!” Blake yelled at his sister.

Abby’s eyes widened comically. “What? You guys haven’t said that to each other?” She asked wide eyed.

“We’ve been dating for less than a week!” He yelled at her. I risked a glance at him, he was an interesting shade of red. My stomach squirmed a little in happiness. Was this the feeling Blake got every time he made me blush? I could understand why he did it so often. It was like I was washed over with a sense of accomplishment.

Abby grinned wickedly. “You two are just too cute. Don’t you agree Rick?” She asked her fiancé. Blake scowled at his sister at the word cute.

“I knew I shouldn’t have brought Hailey here.” He growled out. “You guys are so embarrassing.”

Abby winked at him, as I stayed fidgeting under her arm uncomfortably. She pulled me closer to her side. “Don’t fret little Hailey. We don’t bite. Daniel might if you want him to though.” She said suggestively.

Oh god. *Just tell me where sunshine.* I thought about the time that Blake had been passing me notes in our class. That seemed so long ago now. I blushed staring at the ground.

“You just don’t stop blushing do you?” Chad said laughing. “Daniel you should keep this one. I heard somewhere that it’s a fact that people who blush more are more passionate lovers.” He wriggled his eyebrows.

Abby started laughing loudly. “Seriously?” She asked. “Interesting her sister told me on the phone that Hailey here-” My eyes widened when I realised where she was going with this. Oh shit. I went to stop her but it was too late. “Has no sex life.”

Oh god. Kill me now. Blake’s parents were standing right there. Scratch that. Blake. My boyfriend. My boyfriend who had been with numerous girls was standing right there! Not to mention most of the rest of his family. And his equally player-ish best friend.

Kill. Me. Now.

I no longer want to live.

I'm pretty sure there was a nice deep hole in the middle of nowhere I could hide for the remainder of my life somewhere.

"Like na-da. Nothing." Abby continued.

I have no more faith in human kind.

This world is full of evil.

"Okay no more bonding with the family." Blake snapped out. He was also a light red colour. He stepped forward dragging me out of the living room where all his family were, and dragged me upstairs.

I let out a small sigh. This was awkward. I looked at Blake's back, which had gone stiff, his shoulders were bunched as if he was ready to punch somebody, and his hand gripping tightly on my arm, but not so much as to be painful.

When we were safely both in his room with a flight of stairs and a shut door away from his family he let out a loud sigh, running a hand through his hair. "Sorry about them." He groaned out eventually. "I think they live to torture me and drag me to an early grave."

I looked up at him, he was still bunched up like he was nervous for some reason. "I like them." I found myself saying honestly. He looked up at me surprised, and I shrugged a little. "They seem really interesting and fun."

"Interesting and fun?" He echoed in disbelief.

I just nodded my head. "Yeah. More so than my family." I smiled at him. "I mean you've met them. My mum's a bit stiff and boring."

"Those aren't the words I'd use to describe her." He mumbled, getting a small laugh out of me.

“I don’t doubt that.” I told him. “And Rebecca is just as energetic as your sister. Let’s be fair.” I smiled at him. “My dad doesn’t really do ‘getting involved’ either. I mean he means the best and I do love him to bits, but he can be really embarrassing and not even realise it.”

He raised an eyebrow.

“One time my dad told all my friends on mine and Rebecca’s birthday that I was deathly afraid of frosty the snowman. That was so embarrassing. They never let that one go.”

Blake let out a loud unexpected laugh. “Frosty the snowman.” He grinned. “Seriously?”

I groaned. “Yes. That guy was scary as hell. Clearly possessed, and then he ominously tells them all that he’ll be back again some day. That’s creepy.” I explained, trying to defend myself and my fear.

He just laughed harder. I narrowed my eyes at him. “Sod off. It’s not that funny.” I huffed, crossing my arms in annoyance.

“Scared. Of. Frosty.” He gasped through his laughter.

I glared at him, stepping closer. “This better not be something that I’m going to hear as a rumour tomorrow Blake.” I warned him. He was now sat on his bed, clutching his stomach as he laughed.

“So. Funny.” He continued, doubling over with a fresh bout of laughter.

I stepped closer again. “You should really stop laughing now.” I warned him.

“Frosty. The. Snowman.” He ignored my warning. “God. All. This. Laughing. Hurts.” He wheezed.

I narrowed my eyes at him, closing the distance between us and tackling him over.

His laughter came to an abrupt stop as we tumbled to the floor, him landing on top of me. I'm starting to think this wasn't my greatest revenge plan ever...

When his surprise faded he gave me a smug grin. "You alright down there, Clover?" He asked his raising an eyebrow. I frowned at him in annoyance.

"Get off of me." I grumbled going red.

His smile grew. "I don't think I will." He told me bringing up a hand to brush hair away from my eyes. "I like this position." I glared at him. Of course he would, but the tingles running through my body right now were making it hard to stay mad at him.

Until his next words.

"So...no sex life huh?" He asked, a wide smirk stretching his lips. "Is it weird that I find that a little bit sexy?" He asked.

I didn't answer. Instead I flushed bright red, and pushed a little on his chest, only to have him chuckle at me.

"There's that blush I love." He said, running his thumb lightly over my burning cheeks. They only grew redder at his words.

Love. What Abby had said earlier started swirling in my mind. *You love my brother.* Me? Love Blake? Looking at the smile on his face right now, and feeling the way it made my heart pick up it's speed in my chest it was easy to see that I very well *could* love him.

But as he said earlier. We had only been dating a week. It was too soon to fit love into the equation.

I looked back at Blake, letting myself feel the rush of warmth I got from the way his hand now cupped my cheek. Not love. At least I don't think so. But it was something close. So close it scared me a little.

I pushed the feeling away. I didn't have to worry about it though. I was over thinking it. So instead I when I opened my mouth I said the opposite. "I hate you." I grumbled unconvincingly, at his teasing.

He grinned at me. "I can change that." He said confidently.

Not surprising seeming as it wasn't even true. Still I raised my eyebrows in challenge. "Really, how are you going to do that?" I asked him.

He grinned leaning forwards, and running light kisses over my jaw. "Still hate me?" He asked.

"Yep." I lied hoping to gain an actually kiss.

"Hmm...this could be a problem." He said whispered, his breath lightly hitting my ear as he pulled back.

"Oh, why's that?" I asked.

He smiled. "Because I really like you." He said confidently, making my heart skip a beat, at the way he said it so bluntly. "I guess I'll have to pull out the big guns."

My lips pulled up into an excited grin. "Guess so." I agreed, my eyes scanning his face. Why hadn't he kissed me already? I had an addiction now. I've had it for a while actually.

My heartbeat picked up as he leaned in closer, closing the distance. His hands ran slowly up and down my hips. Damn he was good at that. He was close enough now that I could feel his lips ever so lightly brushing mine. And then he froze, pulling back.

My eyes snapped open. “I’m withholding my kisses until you tell me you don’t hate me.” He said sternly, like he was talking to a five year old about taking away their toys.

I stared at him in disbelief. Was he serious?

Apparently so. He climbed off of me. I immediately missed his warmth. I couldn’t help but laugh loudly at his expression however. He was pouting like a kid, his arms and legs both crossed tightly, as he faced away from me his nose in the air.

“Blake.” I whined crawling over to him to get him to face me. He turned away from me again childishly. “Okay fine.” I huffed. “I don’t hate you.” I admitted.

Blake turn to me, his expression telling me he wanted more. I narrowed my eyes. “And?” He asked when I said nothing.

I let out an exasperated sigh. “You’re awesome, and no one could ever hate you.” He pulled a thoughtful face.

“Hmm...you know I know I think I recall you saying something along the lines of ‘body of a god sexy’ after our date you know...” He prompted.

I blushed narrowing m eyes at him. “I was on pain medication. It doesn’t count.” I denied going bright red.

He grinned at me. “It counts. You told me I smelt good too. And that I was sexy a few more times too.”

I pushed my lips onto his, effectively shutting him up. He didn’t complain. His hands gripped on to my hips, pulling me closer to him. I moaned gently when he started to run circles with his thumb into my skin beneath my shirt.

I wrapped my arms around his neck tugging lightly on his hair, loving the feel of it running through my fingers.

He groaned deeply in his throat, and the sound sent shivers running through my spine. I pulled myself closer to him, letting my hand slowly run down his chest, reaching under his shirt. I could feel his muscles tensing beneath my fingers, but he didn't object.

Just as I reached under his shirt, and started to trace my fingers slowly over his abs there was loud knock on the door. I instantly snapped out of my daze, umping backwards at the sound. Blake made a weak sound of protest, but I dodged his hands as they reached out to pull me back.

"Daniel." His mother's voice cut through the door. Blake glared at the door, making me shake my head at him disapproval. "Hailey. Food's ready." She told us.

Blake sighed loudly, standing to his feet, a grumpy expression on his face. I felt loved. I moved closer, giving him a quick peck before grabbing his hand and tugging him downstairs to face his family again.

The rest of the day was interesting. Chad kept hitting on me to the point where Blake simply smacked his best friends over the head and told him to stop being such a 'smarmy git', making the whole table laugh.

"Hey you've known me since we were kids, were you expecting anything less?" Chad asked him rolling his eyes.

I grinned at the pair. It was clear that they got along well.

"This is fun. You should come over more often Hailey." Stacey said, getting a murmur of agreement, which made my chest swell with happiness. Sophie was nodding along eagerly at the notion.

"Yeah we can play dolls, and dress up, and play girl games that Darren and Daniel won't." she blabbered excitedly, bouncing in her seat. Luke

gave me a fake grimace behind his daughter. I stifled a small laugh.

“Daniel why haven’t you introduced us to this girl before?” Blake’s Grandmother Heather asked him. Blake rolled his eyes.

“I don’t see you that often Grandma.” He said picking up a piece of chicken and biting into it.

“Which is decidedly rude on it’s own.” Heather snapped glaring at her daughter’s son. “A young boy shouldn’t expect his grandma to make all the visits. I’m old you know. I could throw out my back any day of the week.”

Blake rolled his eyes, which his grandmother didn’t miss, earning him a clip around the ear. “Ouch.” He complained rubbing the side of his head.

“You know I never asked you, how did your sister like the necklace you got her.” Stacey asked me.

I grinned at her. “She loved it.” I told him smiling. “Thanks for letting me have it, instead of getting it for your sister.” I said, thinking back to the day we had both seen the necklace with sister engraved delicately into it.

Blake gave me a confused look. “Mum, you don’t have a sister.” Blake said confused.

Stacey blushed brightly. “Oh. Yeah.” She mumbled. “Sorry about that.” She gave me a sheepish smile.

I was left in confusion. What was going on here? “Huh?” I managed intelligently. Way to prove you’re an A grade student Hailey, my own mind spat at me sarcastically.

“Well,” Stacey began to explain. “you see I really needed help moving the cot, so when I saw you eyeing up the necklace I thought it would be easy

to get you to help in exchange for it. So I lied and said I needed it for my sister. Who happens not to exist..." She shrugged, trailing off.

I stared at her open mouthed, and Blake palmed his forehead. I blinked, before letting out a loud laugh. Only Blake's family. I swear.

Stacey grinned at me happily.

"That's hilarious." I told her with a grin. "All that to help you move a cot?"

She nodded her head. "It was heavy. And Luke and Daniel were of no help." I nodded my head. I understood. Blake was the definition of lazy.

"You're so weird mum." Darren piped up, shaking his head.

"You're one to talk mister." His mother scolded. "And that's no way to talk to your mother." She added on the end, making me smile.

Later we watched Darren blow out the candles on his cake, and ate cake. It was good to know that Blake hadn't inherited his complete lack of cooking skills from his mother. The cake was delicious.

At the end of the day I had pretty much met and held a conversation with all of the Blake family. It turned out to be a fun day. I even managed to beat Blake at a game of just dance. Sure it had been along to call me maybe, and Blake had been just shuffling uncomfortably from foot to foot embarrassed at being forced to dance along to it, (my puppy dog face had worked like a charm), still a win was a win, and I was taking victory where ever I could after my embarrassing loss at 'Where's Wally', which wasn't even a competitive game.

"That was fun." I said to Blake. Our hands were entwined swinging back and forth between us as we walked down the street. He had insisted on walking me home, not that I had put up much of a fight.

Blake smiled at me. "I'm glad." He said.

I grinned at him. "You're family's pretty awesome." I told him. "And Chad. Him too."

He scoffed. "Chad's a prick." He said with a scowl. It was fair to say that he hadn't been impressed with the way that Chad had so blatantly been hitting on me all night, telling me that he could make me happier than Blake could. But he had only done so in a joking way.

"He seemed alright. And he's kind of hot too." I added onto the end, wanting to see his reaction. It was worth it. Blake stooped walking, but kept a tight grip on my hand, making me stumble back at his sudden stop.

He glared at me. "He's not hot." He said the word hot like it was disgusting. "I don't see what girls see in him. He's a good friend but a terrible boyfriend."

I smiled at Blake. "Someone sounds jealous." I teased.

He narrowed his eyes at me. "Shouldn't I be?" He asked daring me to defy him.

"No you shouldn't be." I told him with a small smile. "You see I already have my eyes on somebody much better..." I trailed off.

"Oh yeah?" Blake encouraged me to continue.

I nodded my head. "Yep. He's sometimes a bit of an idiot, and he can't cook for the life of him," I started off earning a glare. "And he has problems with commitment. He's gone through a whole load of girls at school." Blake didn't look even the slightest bit impressed. "But he's funny and sometimes sweet, and he thinks he's a total badass, which is kinda cute because he sucks at it."

Blake smiled a little. “Doesn’t sound like such a good guy. I bet I could steal you away from him.” He suggested.

“Good luck. I really like him.” I told grinning.

He gave me a clearly amused look. “No one can match up to my charms. I’d steal you away.”

I grinned, pulling on his jacket. “One more thing Blake,” I said tugging him close.

“What would that be?” He asked, glancing at my lips.

I leaned in closely. “Ever mention that I’m afraid of frosty the snowman to anyone, ever, and I’ll set Rebecca on you.” I told him giving him an easy smile, before pulling away.

“Hey.” He said pulling me back. “You forgot one more thing.” He told me, and before I could even ask what he pulled me in for a kiss that melted my insides.

No. Not love. But oh so very close.

~*~

*so i don't know how long this is but i'm hoping that it is long enough.
enjoy idk when i'll be able to upload again :/*



Step Twenty-Nine: You Hope The Third Times The Charm

hello lovelies. So this cahpter is about two hours from being late, but here it is 10 o'clock at night on sunday :)

Enough jibber-jabber though! Hope you enjoy.

::How To Turn A Good Girl Bad::

Step Twenty-Nine: You Hope The Third Times The Charm:

“When I walk on by girls be staring like *damn* he fly.” Rebecca was singing in a high pitched off key voice making me wince. “I pimp to the beat dum da dum dee dee dum da dee dee da. Yeah.” She had her bedroom door wide open, and sadly the hair dryer she was using was doing nothing to drown out her voice.

“This is how I roll animal print pants out of control.” She started to hum loudly for the next part before bursting into the chorus. “Girl look at that body. AH. Girl look at that body. AH. Girl look at that body. I-I-I work out!”

I was sprawled out over my bed, going through over the homework that had been set the night before, correcting mistakes as I came across them.

“When I walk into the spot this is what I see. Everybody stops and they staring at me.” She continued turning off the hair dryer.

I glared at my open door, hating myself for being too lazy to go and close it. It wouldn't be too difficult, hell I bet if I leant across I could just about close the door without even getting off of my bed. I just couldn't be bothered.

“NO SHOES NO SHIRT AND I STILL GET SERVICE!” She screeched out jumping a little bit. Why is there so much evil in the world! I wasn't a bad person was I?

Someone upstairs clearly thought otherwise. It wasn't often that Rebecca tried to sing, only occasionally. When she was really happy about something. I was happy for her happiness.

Really.

I was.

Deep, deep, down inside.

Where I didn't have eardrums.

But still happy for her. Recently Thomas one of the star football players had asked her to prom.

Yep. Prom was right around the corner. Fun times. Not that I really had anything to complain about. Everything was going really well. Close to perfect even.

Two months. For two months now I had officially had the title of Blake's girlfriend. And about twenty-two hours ago I had officially taken off my cast on my arm. Life felt good.

My hand went to scratch where the plaster had been before. Not because it itched right now, but because for the last eight weeks I hadn't been able to scratch it, and man had that plaster itched like a bit-

"Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, wiggle. YEAH!" My eyes went to where Rebecca was now enthusiastically bouncing around to the music.

I couldn't help but smile at the way she was frantically waving her hips from side to side. I hadn't seen her this happy in years. And as much as I didn't want to admit it because even after two months my mother and I were still fighting, I knew that it had something to do with the fact that our parents were still here.

This was the longest they had been around in a long time.

And they hadn't even spoken to us about going away for business again, though I kept waking up each morning expecting to find them gone having left a small meaningless note on the kitchen table saying that they would be back in a few weeks. Like they always did.

But that hadn't happened. Yet.

I wasn't exactly on best terms with my mother still, but it was better. Instead of going into shouting matches every couple of days we lived in a stony silence, only ever talking to each other if necessary. That was better right?

I had even been attending all my anger management lessons. They had become more of a joke than anything else, and yeah I still got teased about it, but Jo made it worth going to. We had become a lot closer in the last few weeks.

She even managed to stop asking me stalker questions about my boyfriend. Like what he looked like in the shower. So her obsession with Blake is dying down.

My obsession with him however...

My heart sped up just thinking about him. He was amazing. It was just about as close to perfect as anything ever got. I had been expecting the feeling to fade over time. The feeling I got being around him. The crazy butterflies, wanting to burst out into a happy dance at any given moment, spontaneous uncontrollable smiles feeling.

But it hadn't. Being with Blake just somehow made the feeling stronger. I had even made it a regular Wednesday thing to go after his house after school too, which Sophie had been excited about. I'm pretty sure she

knew she had me wrapped around her baby finger, but she was cute enough to get away with it.

“Hailey,” Rebecca’s voice came from the doorway. She was stood there holding up two dresses. “Which screams, I want you to do me right here right now, better?” She asked.

Now there’s a pretty image I really wanted to be scarred with for the rest of my life.

She was holding out two short dresses, one black, and one a bright electric blue colour, which if I was honest looked slightly better. “I don’t really know.” I told her, glancing back at the maths equation in front of me, not wanting to give my opinion in case it was wrong. I wasn’t exactly known for being extremely fashionable. Or at all fashionable now that I mention it.

Rebecca glared at me for my not so helpful answer. “Well I can’t go naked!” She complained stomping her feet.

I looked back at her. “Well it does scream the message I want you to do me right here right now.” I joked.

She glared at me. “Daniel is such a bad influence on you.” She glowered. She was probably right. A few months ago I would have kept a comment like that to myself. “I don’t want seem slutty.” She explained to me like I was five years old.

“So you want an outfit that says ‘sex me up’?” I asked confused. She nodded. “But in a totally sophisticated non-slutty manner.”

“Yeah!” She said with a smile, looking a little proud of me.

“I don’t get it.” I burst her bubble.

She sighed heavily. “You don’t deserve to be a teenage girl.” She dramatized. “Everyone but you would understand that Hailey. Just tell me which outfit you think you would be more likely to sleep with me in. You know if you were a guy.”

I scrunched up my face. “We’re related. Ew.” I said shuddering.

“You’re such a baby!” She whined at me. “Just be serious a minute.”

I pulled a mock serious face nodding my head. “I seriously wouldn’t sleep with you.” At the end I couldn’t stop the big grin that broke out across my face.

She glared out me, puffing out her cheeks in a huff. “You’re a bitch.” She grumbled, as she stormed out of the room, mumbling under her breath about how unhelpful and un-girly I am.

“Love you too.” I called out after her, rolling my eyes, and concentrating on the next math question on the page in front of me. I was now working on new questions to do with statistical probabilities. In short: Kill. Me. Now.

“If the product moment co-efficient is -0.75, interpret...” Hours passed and I could feel my brain turning to mush. I was only too grateful to hear my phone ding with the sound of a text. Even if it was just a text from my phone company telling me about random offers I didn’t want, I didn’t care. I just wanted some form of distraction.

I felt loved when I realised it wasn’t from the phone company at all. Instead Blake’s name flashed on my screen. My heart leapt at the fact he was texting me in the middle of the day. What was the boy doing to me?

I opened the text eagerly.

[I have a surprise for you – Blake]

I stared at the text in confusion.

[What is it? – Hailey]

I didn't take long for him to reply.

[If I told you it wouldn't be a surprise – Blake]

I wanted to text to ask him why he was even bothering to tell me, but before I got the chance another text from him came through.

[Come outside ;) – Blake]

My eyes widened in surprise, and instead of following his instructions and going downstairs, I instantly went to my bedroom window - only to find Blake already looking up at me with his hand up in a small wave, like he expected nothing else of me.

Putting up one finger to indicate I would only be a minute, I started rushing around my room gathering everything I needed, all the things I never leave the house without, like my i-pod, phone, shoes, and coat.

I didn't waste one second as I rushed downstairs and past my family. "Hi dad. Going out for a bit." I shouted over my shoulder picking up my bag hanging by the door that had my keys and purse in. I didn't really acknowledge my mother who was sat curled up next to my father on the living room sofa, only giving her a small tight nod on my way past.

"If you're going to Tesco's pick me up some Ben and Jerry's ice-cream." Rebecca demanded sticking her head out from where she was hiding in the kitchen. "I need some to help with cramps." She said completely unashamed.

"I'm not so I can't." I told her with a wave. "Bye."

I closed the door on anyone's response to that, eagerly hopping down my front steps towards Blake. Apparently I wasn't moving fast enough for him though, because as soon as I was within reaching distance his arm snaked out around my waist and pulled me into him.

His lips falling softly on mine instantly made me forget to be mad at his impatience though. Instead I just melted into the warm buttery feeling he was giving me.

"What are you doing here?" I asked him as he pulled away from me with a small smile on his face. I felt a blush run up my cheeks as I asked the question. Why couldn't I have just said hi? I didn't want to discourage him dropping around unexpectedly. I kind of liked it.

It was spontaneous.

He just smiled as he ran his thumb slowly over my burning cheeks. "Can't I just want to see my girlfriend?" He asked.

I bit my lip. Right now would be an excellent time to just take advantage of my girlfriend privileges and kiss him for being sweet, but instead being as smooth as I always am I burst out with: 'Careful Blake you're starting to sound clingy'. Because that's just how I roll.

Blake smiled widely at me, seeming unaffected by my oh-so-sweet reply. "Clingy?" He asked, letting me know that, yes, I had really just said that.

Oh hell. I might as well go with it now. "Yep. You're losing some serious man points." I told him, shrugging my shoulders.

"Man points?" He asked, raising an eyebrow, his tone clearly amused.

I just smiled up at him cheekily. "Yeah by my count you're running low."

His lips quirked upwards. "Oh baby, I thought you were good at maths?" He said running a hand gently through my hair, and even though it was

meant to be a patronising gesture I found myself loving it, and forgetting what I was even going to say.

So instead of replying (you know like a normal person would) I just stared up at him, with what I can only imagine was a creepy stalker smile.

Slowly the humour escaped his expression, leaving him with a soft look that had all my tension fading away and my stomach doing back flips. He let his hand carry on running through my hair until it reached my cheek and then continued down my neck to my arm and eventually down to my newly freed wrist.

“You got your cast taken off.” He said softly, his thumb rubbing over my wrist in a small mindless pattern.

“Yep.” I grinned excitedly. “You know what that means right?” I grinned. He had promised me that once my cast was off he would officially take me out on our third date. I would have liked to go much sooner, but Blake had insisted on waiting for my wrist to heal.

He grinned back at me. “Yep. I’m no longer going to look so whipped carrying my girlfriend’s all around school?” He asked, playing dumb.

My jaw dropped, and I pulled away from him. Or at least I tried to. He still had a strong grip on my waist. Once I realised that there was no chance of escape, I settled for a loud huff. “You offered.” I scowled. “You should have said something if you hated it so much.” I crossed my arms tightly, refusing to look in his direction.

I felt his chest rumble with his chuckle, which only made me more annoyed. One of his arms let go of its hold around my waist and he gripped my chin lightly forcing my head to turn to face him. I kept a hard glare on my face.

I found it very hard to be mad whilst he was looking at me like that. His eyes were looking into my mine expressing an emotion that said he wouldn't rather be anywhere than here right now. With me.

Even if he didn't say anything I was already forgiving him for his comment.

"I didn't want you taking your bag off of me. It was my fault you were hurt in the first place." He pressed a light peck on my lips. "I was just joking." That was pretty much it. I couldn't even remember why I had gotten so mad at him.

I'm sure he knew that too, judging from the way the satisfied grin settled itself on his face. "Now on a serious note I'm here to follow through on my promise." He said straightening his posture, so we weren't leaning against his car anymore.

"Your promise?" I asked confused.

He grinned at me. "I said as soon as you got your cast off I would take you on our third date." I raised an eyebrow at him.

"Right now?" I had expected him to wait a couple of days, not a couple of hours!

He nodded his head, rolling his eyes at me. "No I was thinking we could go out on Christmas 2019." He said sarcastically. "Yes right now." He didn't let me argue as he pulled me towards his car, where he had already opened my door for me.

I didn't complain as I climbed in. "Where are we going?" I asked when Blake had climbed into his seat behind his steering wheel.

He turned to me giving me a cheeky smile. "Now Clover, if I told you it wouldn't be a surprise." He said quoting the text he had sent me earlier.

Daniel Blake's P.O.V

I love Hailey Winters.

It had been about a week since I first realised. And ever since then the words had been floating around my head, refusing to go away.

There hadn't been a big moment when I realised. Nothing different had happened. Hell she hadn't even been in the room. I had been at home, lying in bed, thinking about some stupid homework that I hadn't done, and the detention it had earned me. I was mad because it was on a Wednesday and it meant that I had to cancel mine and Hailey's regular hang out at my house.

And then the thought just popped into my head.

And now it won't leave.

My fingers tightened slightly on the steering wheel in front of me. The words seemed to be constantly floating around the forefront of my mind, demanding to be let out, but at the same time they seemed to be stuck in my throat refusing to leave, like I was too scared to say them.

And I was scared. Scared that everything would change, when finally everything had gotten to be so perfect. I didn't want to ruin something by saying it too soon. Sure it was obvious why I fell in love with her. She was pretty much perfect. And everyone knew it too. But why would *she* love *me*, when she could do so much better?

My eyes wandered over to where Hailey was sitting next to me, fiddling with the radio station when Taylor Swift's 'I Knew You Were Trouble' started to play, her nose wrinkled ever so slightly.

I snorted to myself, knowing that she had some kind of problem with that song for some reason. It just rubbed her the wrong way or something, so every time it came on she would change the radio channel.

When she eventually landed on a radio station she didn't mind she leant back in her seat again, letting her eyes drift close as she hummed along to the tune.

My heart skipped a beat in my chest. She looked beautiful. Her hair was falling over her shoulders as she closed her eyes and hummed along to the radio. Her face was completely relaxed, and the corners of her lips were itching up into a half smile.

As if feeling my eyes on her, her eyes flickered over to me, and widened slightly. "Watch the road!" She said pointing frantically in front of us to the window, her voice higher in fear. Her relaxed expression and half smile gone in an instant.

I chuckled to myself. I was in complete control. She just had such little faith in me. Making sure she saw my eye roll, I turned to face forward. "I'm not going to get us killed." I told her completely relaxed.

"Said everyone who died in a stupid accident ever." She exaggerated.

I took another side ways glance at her, to see her palely watching the road. "Whoo no hands!" I whooped loudly whilst raising both my hands into the air, and waving them to get her full attention.

"Oh My God! You want me dead don't you?" She screeched clutching onto the edges of her seats.

I laughed, putting both my hands on the wheel again. "Calm down Clover." I said grinning. "There wasn't even any other cars around, or turns coming up, or even bumps in the road." I told her with a reassuring smile.

She glared at me. "You're an ass." She said still holding onto her seat with white knuckles from the effort.

She was cute when she was angry.

“You say the sweetest things to me.” I said sarcastically, pushing the thought aside, as I reached over and rubbed the top of the hand closest to me, making sure to keep paying attention to the road.

I rubbed her the skin on her knuckles in small circles, loving the fact that I could feel the tension leaving her body at my touch. It made me certain that she at least felt some of what I felt for her.

After a few moments she was left with a very unconvincing angry pout on her face. “Only the sweetest of words, for the sweetest of people.” She mumbled quietly, making me chuckle. She gave me a small smile, her eyes a lot softer than they had been a few minutes ago.

My heart skipped a beat painfully in my chest. God what was she doing to me? And why didn’t I mind it? Did this count as masochism? And was it bad that I was sure as hell that I didn’t want it to stop?

“Being sweet is what I’m famous for.” I told her with a sly grin, earning an eye roll.

“Hmmm, any sweeter and I might have to let you go.” She raised an eyebrow at me in challenge, and even though it was a joke my stomach squirmed at the thought of her leaving me.

Plastering a confident smile on my face, I tilted my head to the side. “You know you’d never leave me.” I said with a wink, my voice coming out assured. “I’m too sexy.”

She bit her lip, batting me gently on the shoulder. “Are you saying I’m a shallow bitch who’s only with you for your looks?” She asked raising an eyebrow at me. And damn she looked good doing it. I felt my stomach flipping.

“Nope. I’m just saying that once you’ve had a bit of this,” I gestured to myself. “It’s impossible to walk away.” I teased.

She let out a loud laugh, shaking her head at me. “You know, you’re going to need surgery to deflate your head if it gets any bigger.” She told me with a cheeky grin. “And just so you know you that surgery might ruin your good looks and then I’ll have to dump your ass.”

I laughed, shooting her a smug grin. “Don’t lie to yourself, scars will just make me look even more bad ass and you know it.”

Her shoulders shook lightly as she laughed at me. God I loved that sound. Her smile had grown really wide, like her face would have to split in two for it to possibly get any bigger. It just made her look even more amazing.

Taking a turn left on the road I pulled up into a parking space. “We’re here.” I told her cutting off the engine.

Her laughter stopped as she sat up in her seat, peering out of her window hoping that would let her know where we were. Her eyebrows scrunched in confusion, when she didn’t recognise the place. “Taking a girl somewhere strange and oddly abandoned, that’s shady Blake. Real shady.” She said looking over at me sceptically.

I chuckled, rolling my eyes. “You have so little trust in me.” I said, leaning over and giving her a peck on the lips. “Some boyfriends might get offended.” I told her unbuckling my belt.

She gave me a quirky tilt of her lips, her eyes sparkling in amusement. “Some girlfriends might be creeped-out if their boyfriends drove them out to a secluded place, and then just pulled over.”

“No need to worry. I haven’t got anything creepy planned.” I told her opening the car door, and rushing around in time to open hers for her. She nodded her head giving me a mock look of distrust.

“Sure you don’t.” She said slowly, her voice dripping with sarcasm, her eyes sparkling with amusement.

I slung my arm casually over her shoulders, reaching inside my pocket for the keys that I knew were in there, because I had ‘double-checked’ about six times on the drive here alone. My heart started racing as I pulled her gently towards the small building that was just around the corner.

Please let this date go as planned. I begged silently in my head. Hopefully what they said was true: third times the charm.

I hid my nerves well, making sure to keep a confident look on my face. I wasn’t sure what exactly could go wrong, but I didn’t want to chance it by being too cocky.

As we rounded the corner I could see the confusion written all over Clover’s face. Her eyebrows scrunched together, and a small frown appeared on her face, taking place of her previous smile as she tried to work out why we were stood in front of a small and empty diner.

The diner in front of had all it’s lights off, and a closed sign dangling on the door, and a small sign that read Kathy’s Diner on the front window in a rainbow of colours.

“Um, Blake...” Clover said giving me a pitying look. “You realise that this place isn’t even open – right?” She asked.

I rolled my eyes at her, pulling out my hand that was clenched tightly around the keys in my pocket. “That’s the point.” I told her with a grin.

Suddenly she stopped moving, digging her heels into the ground. “Please tell me you’re not planning to break in.” She said with a deep frown. I laughed loudly, shaking my head, and revealed the keys that were hidden in my palm.

“I have the keys sweetheart. I swear Clover, it’s like you think I’m ‘one of those delinquent boys’.” I said jokingly, quoting her from one of the first

times we had met. She laughed.

“I’m surprised you remember that.” She grinned at me.

I wasn’t. It was like she had me hooked on to every word she said. I couldn’t help but to remember. It took me a while to realise I was just stood there staring at her instead of taking her into the diner like I had planned.

Shaking the thoughts out of my head, I reached out to take hold of her wrist. “Come on, are you just going to stand there all day?” I asked when she barely moved. She shot me a dark look before letting me lead her to the front door.

“What are we doing here anyway?” She asked with a pout.

I shot her a grin. “Going inside.” I answered. “I thought that much was fairly obvious.” I teased.

“Ha ha. Very funny.” She laughed dryly.

“Chad’s cousin Kathy owns this place.” I answered, shaking my head at her for her lack of sense of humour. “It’s a pretty neat diner, that plays live music sometimes.” I continued. “Anyway Kathy and her family all went on holiday to Brazil or something, and I asked to borrow the place for today.”

I looed back at Clover to see she still had the adorable confused look on her face. “Still doesn’t explain *why* you wanted to come here.” She pushed the subject, clearly wanting more of an explanation than I gave her.

I grinned at her impatience. “Well I sort of promised you something on your birthday, and I thought this would be as good a time as any to follow through.” I said.

That just made her more confused than she already was. “Promise?” She enquired.

“Yeah I said I’d play the guitar for you sometime.” I reminded her. “And I thought this would be a good place to do it, because they also have a piano.” I swung open the door. There was a fairly large stage to the right that ran along almost the whole length of the wall, stopping at the edge where the steps were. “So I thought it’d be a fair trade that I play for you, if you play for me.”

I looked back at Clover to see her standing there with her jaw hung open. Was that a bad sign? I shuffled my weight uncomfortably onto my other foot. “Plus,” I said nervously. “I didn’t think there was much chance of me landing you in hospital again doing this.” I finished my joke lamely.

Her eyes wandered back to me, and a soft smile spread slowly over her face. “I love it.” She said softly. “This is really thoughtful.” I sighed silently with relief.

I felt my smile growing. “Good.” I chirped, probably making myself sound a little over eager but I didn’t care. “Also I got you something else to make up for the fact I got your arm put in a plaster for two months.” I pulled out a tube of millions from inside my pocket, watching for her reaction. “I know it doesn’t really make up for it, but it’s a start right? And at least I didn’t get you cotton candy this time.”

She squealed excitedly. “God I love these things.” She giggled, before leaping at me, dragging me down into a hug. I wrapped my arms around her waist, dragging her closer to me. I let out a half whine when she pulled away. That didn’t last long though because as soon as she did she crashed her lips down onto mine.

I didn’t waste anytime in kissing her back. I let my hands grip onto her tightly, pulling her even closer. Her arms wound themselves around my

neck weaving their way into my hair. I let out a small involuntary moan of appreciation.

I nibbled gently on her lips, but she pulled back, a mischievous grin on her swollen lips. Her eyes were dancing with amusement, as she pulled back when I tried to bring her closer again.

“Nope. You promised to serenade me.” She grinned, wriggling out of my grasp. I groaned.

“But I was enjoying what we were doing.” I complained.

She leaned forwards giving me a quick peck on the lips, and darting away before I could grab hold of her again. Damn. “Tough luck.” She winked, patting my arm gently. “I want to hear you play.”

Sighing in defeat I made my way to the edge of the stage, where I had left my guitar earlier. Hoisting myself up so that I was sat at the very front, with my legs dangling off the edge I placed the guitar on my lap.

“I’m not singing.” I warned her. “So the ‘serenade’ idea you’ve got going on, you can just forget it.” I scowled. She laughed loudly, as I slowly started the opening chords.

She grinned when I started to play. “I know this song.” She jumped excitedly, clapping her hands. I guess she got a little bit of the cheerleading genes that her sister has.

“Recently I’ve been. Hopelessly reaching. Out for this girl. Who’s out of this world. Believe me.” My head snapped up to look at her when I realised she was softly singing the words along to the tune. I grinned at her.

Even though I told her I wouldn’t I sung along with her for the chorus. Her smile grew when I did.

We spent a few hours like this. She would suggest a song, and we'd look up the chords on the Internet, so that I could play it. Her eyes gleamed happily, and eventually we were both singing at the top of our lungs, not caring how we sounded.

Sometimes I'd change the lyrics to sound dirty, or I would just wiggle my eyebrows at anything that sounded even remotely sexual. Her response every time was to throw one of her millions at me, and when she did I tried to duck out of the way, or catch it to eat. Though sometimes it was pointless because her aim was awful.

"You're such a pervert." She chided me, when she realised just how many of her millions were littered across the floor.

I grinned shrugging my shoulders at her. "Never claimed to be otherwise." I said honestly, before putting down my guitar.

She frowned at me as I stopped playing.

"I'm tired now. You're turn." I pointed to the grand piano set up on the stage.

She groaned at me. "But I like listening to you play." She grumbled, unwilling to get up from her lying down position on the stage.

I shrugged at her. "Tough luck. I'm tired." I waved my hands at her, indicating for her to get up. "I want to listen to you playing."

She sighed, pushing herself up with the palm of her hands. "Fine. Fine." She dusted herself off.

Excitement grew in the pit of my stomach. I really wanted to hear her play. Even if she wasn't any good I wanted to hear it because I knew playing the piano had at least use to be really important to her. I knew that because of the look she had gotten on her face when she had spoken about it on her birthday.

There had been a small dopey smile on her face mixed with a little bit of sadness. It was the same sort of expression she got when she talked about her brother, Tommy.

“No laughing.” She told me, as she sat down delicately on the stall in front to the piano. Her movements were small, like she was scared of disturbing something.

“I won’t. I promise.” I swore, squeezing next to her on the stool.

She shot me a small smile, before she started to play. As soon as she hit the first note I felt her relaxing next to me. Her whole expression softened, as she smiled. “This is the entertainer.” She said happily. After a while she changed it. “Chopsticks.” She said grinning.

I couldn’t help but mimic her smile. For a while I just listened to her play. She was amazing at it. But I hadn’t really been expecting anything else. For a while at the beginning she would pout if she got a note wrong, or she forgot the next part. But after a while she seemed to be good with remembering.

And her smile was totally worth it. She even showed me some stuff that she had come up with by herself.

I loved that she trusted me.

When she finally turned away from the piano, it looked like she hadn’t got any worries in the world. She threw her arms around m neck, pulling me in for a deep kiss. I groaned, pulling her onto my lap. Even then she was still just about shorter than me.

“Thank you.” She whispered, out of breath as she pulled away. I loved that sound.

I closed my eyes, resting my forehead against hers.

I could tell her. Right now was so perfect. The words were at the tip of my tongue. “I-” My courage deflated. I clenched my eyes, tightening my grip lightly on her hips. It felt like my heart was in my throat, pounding heavily.

I licked my lips. “I-”

I couldn't say it. Everything was so perfect. I couldn't ruin that. Sighing I pulled away. I couldn't tell her I loved her. The sinking feeling slowly disappeared, from around but not I just felt disappointed that I couldn't tell her.

I wanted her to know. She was so perfect. But I couldn't get the words to leave.

I opened my eyes to look at her. Clover was looking back at me, her eyes burning with questions. “Will you go prom with me?” I asked instead.

Her face softened, and she gave me a genuine smile. My heart pounded loudly again. I loved that smile. “Of course.” She grinned, kissing me slowly before pulling away. I felt a little relieved. Bringing up my hand, I pushed her hair gently behind her ear, letting my hand linger on her cheek.

I savoured the moment of having her so close to me. It was getting late now. I knew I should bring her home soon, but once again I didn't want to destroy something so perfect. I wanted to freeze in this moment, with her looking at me exactly like that.

Looking at me like she saw past all my faults. Like she accepted all my faults, and still thought I was perfect.

She closed her eyes leaning into my hand, making me smile.

“We should probably get going.” I said, and she let out a resigned sigh.

“Yeah probably.” She said breathlessly, sitting up and pulling away. My fingers itched to drag her right back into my arms again. I felt like she was taking something vitally important with her, like watching the bus drive away and realising you left your phone on it.

Was it crazy that I was already starting to miss her, before she was even gone? Needing some kind of contact I picked up her hand, twisting our fingers together.

“This date was perfect.” She said to me, squeezing my hand.

“Third times the charm.” I said quietly. She grinned, nodding in agreement.

The drive back didn’t seem to take too long. It almost seemed too short. I twisted the key next to the steering wheel after I parked outside her house, letting out a small sigh as the engine died. Clover looked at me smiling happily, like she had the world at her fingertips, instead of resting on her shoulders.

I hadn’t seen her so relaxed for a couple of months. I knew the on going argument with her mother was a big part of that. But right now it looked like for the first time in a long time it wasn’t at the forefront of her mind. I realised why playing the piano had been so important to her now.

Clover just grinned widely at me, not moving yet.

I love you. I swallowed trying to push the thought away.

I wanted so badly to tell her. But the words refused to leave. “Goodnight Clover.” I said instead.

“Goodnight Blake.” She breathing out the words, so that her breath fanned over me, making me have to fight back a shiver.

I watched as she pulled away, and left the car. I didn't drive away until she closed the door after herself, giving me a small wave. I clung to the steering wheel, leaning my head forwards.

I would tell her soon. I promised to myself.

Straightening my posture I felt my phone vibrate in my pocket. Even though I knew it wasn't because we had only just seen each other, I half hoped that it would be Clover's name I saw flashing on my screen.

I wasn't.

Abby's name was there instead.

[Told her yet? – Abby]

I groaned clenching my phone in my hands. Letting Abby know hadn't been my brightest idea, but I had needed to tell *someone*, and it wasn't exactly something I could tell my best friend.

[No – Daniel]

I sent back. Within seconds my phone sounded off with the ding of another message coming through.

[Grow a pair! Tell her NOW! – Abby]

I rolled my eyes, texting her that I had already dropped her off. Her reply to that was just to tell me I was an idiot.

Yep, it was definitely a bad idea to tell her.

But Clover would be the next one I said those words to. That thought helped me to put my phone back in my pocket and begin my drive home. At least I had gotten her to verbally agree to go prom with me.

I knew that I would tell her soon. I wasn't sure I was even able to hold the words in for too long. I just needed to figure out *how* to tell her.

~*~

So yeah - TIME SKIP - but still only about four more chapters left, unless it was five :)



Step Thirty: You Take The Good Girl To Prom

so when I uploaded the other story i realise i might have gotten hopes up that this is what i was updating, so i thought I owed you all a chapter and i'll be uploading another part of Darkest Fear uno momento due to positive responses to the first

love you all <3 enjoy!

How To Turn A Good Girl Bad

Step Thirty: You Take The Good Girl To Prom

“Wow.” Mary-Anne was looking at me, with her jaw dropped open, making everyone else turn in my direction. There were five of us all piled into Rebecca's bedroom. Mary-Anne, Rebecca, Kate, and one of Rebecca's friends Christina, and I, were all fitted into the small space.

Katie was sat dubiously looking down at her toes as Christina painted them delicately, a scrunched up look on her face, whilst Rebecca was

draped across the bed flicking through one of her magazine, looking for a hairstyle she could imitate, and Mary-Anne had been trying to debate whether to wear contacts or her glasses.

I stood in the doorway of the room patting down my dress nervously. Now everyone was looking at me, I blushed. “Wh-what do you think?” I asked biting into my bottom lip. “How do I look?” I risked a glance at the girl’s expressions.

Mary-Anne and Christina both looked surprised, Katie was giving me a silent thumbs-up of approval, and Rebecca was grinning excitedly at me.

“Good enough to be called my sister.” Rebecca said, standing from the bed to give a closer inspection. I knew that was about as close to a compliment as I could get with Rebecca, so I mustn’t look too bad.

I couldn’t believe it. Prom. I didn’t feel like a significant day. It felt normal. Earlier today we had all gone into town, and I had made use of Rebecca’s birthday present to me. I’d also had to face the wrath of Rebecca once I had told her I hadn’t actually *bought* my prom dress yet.

If looks could kill...

She had yelled at me about how much there was to do, and how little time we had to do it in. At first I had thought it was an exaggeration, but I soon realised after the fifth shop of having found nothing to wear I probably should have prepared myself for this night a little better.

It had taken hours of mind numbing shopping to find this dress. I had fallen in love with it when I had seen it for one simple reason: the shade of purple it was in reminded me exactly of the colour of Blake’s eyes.

I of course hadn’t admitted that out loud. It felt too corny, and cliché. But the thing was my life felt like a cliché and I loved it. Sure Blake wasn’t exactly the ‘Prince Charming’ you would dream up as a child, and I’d

never have guessed I would have ended up as his girlfriend, but the butterflies I got when I saw his smile, and the flip my heart made whenever he touched me had cliché written all over it.

And I liked that feeling. I liked it a lot.

I played with the edge of my dress, letting the silky material run through my fingers. It wasn't a particularly extravagant dress like Rebecca's. Hers looked like it had come straight out of Cinderella. It was a light blue that clunged tightly to her waist and flared out from there to the floor elegantly. It even sparkled when she moved.

All she needed was a crown. That I think was the plan. It would look complete if she won prom queen, which I had no doubt she would because she was more than determined to and I had never seen her fail at something she wanted so badly. She had a way of getting her way.

So I knew when I was standing next to Rebecca later I was going to look plain in whatever I wore, because her outfit was designed to steal all of the attention from everyone else.

Mine was a simple design. The first layer clung to me like a second skin, but above that the dress simply fell around me, ending just under my knees. The dress straps were thin, and I didn't have a strapless bra, so after ages of debate I decided not to wear one. It was a risky move, but the dress was decent and supportive enough that you couldn't tell.

"You should wear dresses more often." Rebecca's friend Christina said tilting her head to the side. "You look good in them."

I blushed, ducking my head. "Thanks." I said, not sure what else I could say. I didn't want to deny it, because today I really wanted to look good. Good enough to be Daniel Blake's date to prom.

The doorbell rang loudly from downstairs. I grinned.

“I’ll get it.” I offered, knowing who it would be. I climbed down the stairs, thankful that I wasn’t yet wearing my high heels, because even though they weren’t very high I had a talent for being extremely clumsy at the worst of times.

“Don’t bother getting up.” I said as I passed my father, who was just sat in the living room chair reading a file of some sort. He smiled at me.

“Wasn’t planning to.” He joked before turning back to his work. I rolled my eyes opening the door. As I suspected it would be, Jo and Amber were both stood on the front door step. They were both carrying a bag each, which I assumed had their dresses for the night in.

“Fashionably late?” I asked, as everyone else was here half an hour ago.

Jo grinned at me, walking past as I opened the door wider for them both to get through. Amber shot me a sheepish smile. “Sorry.” She apologised. “We had to stop by and get Jo some cake at the bakery, because she just refused to shut up until we did.”

Jo didn’t look at all ashamed. “A girls got to eat. The dress looks amazing on you by the way.” She said, eyeing my outfit. Her eyes gleamed slightly. “Same colour as Blake’s eyes.”

I blushed looking at the floor. Trust Jo to notice that. I mumbled a thanks to her, and could see her smile widening from the corner of my eye.

“Where to?” She asked, having not been to my house before.

“Up the stairs, second door to the right – where all the noise is coming from.” I said pointing towards where the stairs were, glad for the change in subject.

Amber smiled at me as she breezed past. On my way to the stairs I saw my mum looking at me from her place in the kitchen. She had a weird look on her face, like she was lost in thought. I didn’t say anything

though. I wasn't sure what I *could* say. It wasn't exactly like we were on speaking terms.

Letting my eyes drift away from her, I went upstairs to meet with everyone else.

The noise had increased considerably since Jo and Amber's arrival, but I wasn't exactly expecting anything else when it came to Jo. When I walked in I saw Jo standing in the middle of the room showing off her dress.

It was a deep red colour and puffed a lot like Rebecca's did, however hers was a lot shorter, and you could see the pitch-black netting underneath. In short it was exactly something you would expect Jo to wear.

"Cute." I commented as I walked in.

"I know." Jo winked, twirling around, keeping it pinned to her shoulders with her thin fingers, and watching the skirt flare out as she spun sharply. I chuckled at her reply going to sit with Katie who was now scrutinising the bright pink colour of her nails.

It was cute, and matched her bright pink dress perfectly.

"Here," Rebecca was holding out her hand to me. "Put this on." She instructed me. "All the girls with dates are wearing one as a sort of 'hands off' signal to all the losers without one." She held out a thin white ribbon for me to tie around my wrist.

"HEY!" Katie, Mary-Anne, and Amber all complained simultaneously. Jo was dateless too, but she didn't even seem to care about the comment.

I shot Rebecca a look but took the ribbon all the same. I kind of liked it. It told everyone else that I was Daniel Blake's, so I could show him off without seeming like a bragging bitch. I tried tying it into a small bow, but it was difficult with one hand, so I had to ask Katie for help.

She tied it helpfully.

Christina turned to me now; she had just finished painting Mary-Anne's nails. "What colour do you want your nails Hailey?" She asked holding open her bag, which held about forty different colours.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I don't know. What one would you suggest?" She was probably a lot more knowledgeable on the subject than I was.

"Hmm. I don't have the same shade of purple as your dress, so we might as well go for something completely different." She paused looking at her colours. "How about black, because that goes with everything." She suggested after a minute.

I nodded my head, not questioning her on this. She knew better than I did.

Grinning at me, she took out her black nail varnish and shook it about, before scooting closer to me to do my nails. Once she had done my fingernails she insisted on painting my toes. I objected, not wanting her to look at my feet, but she wouldn't let the matter drop, so eventually I gave in.

She smiled smugly at me.

It took about an hour for all of us to get ready. With my feet tucked under myself I ended up leafing through Rebecca's magazine to amuse myself, having been the first on to be ready.

"Ta-da." Rebecca re-entered the room, from where she had been changing in the bathroom. "What do you think?" She twirled. I knew that she didn't really need an answer, she was already well aware of how amazing she looked. When you were Rebecca it was hard not to be.

Her finished outfit looked jaw-droppingly good. Everyone knew it. She had her white ribbon tied around her wrist, along with her bracelets, I

could even see the chain of the necklace I got her around her neck, dropping underneath her dress.

Once Rebecca had received her compliments for her outfit she grinned and pulled her phone out of her baby blue purse. "It's late. The guys will be here soon." They had decided to all travel together, all pitching in for the cost of renting a limo.

It was expensive; everyone agreed it would be worth it though.

I pulled out my own phone, knowing there would be no messages, but wanting to check anyway because ninety percent of the time I never heard my phone going off.

Putting my phone on the bed next to me I stood up, stretching my numbing legs, rubbing them so that they would be less red.

Like Rebecca had predicted it didn't take long for the boys to arrive. Soon we all heard the sounds of the doorbell going off. My heart leapt in excitement, and my palms dampened slightly the nerves. Would he like the dress? Hate it?

I freaked out, smoothing over the material. Seeing me freaking out Rebecca rolled her eyes at me. I knew I was being ridiculous. Blake was constantly telling me I was beautiful, and even if he didn't his smile when he saw me was enough to assure me he was at least interested in me still. Even if he didn't like me as much as I liked him.

Because in reality I highly doubted he did.

We all went down stairs together. This time my dad had actually bothered to answer the door. Standing in the doorway was Kyle, Thomas Lees, Thomas Burke (Rebecca's date), Liam (Christina's date), Mark, Zack, Evan, and finally Blake and Chad.

So yeah. The limo we hired was huge. And so was the lunch table we had officially stolen for us all to sit around at school.

As I walked down the stairs my eyes were only on Blake, and it made my heart throb in my chest when his eyes never left mine once. Even though I was walking down the stairs with six other girls who all looked incredible in their dresses.

He stepped forward, dragging me to his side when I reached the bottom of the steps. I stumbled ungracefully in my heels into his arms.

“You look amazing.” He grinned down at me, stealing a quick kiss. My stomach fluttered, and my eyes rolled down to his attire. I wasn’t the only one. My stomach clenched as I took in just how hot he looked in his black suit.

I licked my lips nervously. What was it about that suit that made me want to drag him upstairs and just ditch prom all together?

I was about to open my mouth and suggest we all get going when my mother spoke up from her space in the hallway. I hadn’t even noticed her arriving. Damn his stupidly sexy suit, for being so distracting.

“Mind if I take pictures?” My mother was holding up a small sleek camera, her knuckles white as she held it in a death grip. I frowned confused as she looked at me and Rebecca. I took a glance at my twin to see her doing the same thing and looking just as confused as I was. But it was a happy kind of confused.

“Uh sure.” I shrugged, winding my arm around Blake, wanting his support. I wasn’t exactly sure how to react to the situation. Should I be happy? Embarrassed? I wasn’t sure, but I knew the right reaction to the question probably shouldn’t have been confusion.

It wasn't hard to force a smile on my face though when Blake's arm twisted around my waist and dragged me into his side. Once she had taken the photo's I realised that I had accidentally left my phone upstairs.

Telling everyone else to go ahead with out me, I went to fetch it, knowing I had left it on Rebecca's bed, with the magazine.

Picking it up I tucked it into my purse, rushing downstairs so the others wouldn't have to wait so long for me. When I got down I found Blake waiting for me. I would have been happier except for the fact that my mother was in the hallway still holding onto her camera.

There was an awkward silence between them both, but at least my mum wasn't sending the usual disgusted glares at Blake, that she usually did. Instead she was staring at the camera with an unreadable expression on her face.

Dismissing the weirdness of the situation I turned to Blake with a wide smile. "Ready to go?" He asked, his own face mimicking the smile I was giving to him.

I nodded my head, patting my purse. "Yep." I extended my hand out to hold his.

"Have fun." My mother's voice spoke up quietly. My head snapped up in her direction in surprise.

"Umm...yeah." Was it supposed to be this awkward talking to her? She frowned looking back at her camera again. "I will thanks mum." I said quietly, gripping on to Blake's hand.

Awkwardly shuffling across to the door, I waved a little over my shoulder to my Dad who was sat in the living room. "By Dad." I said with a smile. He smiled up at me.

“Don’t get knocked up.” Was his reply. My jaw dropped and my face burned with embarrassment. Clenching my teeth I practically shoved a chuckling Blake out of the door before my dad could say anything else as mortifying.

“Don’t worry, I’m always safe.” Blake called out to my father. I hit his shoulder, my cheeks turning a shade brighter.

“Don’t encourage him!” I groaned. Over the past couple of months my dad and Blake had created some kind of twisted bond where they both embarrassed me as much as they could with as few words as possible.

I didn’t find it nearly as amusing as the two of them somehow did.

I think I preferred it when Blake was still trying to prove his worth for me to my dad. This. This was torture.

“I hate you.” I mumbled pushing him towards the limo, whilst trying to will my blush to fade away.

He grinned at me, waving his hand in dismissal at my comment. “Impossible.” He disregarded simply. Asshole. But I couldn’t lie. He was right. It was impossible for me to hate him, I physically couldn’t, not with how much I liked him.

Still chuckling Blake pulled his arm around my shoulder, so I was forced into his side as he opened the limo door. Everyone else was already chatting excitedly, about what prom would be like. Rebecca was extremely into the conversation, seeming, as we didn’t often get a chance to go to any school dances. She was more than a little excited.

“I’m going to dance with as many girls as possible. Bonus points for getting a girl with a ribbon.” Chad bragged grinning, and pointing to the white ribbon tied around my wrist. Good to know that they were having the attended ‘back off’ effect. Note the sarcasm.

“So Hailey, feel like ditching your date and giving me the first dance?” Chad asked wriggling his eyebrow. “I’ll make it worth your time.” He joked. He and everyone else in the limo knew the chances of that happening were non-existent.

“Not happening.” Blake said pulling me into his side, protectively.

“I think Hailey should get to answer for herself.” Chad said, picking up my hand and kissing it. “So what do you say Hailey?” He asked, looking up at me through his eyelashes.

I grinned pulling my hand away. “To quote my way-hotter-than-you boyfriend: Not happening.” I said blowing him off. He placed a comically hand over his heart, slumping into Amber and Jo who were next to him.

“What about one of you girls then?” He asked both of them. “Heal a broken heart with a dance?” He asked them with a pout. Amber blushed profusely, and Jo just gave him a raised eyebrow.

“As a second choice? No thanks.” She huffed folding her arms over her chest.

Everyone laughed loudly.

“So Mark, who did you ask as your date?” Rebecca asked, her eyes glinting with mischief. My eyebrows furrowed in their direction. Mark blushed shrugging his shoulders.

“No one.” He said looking at the limo floor. My eyes widened in surprise.

“Seriously?” I asked, shocked that he didn’t have a date, because he wasn’t exactly unattractive.

“I think what my sister is trying to say is, ‘why don’t you have a date because you’re seriously hot’.” Rebecca piped up. I shot her a glare and

noticed Blake doing the same from the side of me. That wasn't what I said.

"I would have asked someone, but they already had a date." He said shrugging his shoulders. My heart went out to the poor guy. It sucked having the person you like, like someone else.

"Don't worry bro," Chad said sympathetically. "I'm sure you'll be able to steal away the girl. You have this whole blonde haired blue eyes thing going for you. And I heard you're really smart. Chicks dig that." He patted his shoulder, and Mark gave him a small grimace.

"Or you know, steal the guy away, if that's the way you roll. I'm sure you could turn a man." Jo said breaking the awkward silence that had taken over.

Blake let out a loud snort and started to shake with silent laughter next to me, as Mark stared at my friend flabbergasted. "What?" She shrugged casually, not noticing how offended Mark had gotten. "Everyone was thinking it."

"No we weren't." Amber snapped turning to glare at her friend for being insensitive.

"I'm not gay!" Mark finally blurted once he regained the ability to speak. He shook his head violently from side to side.

Jo frowned at him. "Are you sure?" She asked disbelievingly. "Not to be rude but you give off this gay vibe." Her eyes narrowed in his direction, trying to sense a lie.

Mark flushed. "I'm sure." He said with certainty.

Jo gave him a sympathetic smile. "Look no ones judging you. It's cool if you are-"

“I’M NOT GAY!” Mark yelled this time. Blake’s laughter was no longer silent at this point, as he doubled over with laughter. I elbowed him in the side, whilst biting the inside of my lip to stop myself from laughing.

“Whoa okay.” Jo put her hands up. “But don’t you think you’re protesting a little too much? I mean if you are gay you should really just embrace it as a life style. There’s nothing wrong with liking guys when you’re a guy.”

Mark glared at her. “I really truly am not gay.”

Jo shrugged her shoulders. “I said *if*.” She said, clearly not believing him. It sounded like she was only humouring the possibility of him not being gay for his benefit.

“But I’m seriously not.” He continued obviously noticing the same tone of disbelief everyone else had.

“Whatever makes you happy. But just so you know my cousin is gay. And there’s nothing wrong with that. In fact if it doesn’t work out with this person you’re after, you should give him a call. You two would be really cute together.”

“But I’m not gay.” He insisted.

Jo gave him a small pat on his shoulder, like Chad had earlier but a lot more patronising. “It’s okay.” She told him, looking into his eyes.

“But I’m not gay.” He said weakly, still trying to get the message through to Jo.

“That would be okay too. It’s alright. Whatever your choice may be. Some people don’t even choose to be the way they are, it’s just who they find attractive.”

“But-”

“I just think that I should remind you that we’re all friends here. No one is judging.” She said honestly.

“I’m not-”

“You are the way you are, and we accept that.” She continued to cut him off. He let out a loud groan burying his face in his hands. Everyone else by now was trying to hold in his or her laughter. All except Blake who was openly laughing at Mark’s expense and Jo’s insistence on Mark being gay.

I shot a frown in his direction, but I really didn’t want to try defending Mark against Jo after having seen how unshakable her belief in him being gay was. It wasn’t an argument I saw myself winning, so it was probably pointless.

By now we were at the school and Blake was trying to calm his laughter down. He found it a little too funny. Mark was still a bright red colour.

“You can stop laughing now.” He said frowning at Blake. Blake shrugged his shoulders, trying to calm his laughter. I wanted to chide Blake for laughing at my friend, but his laugh did funny things to me. I didn’t want to be mad when he looked so happy. Plus it wasn’t like everyone else hadn’t found it funny too, including me, so it would be hypocritical of me to complain at him for it.

Everyone slowly started to pile out of the limo. Blake pulled me into his side, keeping our hands tightly knitted together.

He leant over to whisper into my ear after we had both climbed out. I stood there admiring the decorations that someone had obviously spent a lot of time on. “Come on beautiful,” he mumbled lowly. “Let’s head inside, it’s fucking cold out here.”

I rolled my eyes. It was so like Blake to be whispering sweet nothings into my ear like that...

I couldn't hold back the laugh though. He took my hand and led me inside.

I was floating on cloud nine.

It was better than I thought it would be. At the start Blake was reluctant to dance. And I had been to. I hadn't wanted to be the only pair on the dance floor. But now everyone was dancing.

After pouting at him for ages, I had finally won by suggesting that I take Chad up on his offer of my first dance. *That* got a reaction out of Blake.

"You're an annoyance, you know that?" He asked as he pulled me to the dance floor.

I smiled widely. "I think as time passes you just get more affectionate." I commented. But I hadn't really minded what he had said one bit, because his small affectionate smile told me that he didn't mean it.

Blake chuckled lowly. "I can very affectionate if you want me to be." He raised an eyebrow at me. I hit his arm. He just laughed at me, pulling me into him, and starting to dance. Right now I didn't care if I looked like an idiot, I was too happy.

I leant my head forwards, letting it lie on his chest, as his arms circled around me. It was just as good as getting a hug out of him.

My heart fluttered in my chest, and I just pulled myself a little closer to him.

I felt his lips pressing a kiss softly into my hair.

I sighed lightly. I didn't want this to end. I wanted to stay forever, just like this. After a couple of songs I nuzzled my face into his chest, and felt it rumbling with laughter.

“Getting a little friendly there, Kitty.” He joked, stroking my hair and letting his hand rest gently on the back of my neck. I propped my chin on his chest, giving him a cheesy grin.

“Just spreading the love sweetie.” I told him, with a wink.

A strange expression crossed his face, making my smile falter for a second. He looked so torn about something, but I had no idea what. He opened his mouth but shortly closed it again.

He looked like he was trying to tell me something. Something important, but I couldn’t work out what. I was just about to ask him when he distracted me.

Pulling me away from his chest, and cupping my face in both hands he swooped down to give me a kiss. My whole body was alight. I was aware of everything to with Daniel Blake. He was holding me so fiercely, like he was trying to tell me something with the kiss.

I found myself clinging on to him, pulling myself as close as possible.

My heart flipped in my chest, and I fought back a moan, trying to remind myself that we were in the middle of a dance floor, with a hundred other people who all knew us very well.

But the thought was fading as I became lost in the kiss he was giving me.

It didn’t feel like he was close enough. I brought my arms around his neck, letting my fingers bury themselves in his hair.

I bit gently on his bottom lip. I felt his lips twitch upwards as he deepened the kiss.

When he finally pulled away I was gasping for air. I kept one hand tangled in his black hair, whilst letting the other one land on his chest, next to where my forehead was now resting.

What was that?

I took in deep breaths wanting to hold on to that kiss.

“What brought that on?” I asked breathlessly, pulling away to look up at him. He had a dazed expression on his face as he stared down at me.

Doubt flashed across his eyes as he opened his mouth to answer me. But he closed it almost instantly pulling me closer to him again so he could bury his face into my hair. He let out a deep sigh.

“I guess you look too hot to resist.” He said eventually, his lips brushing across my neck, sending involuntary shivers down my spine. “I’m loving this dress you have on.” I felt the burning of his fingertips as he lightly traced the curve down my spine.

I had to fight back a moan, as my cheeks flushed a deep red.

“I’ll have to wear dresses more often if it means getting kissed like that.” I quietly, not needed to speak any louder because his ear was right next to my mouth. I felt him vibrate with a chuckle as he pulled away.

I felt a lot colder once he did, but his smile made it worth it.

Before I could think the action through I brought my hand up to trace gently over his lips.

His smile faded and he got the same look in his eyes as he had a few moments ago. God I hoped that meant I got another one of those kisses. I was seriously addicted. Just imagining how his hands had felt gripping onto me like I was about to fade away was enough for me to want to initiate the kiss.

“You look sexy as hell in whatever you wear.” He said, huskily.

My cheeks darkened, but before I could pull him down for a kiss we were interrupted.

“Daniel, Hailey.” A voice came from next to us.

“Get lost.” Blake said without taking his eyes off of me. My heart jumped in my chest, and I couldn’t fight the grin. But my eyes still flickered curiously over to the side.

“Hate to break up the love-fest going on here, but I think you should give me a chance to dance with Hailey.” Chad was grinning moronically at us both as he opened his arms wide for an acceptance of an approach from me that wasn’t coming.

“Thought I said to get lost.” Blake scowled at his best friend. I rolled my eyes, nudging him in the side, but he just buried his nose in my hair again.

My breath caught in my throat. Doesn’t he know what he’s doing to me right now?

I swallowed.

“Come on Hailey one dance?” Chad asked, pulling a wounded puppy dog expression. But that had nothing on the thrilling sensation Blake was leaving on my neck with a trail of warm kisses.

So was so tempted to tell him to get lost. Because it was a short a sweet sentence that meant more time with Blake.

I sighed loudly. Saying no wasn’t in my nature. “One dance.” I conceded wriggling out of Blake’s hold on me. He let out a loud protest, and I shot him an apologetic smile, before giving him a quick kiss on the lips.

“Be right back boyfriend.” I winked at him, before letting Chad pull me away.

“You’re a sleazy git you know that right?” I said smacking Chad’s hands away when they travelled too far south.

“One can only try.” He joked, grinning at me.

“Hmm. Right.” I said nodding my head, and rolling my eyes.

“Hey Hailey?” His voice sounded a lot more serious then it had a few seconds ago. I turned to look at him. “I’ve been meaning to have a word with you.” He said, his eyes not moving from mine, letting me know he wasn’t messing around.

I frowned in his direction. “Yeah?” I asked, waiting for him to continue.

He took a deep breath. “You’re good for him.” He said letting it out in one breath. “I’ve not seen him act like this. Ever.”

I nodded my head along to his words, not sure where this was going.

“I’ve been his best friend since we were both in diapers, but I have to warn you because he’s Daniel. I’ve known him my whole life and trust me I *really* hope I’m wrong-” He looked at me seriously. “But the thing is, Daniel is very good at changing his mind in the middle of relationships.”

I frowned, memories of what Siobhan had said to us in McDonalds. He had dumped her out of nowhere. “I know.” I said quietly. What was he trying to tell me?

“But I have never seen him act this way before. And I think this might be the real thing for him. Even if it’s a high school relationship.” He added on dubiously. “I’m just warning you to go in with your eyes wide open.”

I nodded my head. “I trust him.” I said quietly. “I don’t think he’ll cheat on me. If he does get bored I’ll let him go because-” I sighed deeply. “Because it’s probably going to be when he realises he could do a lot better, and he deserves that.”

I felt a frown develop on my forehead as I thought it over.

“But I guess I’m just really hoping that he won’t change his mind.” I said firmly. “I already did go in with my eyes wide open. So thank you, for your concern but if he leaves me suddenly then I’ll understand.”

I had already been aware of the score. But now I was really attached.

I looked up to see Chad smiling at me gently. “Hey I’m not trying to scare you away, it’s just I don’t want either of you getting hurt by this. It’s a big deal for Daniel, and I’m sure it is for you too.”

I nodded my head. Just then the song ended, and before I knew it Blake was by my side, glaring at his best friend. His eyes said he had seen his attempts to grab my ass. Laughing I shook my head.

“Thanks for the dance Chad.” I said with a small smile. He knew I was thanking him for his advice though. He really was trying to be a good friend. But the only way I was going to let Daniel Blake go was if he left me.

Blake was frowning at me, as he pulled me away.

I grinned at his possessiveness.

The rest of the night went amazingly. I managed to avoid spiked punch, much to Blake’s disappointment, apparently he was planning on getting me drunk off my ass and asking me if I wanted to vandalise the school library. I had hit him when he said that.

But I hadn’t laughed so much in ages. And I got to dance for hours in Blake’s arms. Blake was walking me back to my house. Thomas had offered to give us a lift, along with Rebecca, but I wanted some more time alone with Blake.

I pressed myself firmly into his side as we walked down the street. We weren't talking about anything important. At one point we had even been fighting over the best Disney film ever made. Right now we were talking about lame bands.

Apparently it had insulted him when I told him I didn't like Green Day.

I laughed loudly as Blake slid his arm around my belly and lifted me over his shoulder, he started to spin me around like I weighed nothing. I laughed clinging onto him in case he dropped me. "Take back the evil words." He laughed with me.

I squealed loudly. "Green Day are the best!" I gave in. He quickly put me back on my feet, and I stumbled around for a second, clinging on to his tightly.

I felt disappointed that we were so close to my house now. We were just outside of my front lawn. I sighed putting my arms around his neck. "Thank you for such an amazing night." I told him trailing my fingers down his chin.

He grinned at me.

"Thank you for agreeing to be my date." He said back leaning closer. "Call me tomorrow?" He asked.

I grinned. "Of course. I need my daily dose of sexy man voice." I joked pecking him on the lips. That obviously wasn't enough for him, as he dragged me close planting his lips on mine.

His kiss lasted a lot longer, and it made my legs feel like jelly. How does he do this to me?

I sighed putting my head on his chest. Was it so bad I didn't want to say goodbye, even though I had just spent hours dancing with him? God I was one of those clingy girlfriends I had always made fun of.

I wanted to press pause on the world, just so I wouldn't have to leave.

I sighed loudly. "I should probably go inside." I said sadly. "I call you tomorrow?" I confirmed, even though we had only made the plans a few seconds ago.

"You better do." He said in a mockingly stern voice.

I grinned at him, giving him a small salute. "Aye, aye." I chirped, straightening my posture. Then I went indoors, giving one last glance to him before I closed the door between us.

He gave me a wave, and a half grin that even at this distance had my heart beating faster. Humming happily to myself, I practically skipped up the stairs. I barely even noticed the aching in my feet I was that happy.

I was just about to head into my room, when I heard a strange sound coming from inside.

It sounded like crying. Frowning to myself I cautiously opened the door, fully ready for Rebecca to attack me with a pie in the face. What I hadn't been prepared for was to see my mother sitting on my bed. Crying her eyes out.

My heart lurched in my chest.

"Mum?" I asked unsure. I shuffled closer to see what she was hunched over. My heart broke when I saw. Ronald was being held tightly in a death grip.

She slowly looked up at me, and I could see her tear stained face. She just cried harder at the sight of me. I felt so uncomfortable, but I couldn't leave her like this. Going over to her side I gently rubbed her back.

"L-l-last t-t-ime I-I remem-ember y-you were s-still hug-hugging t-this guy to sl-sleep every night." She hiccupped through her tears. I shifted

uncomfortably. “I found him on your shelf. When did you stop sl-sleeping with him?” She asked.

I squirmed in my seat. “When I was about thirteen I think. Maybe a little sooner.” I shrugged, not sure what the importance of this was.

“Oh god.” She wailed loudly. “I-I missed everything.” She clung to the teddy like it was her life line. “I-I didn’t even realise. But then I s-saw you leaving for prom. A-and I remember when you w-w-were a baby, and you-your dad and I were talking ab-about what w-we were most looking fo-forward to about be-being a parent. A-and I ha-had said t-taking pictures of y-you both b-before pr-prom.”

I frowned. That explained her weirdness earlier.

“I-I can’t believe I’ve missed it a-all.” She sobbed.

I swallowed, not sure what I could say. I couldn’t reverse time. I couldn’t change what happened. She really hadn’t been there.

She looked up at me with her tear soaked face. “I’m s-so sorry.” She hugged me, letting go of Ronald, and tackling me into her death grip.

I paled a little. What was I meant to be doing?

“Ummm.” I said slowly.

“I’m going to make it up to you. You and Rebecca.” She said sternly, determination flashing through her eyes. I shifted a little.

Maybe she was high?

She must have seen the disbelief in my expression because her jaw hardened. “I’m serious. Let’s move back.”

I felt my jaw go lax. What was she talking about?

“Let’s move back home. To where you, Rebecca, and Tommy grew up.”

My heart dropped.

She wanted us to leave?



Step Thirty-One: You Have Her Know You're A Professional

*Dedicated to **leahmini** as an early birthday shout out!*

*Here it is my loyal fans thank the pestering **someone loves you** for the update :P*

::How To Turn A Good Girl Bad::

Step Thirty-One: You Have Her Know You're A Professional

Let’s move back home to where you, Rebecca and Tommy grew up.

Let’s move back home.

Let’s move.

The words wouldn’t stop echoing around my head.

It had been a week since prom. Since she had told me. On the first night I told myself not to worry about it because I was sure that she didn’t mean it. I had convinced myself that in a few days her and dad would be gone. Just like they always were.

So I decided if I ignored the problem it would go away.

That didn't work so well.

My eyes wandered to the mountain of empty cardboard boxes stacked high against one side of my room. I couldn't bring myself to start packing. My stomach sank just thinking about it, because every time I started to Blake would come to mind.

I had been cowardly to tell him. Telling him would somehow make this all the more real. I was still trying to ignore the problem. But as more days passed it became more and more apparent that things weren't going to fix themselves.

I had to tell him.

Guilt was eating me alive. I couldn't keep putting it off anymore.

Then Rebecca and Thomas came to mind. Rebecca had ended things with him as soon as she found out about the move saying 'long distance relationships never last'.

My heart clenched painfully at the thought of that happening with Blake and me. I wasn't ready for things to end. I just wanted things to keep going between us. Things were just so perfect. I closed my eyes tightly, feeling a headache starting again.

My mind went back to Rebecca again.

She was fine with the plan. Ecstatic even. It's what she had always wanted. What we had both always wanted.

So why couldn't I be happy like she was?

She had broken up with a guy that made her so happy that she sang, but she was still happy. She had already packed most of her room, leaving

only her 'must have essentials' out (which included what looked like a year supply of makeup and an outfit for every possible occasion).

My phone buzzed from next to me, from when I had been trying to convince myself earlier to text Blake, before realising that it was only 6:30 in the morning and Blake was the furthest thing from a morning person as someone could get.

Picking up my phone mixed feelings of excitement, sadness, and intense guilt swarmed in my stomach.

I need to tell him.

[My sister's getting anxious to see you, you coming over today? – Blake]

My lips pulled up into a brief smile as I read the text. He often liked to shield behind the excuse of his sister when he wanted me to come over. I had teased him into a confession about it once.

He needs to know. A small voice in the back of my head reminded me again making guilt hit me full force once again.

I glanced up at the time to see it was now about 11:30.

It's now or never.

Determined I messaged him back to tell him that I would be there in half an hour. I had to tell him. He had a right to know. I felt bad enough that I had kept it from him for so long already. Picking up my jacket from the post of my bed I marched across the room, not letting the hammering in my heart throw me off what I know I needed to do.

I almost walked right into Rebecca as I swung my door open.

We both came to an abrupt halt. Seeing me up and about she gave me a bright smile. I felt a stab of jealousy. Why couldn't I just stay as excited as Rebecca about this? Why couldn't I just be happy that my parents were finally putting an effort forward?

Isn't family supposed to be the most important thing?

Except Blake was there for me when none of my family had been.

Where had my priorities gone? I couldn't just brush off my family for a guy I had only met a few months ago. That wasn't the way around it was supposed to go was it?

You also can't brush off someone who's never given up on you for a family that didn't even want you a few months ago.

That was true wasn't it? They had abandoned me. But you're supposed to forgive family right? They were grieving and that made it acceptable, right? I couldn't hold it against them. People all deal with grief in their own ways.

So I should just let it go shouldn't I? I should be jumping at the chance to have my family whole again right?

But what about Blake?

I didn't have any reasonable answer to that. Rebecca's words just repeated themselves around in my head.

Long distance relationships never last.

"Hey Hailey, it's about time you got up!" She chirped cheerfully.

I gave her a weak smile in response; feeble in comparison to the one she was giving me. I didn't bother correcting her by telling her that I had been up hours ago, and had just been lying around in my bed.

“I’m going out.” I said instead gesturing to the jacket I was wearing, and the shoes I had picked up off of my bedroom floor on my way out.

She just blinked at me before nodding. “Okay.” She beamed a second later. She’s been psychotically cheery over the past few days, everything down to the way she was walking had an overdose of pep to it. “Do you know where mum left the tape?”

I only noticed now that she was carrying a full, unsealed, cardboard box marked as ‘old cheerleading stuff’. My mood instantly worsened.

“No.” I answered stiffly, feeling guilty when Rebecca flinched a little at my harsh tone. This wasn’t her fault. She had told me before that I needed to tell Blake. But her cheer of the whole situation was really getting to me. Why couldn’t she even have slight doubts to make mine seem just that bit more reasonable?

“Where are you going?” She asked breaking the uncomfortable silence.

“Blake’s.” As soon as I said that understanding replaced the small frown on her face. “Tell Mum and Dad I’ll be back later.” I said before she could say anything else that might ruin my confidence.

She just nodded her head, moving aside so I could get by her.

I was thankful she didn’t attempt to say anything else to me now. I didn’t want to snap at her again. I felt too emotional too out of control of everything going on around me.

One moment I didn’t have parents to stop me doing anything (not that I ever took real advantage of that until recently) and now I had them telling me I was moving all over again (not that that had ever bothered me until recently either).

And if it wasn’t clear by until recently means until I met Blake.

It didn't take long for me to arrive at Blake's house, I was probably early but I didn't bother checking the time to make sure. Ringing the doorbell I tried to squash down the ball of nerves threatening to make me throw up.

The door swung open before I felt like I was ready and Stacey's smiling face greeted me, and I gave her the best one I could in return. "Hey I didn't know you were going to come over today." She said, not sounding at all annoyed.

"Blake didn't tell you? He text me asking if I wanted to." I told her with a small frown.

She waved it off. "I haven't run into Daniel at all today." She said. "Come on in, I'm sure Sophie will be more than glad to see you."

She swung the door further open to allow me room to move past her. "Thanks."

"So where have you been hiding?" She asked. "I usually see you all the time, but I haven't seen you here since before prom. Daniel has been more mopey with out you around."

I felt guilt hit me hard at her statement. I had been making up excuses not to come over before. I grimaced a little. "Yeah sorry about that." It came out sounding caked in guilt.

Stacey seemed a little alarmed at my response. "Daniel didn't do something stupid at prom did he? He came home looking happy enough so I didn't think-"

I wildly shook my head interrupting her before she could finish her sentence. "No! It's my fault. I've been really busy with my family recently... they decided to put more effort in recently or something like that." I mumbled giving her half of the truth.

“You don’t sound too happy with that?” She said sounding confused. She had every right to be. I knew at least some part of me should be jumping for joy right now, but I just wasn’t. I couldn’t.

I needed to talk to Blake.

I needed his easy look on life. His abnormal talent of making me laugh in the worst of situations. It scared me how dependent I had become on him. And how much the thought of losing him terrified me.

“You don’t know my family.” I said with a brief grimace.

She just nodded her head, letting it go. “So how *was* the prom? Every time I ask Daniel he just tells me it’s too girly to gossip about things like prom. So was it magical? Did you get him to dance? Did he kiss you? Profess his undying lo-”

I cut her off for the second time. “Give me a chance to answer.” I spoke over her shaking my head at her enthusiasm. “Prom was...good?” I said, but it came out as a question.

She huffed loudly, clearly annoyed with my lack of response.

“Sorry.” I winced. “Rebecca’s better at that sort of thing.”

She narrowed her eyes. “Well you have to give me something!” She exclaimed, throwing her hands in the air.

“Um...” I wasn’t exactly sure what to say. “Uh, prom was...” I tried to open myself up a little. “Pretty much perfect.” I confessed. “I mean I got to hang out with all my friends,” *Blake looked really hot in a suit*, “I got to dance with Blake,” *He kissed me until I felt like my heart was going to give out from lack of oxygen*, “everything went pretty smoothly too besides...” *when I got home my mum ambushed me with the whole ‘moving house’ thing*. I cleared my throat a little. “Besides the spa treatment beforehand. That took forever.”

She didn't look altogether satisfied with my response. I wasn't sure what else she could want me to say at this point. "I have pictures that I can give you a copy of if you want?" I tried.

That seemed to make her brighten instantly. "Yes please. And by the way if you don't like spas you should have gotten Daniel to do your make up for you. He's like a professional at it."

My eyes widened a little, and my brow creased. A professional? At make up?

"MUM!" Blake's voice exclaimed from behind me, making me spin around on my heels to face him. How long had he been standing there?

A small smile pulled onto my lips just seeing him. It had felt like too long since the last time. My eyes raked down him, and to be honest I was just trying to take all of him in. He looked exactly the same, but really what would change in the week I hadn't seen him? He looked sexy-as-hell in his black band T-shirt and fading blue jeans, but then again when didn't he?

My eyes slowly wandered back to his face, to see him giving me a lop-sided cocky grin. "See something you like?" He asked. My cheeks flamed. We were standing in front of his mother for gods sake! What was wrong with me?

I cleared my throat. "Just trying to check something. You don't *look* particularly like a 'make-up professional' to me." I raised an eyebrow. "But if you are gay I'd prefer you tell me now." I gave him my most convincing 'I'm judging you right now' look that I had seen Rebecca perfect over the years.

Even my mother was expert at it.

His face flushed a little and he groaned. "I'm not a professional." He then sent a glare to his mother.

I felt my lips twitch. "If you can hold your own in a conversation with Rebecca about it I would say you were a professional." I cautioned him only to see his blush deepen letting me know that he probably could.

"Oh wow." I said with wide eyes. "That's a skeleton I never expected to find in your closet." I shook my head. "This is a whole new side to you."

I guess it was better than finding out Blake was hiding in the cupboard.

Blake was now giving his best death glare over my shoulder to Stacey who shrugged her shoulders innocently, giving a little 'I thought she knew' gesture with her hands.

I had to bite into my lip to stop myself bursting into laughter. "It's not my fault." He complained like a little kid. "It's my mum's for not giving Abby the sister she wanted until too late, she forced the knowledge on me I swear!"

That did it. I laughed out loud, feeling all the weight that had been resting on my shoulders temporarily go away.

He narrowed his eyes at me. "Hey no laughing." He pouted.

I just continued to giggle. "Oh Blake, remember those man points I talked to you about?" I questioned. "They're running at a whole new all time low right now."

His eyes darkened for a second, at my question of his manliness. Stacey burst out laughing too, which just made him madder. He quickly snatched me up, throwing me over his shoulder.

"Where are you going?" Stacey called after us.

Blake turned his head back over his shoulder. “To my bedroom, to prove my manliness to Clover!” He said suggestively. My whole face flushed. Tell me he didn’t just say that to his mother! I wriggled on his shoulder, trying to get down, but not for the first time I found myself admiring the surprising strength Blake had.

“Just keep it down up there! There are some things a mother just doesn’t need to hear.” She called back making me freeze all over.

God please kill me now.

The tables had turned completely, this time with Blake laughing at me.

I hate my life.

Blake’s shoulders were shaking enough that as soon as we were safely closed in his room he had to let me down. I immediately hit him on the shoulder.

“OOOH kinky! This is a whole new side to you.” He said mimicking my words from earlier. I gave him a glare.

“You’re an ass.” I said with a glare.

He shrugged his shoulders, pulling me close to him by wrapping his arms around me.

“You love it.” He said bending down for a kiss but I moved away from him before his lips could touch mine.

“I thought you said in your text that I was here for Sophie not to be sexually harassed.” I huffed.

He laughed stepping forwards and wrapping his arms around me again, pinning me in place firmly. “Sophie can wait. And anyway it’s not sexual

harassment if you enjoy it.” He said cockily, raising his eyebrows, letting his hands fall further down suggestively.

I hit his hands away, shaking my head at him. “Who says I’ll enjoy it.” I said trying to squash down his ego a little bit.

It didn’t deter him at all.

“Only one way to find out.” He said bending his lips down to mine again, not giving me time to respond again.

I laughed at his very Daniel Blake approach through our kiss pulling away. I had missed this over the past week. My back hit into his door making Blake smirk at me. He stepped forwards again putting his hands on either side of me, trapping me.

“I have pepper spray.” I warned him jokingly.

“I’m not really into that kind of foreplay.” He replied leaning closer.

I raised an eyebrow at him. “It’s not foreplay Blake. If a girl sprays you it’s her way of saying ‘I don’t give consent jackass’.”

“And if a girl threatens you with it, instead of outright spraying you in the face?” He asked. “What does that mean?”

“It means back off.” I smirked putting my hands on his chest to push him away.

He laughed letting me push him back a few steps. “Really? I think it means ‘I really really like you and want to sleep with you’.” He said.

I laughed loudly. “You have some seriously one tracked mind Blake.” I shook my head at him.

He shrugged his shoulders not bothered by my comment. “It’s part of being a man.” He said like it was a compliment.

I raised an eyebrow at him. “Yeah because you’re the epitome of manliness being a make-up professional and all.”

His smirk dropped once more to give room for a dark glare as he approached me, but didn’t say anything, instead he picked me up quickly only to throw me onto his bed cave man style.

“That manly enough for you?” He huffed, straddling me on the bed.

My eyes widened, and my breath got stuck in my throat. He looked like some kind of avenging angel right then, making my heart flutter wildly. “Are you going to do this sort of thing every time I mention the make up thing?” I asked him breathlessly.

He smirked a little. “If it will make you forget the whole thing then yes.”

I laughed. “You realise I’m never going to forget, right?” I asked.

He leaned in closer so his cool minty breath was fanning over my face. “You realise that if you tell anyone ever I’ll tell them about your frosty the snowman fear right?” He mimicked my tone.

I giggled. “Touché.” I nodded my head. “I guess I’ll have to keep my mouth shut.”

“You better.” He said just before his lips met mine. I’d missed his kisses. I pressed my lips more firmly on his, needing him to be closer to me. His hands ran slowly up my side, bunching up the fabric of my shirt.

I moaned loudly as his hands let go only to roam my stomach, and his lips move onto kissing my neck.

I felt him smirk against my neck. “Quiet Clover, remember my mum doesn’t want to hear anything.” He said smugly.

I narrowed my eyes pushing him away from me. “You’re a prick.” I told him with a half heart glare still feeling wildly fuzzy from our brief make out session.

“I think you’re amazing too.” He joked sarcastically. “It’s no wonder I’m so in love with you when you say the sweetest things like that to me.”

I froze over. “I...yo-*what?*” I asked completely dumbfounded. Did he seriously say that? My hearts hammering and stomach butterflies would suggest so.

Blake’s whole face seemed to straighten out from the joking mood we had been in a couple of seconds ago. He sat up murmuring quietly to himself as he did so. “That’s not exactly the way I imagined that coming out.”

My heart skipped a beat in my chest. My whole mind was in turmoil. He said he loved me. He seriously just said he loves me. Did mean it? Did I feel the same? I was pretty sure I knew the answer to that from the tingles that were running through my body from hearing him say those words.

I was struck speechless, left just watching Blake as his eyes gouged for any reaction from me.

“I mean it you know.” He said after a long pause of silence. My eyes instantly focused on his.

“You do?” I squeaked out.

I smiled a little pushing my hair out of my face. “Yeah.” He said quietly. “I mean you’re a complete newbie to the whole ‘rebel’ life style, and you say things like epitome,” he rolled his eyes. “But for whatever reason I fell in love with you.”

I felt my heart pick up, and my hands started trembling in excitement. Only Daniel Blake could insult the way I talk at the same time as telling

me he loved me.

He loves me.

Blake loves me.

A huge dopey grin started to spread over my face.

Daniel Blake just confessed his love to me.

I felt him shake from laughter above me, his breathing hitting my face shakily.

When did he get so close?

“Now’s about the time you should say it back.” He said cocking his head to the left expectantly.

I opened my mouth. I love him. I knew it more than anything.

I have to tell him.

“My mum wants to move.”

That wasn’t the words he wanted to hear. It wasn’t the words I wanted to say. I wanted to take them back and just tell him I love him a million times over. But I couldn’t. He had a right to know.

This time it was Blake’s turn to freeze above me.

“What?” He asked, his voice barely coming out.

“Blake-” I started but cut off when he suddenly started moving away like I had some kind of contagious disease.

“Move?” He asked sticking to one syllable, but his voice came out much stronger.

My heart felt like it was shattering in my chest from how he was distancing himself from me. “Yes.” I answered not knowing what else to say.

“How long?” He asked.

“Until I move?” I asked, but he only shook his head.

“Have you known you were going to move.” He spat out harshly. My stomach sank.

“Since the night of prom. I came home to find her bawling her eyes out in my room, talking about wanting to start over.” I confessed, dropping my head.

“And you waited until now to tell me?” He yelled.

I bit my lips, forcing back tears. In all the times I had imagined the situation in my mind I had imagined a lot of possible outcomes to his reaction of me telling him. Not one of them had I imagined him angry with me.

I also hadn’t imagined him saying he loved me right before that too.

“I’m sorry.” I said feebly.

“Sorry?” He asked gritting his teeth. “I just-” *said I loved you*. He didn’t say the words. He let out a strangled yell instead kicking at his desk, making me flinch as it made a loud crash. “And then you said that! And all you can say is sorry.”

“I-” My voice got stuck in my throat. I’m sorry? Is that what I was going to say? “She wants to move in a week.” I whispered quietly.

His eyes flashed over to me, and he gripped his hair in frustration. “Why are you telling me?!” He yelled.

I winced. “You have a right to know...” I trailed off.

“FOR FUCK SAKE! I HAD THE RIGHT TO KNOW A WEEK AGO!” He yelled loudly.

I took in a shaky breath, pushing back the tears that were burning in my eyes.

“What about university?” He asked.

We had both talked about university before, how we would go to one together. There was only one that we both had gotten accepted to, and it was close by to here. However it was too far away from where I used to live.

“I got accepted into a few universities near.” I said running a hand through my hair.

“I see you thought this through.” He said his voice turning icy. My stomach tightened. He had never spoken like that to me before. “So what about me?” My heart sunk at the question.

“I don’t know.” I answered honestly. *I want to stay here, with you.*

“That’s up to you.” I finished. I wasn’t going to end things. I couldn’t.

“Up to me?” He echoed shaking his head. “You’re kidding right?” He asked. “Because it looks like you’ve not left much option. You’ve made up you’re mind.”

My heart was crashing around wildly. “What do you mean?” I asked.

Long distance relationships never last.

“I mean that it’s never going to work is it?” He said with no emotion at all now. “We all know how the story ends. This was just a high school relationship, they never last do they?” My whole body went cold. “It’s best just to end it now. Rip the bandaid off quickly as it were.”

I swallowed past the lump in my throat. “You said you loved me.” My voice came out hoarse. I don’t know why but I felt the need to remind him. I could feel him slipping away.

He gave me a cold smile. “You had quite the response yourself.” He quipped. “Couldn’t just say I love you back. That’s not Hailey Winters’ style.” His voice came out bitter.

“Blake-” I didn’t get further than that before he cut me off.

“Stop.” He ordered shaking his head. “Stop calling me Blake.” He sounded annoyed, but he was barely looking at me now. “Just stop. My name’s Daniel.”

Had I thought that I had been experiencing heartache before? I had been wrong. This pain was a million times worse. “Right.” I said nodding my head, but not looking up because I couldn’t hold the tears back anymore and I didn’t want him to see them. “Sorry.”

Had it always annoyed him that I called him Blake?

“Can you just leave now? Please?” He sounded defeated, and my heart started to break even more. How was that possible? I hadn’t felt like this in so long.

“Okay.” I wheezed out.

I’d lost him. I felt like I had just had a chainsaw stuck in my chest. Turning quickly before I started sobbing I wrenched the door open. I didn’t even manage a goodbye.

Part of me was hoping to hear him calling after me. To run to me and hold me in his arms.

But he didn’t.

That wasn't his job anymore.

I heard Stacey say something to me as I passed but I didn't hear quite what it was. Shaking my head I left the house, my heart broken.

And I didn't even get to tell him I loved him too.



Step Thirty-Two: You Have Goodbye Party

one more chapter after this guys :O anyone else as excited as me?

How To Turn A Good Girl Bad::

Step Thirty-Two: You Have Goodbye Party:

“Are you finished packing?” Rebecca bounced into my room her eyes roaming around the bareness of everything.

My eyes met hers as I taped down another box. “Only a couple more to go.” I said lowly, leaning the box on the side so I could scribble the content on the side. Over the years I had become a professional at packing so it had only taken a few days to catch up with everyone else.

I picked the box up piling it with the others and fetching another one.

Rebecca sighed loudly. “Want any help?” She asked. I only shook my head.

Over the past few days I had been going through some spontaneous crying fits. Sometimes I would pick up an object and be reminded of Blake and then I would remember our fight and I would start crying.

I really didn't want Rebecca to witness that.

She huffed loudly and sat down anyway. "Couples break up all the time you know." Rebecca sighed, bringing up the one subject I really didn't want to approach.

I gave her a small smile. "Is this supposed to be cheering me up?" I asked, feeling my stomach twist.

"I'm just saying." She shrugged. I should have known. She wasn't big on trying to make people feel better.

"How did you do it?" I asked. She raised an eyebrow at me. "With Thomas." I elaborated.

She just shook her head shrugging her shoulders. "It was pretty easy. Family first right?" She asked. "Blood thicker than water."

I closed my eyes, nodding my head. How could she be so relaxed right now? Didn't it pain her to think about it? It hurt like hell for me.

"Right." I nodded my head. I still had my priorities mixed up.

"But then again I wasn't in love with Thomas." She continued off handedly.

My head snapped up at her last statement, but I didn't deny it. Days had passed since our break up, and I rethought a lot of things. But I couldn't convince myself that I didn't love him. I was certain I did, because what else would you call this feeling?

Love seemed an awfully simple word for everything it meant, but it was the only way to describe it.

“How long do you think until it stops?” I asked brokenly. “I can’t stop thinking about him, but it hurts *to* think about him.” I explained. “You said it yourself couples break up all the time. So why can’t I stop crying?”

Rebecca’s featured darkened, before softening in sympathy. “I don’t know.” She said. “I’ve never been in love.” She shrugged. “Is it crazy to be jealous of you right now?” She asked pulling her knees up to rest her chin on them.

I half-heartedly laughed. “Yes.” I shook my head. “This feeling is horrible. Every time I forget about him it just hurts more when I’m reminded. It’s hell knowing that he doesn’t want me near him.” I thought back to how he had backed away when I had first told him.

Rebecca continued to watch me in a calculated way. “I’m supposed to be luring you downstairs right now.” She said eventually.

I frowned. “What?” That was a random change of topic.

“There’s a goodbye ‘party’ being thrown for you. Jo, Amber, Katie, geek Thomas, Kyle, Mary Anne, and Mark.” She said. “Worse party ever by the way. Seven people, no cake, the only guys are dorks and ‘gay’ and to top it off no beer either. You need some better friends.”

My heart lurched a little in my chest at the thought of seeing them all. Part of me just wanted to get on the plane right now and disappear. Run away from the heartache. But that wouldn’t solve anything.

“Are you going to go down stairs?” She asked.

I grimaced knowing I didn’t really have an option, and I would regret leaving without seeing them all. This meant that I didn’t have to go indi-

vidually to each of them and say goodbye. It would have been a tight schedule seeming as I was leaving tonight.

“Has Jo calmed down any since last time I saw her?” I asked. I winced thinking about how she had tackled me down and ended up ‘accidentally’ breaking my phone – she threw it against a wall in a fit of rage when I told her I was leaving, and admittedly when I mentioned that things with Blake had ended.

She unquestionably belonged in anger management. But somehow her reaction had helped me. Seeing her in such a rage it reflected exactly what I wanted to do. Exactly how I felt.

I wanted to scream my heart out. Then maybe the pain would stop.

I wanted to fight. Then maybe I wouldn’t feel so helpless.

I wanted to punch and break things. Then maybe I could gain a little perspective.

Because I knew that Blake breaking up with me wasn’t the end of the world, but that’s not what it felt like. It felt like I had sunk into depression. Like I was drowning with a million people around me, but I couldn’t get enough air in my lungs to scream and make them turn around to help me.

“She seems mentally stable but mum moved anything breakable that we haven’t packed yet out of her reach. It wasn’t too difficult she’s a short girl.” Rebecca answered my question.

I nodded my head. “I’ll come down.” I sighed out, putting back the box I had picked up a while ago, that was now hanging limply in my hand.

Rebecca nodded her head, wrapping an arm around my shoulder.

When I got down stairs I was ambushed straight away by a small, spikey haired, spitfire. “Hey Jo.” I greeted as she held onto me like a child.

“This is ridiculous.” She mumbled into my shirt. “You shouldn’t have to leave.”

I tried to shrug my shoulders but she was holding on too tight. She pulled back pouting. “You can stay with me you know.” She said. “Me and my mum fight all the time, so I was planning to move out soon anyway. We can get a place together. Nearby. She’s constantly telling me to get my own place.”

My heart leapt at her suggestion. I badly wanted to stay. I had never thought about staying with other people. Getting an apartment.

I could stay near Blake. Attend university with him. Be with him.

It was just a high school relationship. They end all the time.

I thought back to what he had said.

If he thought it would end it would. It took two people to be in a relationship. I couldn’t force him to stay with me.

And if I wasn’t with him I should be at least trying to repair the relationship with my broken family. Even though the heart broken part of me was screaming that it was far too late. That I would never forgive them because they now on top of everything else were taking me away from the guy I was in love with.

It’s no wonder I’m so in love with you.

He had said he loved me...

Sarcastically. And then he broke up with me five minutes later.

I mean it you know.

I mean you're a complete newbie to the whole 'rebel' life style, and you say things like epitome. But for whatever reason I fell in love with you.

His words kept ringing in my ears.

I wanted to hear them again. I wanted to hear him say it constantly. I wanted to hear it everyday. But for how long?

It was just a high school relationship. They end all the time.

"I can't." I answered her eventually bowing my head.

Jo stuck out her jaw stubbornly. "Why not?" She asked. "You're eighteen. You can get a job. You can stay with Daniel."

My heart lurched. I wanted it so badly. But *he* probably didn't. He was angry with me. I don't know if he'd forgive me. Plus my family. I had to try. We had lost so much already.

"I can't Jo." I repeated, my voice sounding defeated to my own ears. "I need to stay with my family."

Jo stuck her jaw out. "After they left you? They get to call and have you running back? How is that at all fair?" She questioned angrily.

I took in a sharp breath. When is anything ever fair? I closed my eyes, breathing out slowly. Suddenly Jo was being pulled away from me. My eyes snapped open to see Amber there holding her best friends arm.

"Jo stop." Amber warned lowly. "We came here to say goodbye to her, not to make her feel worse about leaving." Amber was the voice of reason between the pair of them. "She has to be with her family."

She was the voice of reason full stop. She knew what she was talking about.

She has to be with her family.

That was reasonable right? That was what I was meant to be doing. I'm doing the right thing. "I'm sorry Jo." I said quietly.

That's all you can say?!

What else was there to say? Everything felt so broken beyond repair. Everything had gone so wrong. Sorry couldn't fix any of it, but what could? I felt like there was no winning.

"I know." Jo eventually said with a sigh. "I'm going to miss you Hailey." She said to me. "I've not known you long but I will really miss you."

I gave her a weak smile. "Well I'll keep in contact. You know, after I get a new phone to replace the one you broke." I teased.

She didn't look ashamed at all. "Something to remember me by." She said with a shrug.

I laughed. "A photo would have done just fine."

"Not original enough." She shook her head at me, giving me the same half attempt at a smile that I was giving her.

I pulled her into my arms for a tight hug. I didn't want to lose her too. "You're going to break my ribs Hailey." She choked out eventually.

"Something to remember me by." I joked, but still loosened my arms.

She laughed again, but it came out stronger.

"Do I get a hug?" Katie interrupted. Her eyes looked teary and I gave her a small smile.

"Of course." I said pulling away so that I could stack her with a bear hug next. "Everyone gets a hug." I hugged each of them, getting an equally tight hug in return.

“Nothing’s going to be the same without you Hailey.” Tom said when I pulled away from him.

“Yeah you really livened things up a bit.” Kyle agreed.

“Really?” I asked dubiously.

“Oh yeah.” Katie nodded. “Who’d have thought that at the beginning of the school year that I would end up eating lunch with the schools most popular girl and head cheerleader, the schools resident bad ass, and an arsonist with anger issues.” Her eyes wandered to Jo, before focusing on me again. “Things just aren’t going to be the same without you.”

I smiled at her. “I’m sure you’ll be fine.” I said with a shrug.

She just smiled at me.

Over her shoulder I could see Mark entering our kitchen.

I still hadn’t properly managed to say goodbye to him yet. He was next on my hit list. Telling the others I’d be back soon I went in the same direction Mark had.

“Ah, finally saying goodbye to me?” Mark asked when he saw me coming through the door. I gave him a sheepish smile.

“Yeah.” I said clearing my throat. “Sorry I took so long. I’ve been busy catching up with packing.” I excused myself lamely. The truth was Mark was one of my closest friends here and I was scared of losing him as well.

“It’s fine.” He shrugged. “I can’t blame you for being busy. This is kind of out of nowhere.”

I frowned feeling my heart start to ache a little. *Kind of out of nowhere.* That was one way of putting it. “Yeah.” I agreed. “My parents are big on the whole pick up and leave thing.” I shrugged.

They used to leave in the middle of the night without any warning to either Rebecca or me. They used to move us around all the time when they weren't here too.

"I've heard." Mark nodded his head. He then seemed to decided that we had done enough small talk. "So you and Daniel broke up."

My stomach twisted sharply. Why did people feel the need to try talking to me about it?

"Yeah." I answered, my mind somewhere else completely.

He put it so simply. The cause of all the pain that had been tearing me apart from the inside out and he put it in to eight measly words. "He ended it. Our relationship wasn't ready for long distance." I shrugged trying to play down how hurt it had made me.

Trying not to let it show just how badly it all hurt.

Eight words.

Was that really all it took to sum it up?

Apparently.

"He's an idiot." Mark said out of the blue, making me laugh a little.

"That's sweet. Thanks." I said running a hand up my arm and staring at the cabinets attached to the walls. They were all empty now. My heart took another painful blow.

I had done this before. I had left before. I could do it again.

I pictured Blake's smiling face. I wouldn't see that again. Not in person. Not directed at me.

Mark smiled wryly. "I wasn't trying to be sweet." He shook his head, gaining my attention again.

"Huh?" My brilliant response got a chuckle from him.

He was looking at me with bitter amusement. "I'm jealous of him." He said taking me completely by surprise. He's not even here, you've broken up, and he's the reason, and yet you're still standing in front of me day-dreaming of him." He said bitterly.

"Jealous?" I echoed. What was he talking about?

"Yeah I'm jealous." He said shaking his head. "You really are blind." He said hollowly. "I've had this huge crush on you since day one, and it's not gone away."

"Se-seriously?" I asked. This had to be some kind of prank didn't it?

He laughed. "Yeah I think you're the only one who didn't see how crazy I am about you." There goes that idea.

How was I supposed to be responding to this conversation? I'm pretty sure whatever I was supposed to say, it wasn't what I did say.

"Jo didn't." I blurted. "She's still convinced your gay." This probably wasn't the best time to bring it up.

He obviously didn't think so either. He narrowed his eyes at me. "Yeesh Hailey. You don't make it easy for a guy to confess his love."

Confess? Love?

I felt like I was chocking.

Twice in one week?

"What?" I squeezed out. How could this be happening? Seriously?

“I’m in love with you Hailey.” Mark said determinedly.

“But- you- Blake- I-” I stuttered over the words I was trying to get out. And god knows what they even were. “I’m moving.” I got out eventually. *Plus I had just gotten out of a relationship. Weren't there rules of some kind that are supposed to stop people from doing this?*

There should be.

Mark didn't seem deterred. “I would be willing to try long distance. You’re worth it.” He said stepping closer to me.

My heart pounded in fear, and I took a large step away from him, shaking my head. *How badly I wanted it to be Blake standing in front of me saying those things.* “Long distance never works.” I said detachedly.

Mark frowned stepping closer again. “So if it was Blake here instead of me you would be saying long distance never works?” He asked, sounding almost angry, but mostly upset.

My stomach knotted itself but I wouldn’t lie. If Blake was standing here I would be throwing my arms around him telling him how sorry I was and how we would make this work. How I would stay if there was no other was to be together.

“No.” I admitted.

Mark's eyes flashed. “What’s so great about him anyway?” He asked scowling. “He’s a cocky dick who doesn’t even care enough to even think about trying to make it work between the two of you.” I knew he was only speaking out of anger. That much was plain to see. But that didn’t stop his words from stinging.

Doesn't even care enough to even think about trying to make it work between the two of you.

Did he not care?

"If you ask me he's an arrogant ass, and he doesn't deserve you Hailey." Mark continued. This time it was just making me angry though.

He didn't know Blake. He doesn't even talk to him. Who was he to pass judgment? Why did he get to insult him?

"I see the way you look at him like he's so fucking perfect, it's so messed up considering just how far off from perfect he is. Hell he dumped you Hailey. That just proves what an idiot he is."

My anger grew, along with the pain.

Tears started to slowly trickle down my cheeks without my permission. "No he's not perfect. Okay?" I admitted. "He's an arrogant bastard who doesn't like listening to anyone. He's full of himself and is a selfish idiot! Alright?" I yelled, my voice growing louder.

Everything I had been bottling up was coming out at once.

"But then there's the rest of him. The part where I can't stop myself from feeling secure around him and where he always knows just what to say that makes me feel a thousand times better. The part of him that makes me laugh, even if I'm on the verge of tears. The amazing part of him that can drop his pride for the ones he loves and cares about without a backwards glance. The part of him that listens when it's important! Those are the parts that made me love him and not you okay? And you know what sometimes I wish that I didn't love him but I do." I bit my lip hugging myself for comfort.

"I love him." I whispered my throat closing in on itself. My hands were shaking down by my sides.

It was the first time I had said it aloud, and it hadn't even been to him.

I hated that. I wanted so badly to tell him.

I couldn't bear to look Mark in the eye. I knew he must hate me. Here he told me he loved me and I'm on about some other guy that broke up with me that I'm in love with.

"Hailey." Mark pulled me so that I looked into his eyes. His anger was gone now. There was only a slight pain in his eyes. "I understand." He whispered kissing me lightly on the forehead.

More tears slid down my cheeks. Why couldn't I fall in love with Mark? Wouldn't it hurt a hell of a lot less? My brain, heart, and body didn't want the easy solution though. They all wanted Daniel Blake.

The impossible guy that I had fallen in love with.

"Thank you." I pulled him into a fierce hug. "Thanks Mark. It means a lot." I felt Mark's arms wrap around me squeezing me in a reassuring way. Then he pulled away smiling at me.

"Well if Daniel fucks up badly enough that you can ever fall out of love with him, and start looking at me, call me up so I can beat him up and steal his girl." He joked pushing my hair out of my face.

I laughed pulling away from him completely. I could see the slight hurt in his eyes before he managed to hide it but I couldn't do anything about it.

I felt freer to get it off my chest. It had been weighing me down.

"I'm not going to see him again." I said quietly. "He broke up with me. Remember?" I asked, hearing the desperation of my own tone as I spoke.

I wanted to badly to have him hear. To tell him those words. To have him say them back.

He nodded giving me a small smile. “Don’t worry. If he’s got you so hung up over him then he’s got to be a smart guy. And if he has half a brain cell he’ll realise what a mistake he’s making giving up without a fight, when it comes to you.” He assured me.

I laughed a little, shaking my head.

“I doubt it. But thanks.”

—

My hands shook nervously. It’s been a couple of hours since my ‘party’ ended. And now I only had one more thing left to do before I left, and I had been avoiding it until this point knowing that it was going to be the hardest.

I clutched the small envelope in my hand trying hard not to bend it.

Pressing the buzzer I could hear the doorbell go off inside.

Please don’t be in. Please don’t be in.

I was stood in front of the Blake household, begging for Blake not to be in at this point because I’m not sure if I could face seeing him.

No one answered.

Licking my lips I pressed the buzzer again. Maybe I could just put it through the post box and leave? Still I wanted to say goodbye to Blake’s family. Over my time of knowing them I had grown to think of them as a second family.

It would be wrong to leave without saying goodbye.

Still no answer.

I was just considering giving up and leaving them a note on the envelope saying sorry I'd missed them when the door swung open.

Stacey was stood there clutching onto Shane, who was putting up a mighty fuss in her arms.

"Hailey?" She looked shocked to see me there.

I licked my lips nervously.

Did she hate me? The thought hadn't occurred to me before, but now that her son and I had broken up maybe I wasn't welcome to stop by unannounced like this.

My heart sank at the thought.

"Um. Hi?" I replied nervously. "I- I promised you that I would give you these." I held out the unmarked envelope to her.

I swallowed. "They're pictures from prom. I got them from everyone who had cameras; it was pretty easy to get them though. They were all over facebook."

She stayed there staring at me, like she didn't believe that I was standing right there in front of her. I had overstepped my mark obviously.

"Sorry for dropping around like this." I scratched at the back of my head. "I should have called or something, but it slipped my mind. This is the last day I'm here and things are getting a little hectic at home." I explained.

Her face softened a bit. "Thank you." She said with a small smile. "It's fine that you're here you just took me by surprise." I felt myself relax a little.

Thank god. I had lost her son I didn't want to lose the rest of them too.

“Do you want to come in?” She asked.

My heart pounded in fear. What would Blake’s reaction be to that? Probably not pleasant based on our last encounter. I shook my head.

As if reading my mind she spoke up again. “He’s not in. He’s...out with friends.”

I felt my heart drop its last hope, that I hadn’t even realised was there. This had been what I wanted right? I had wanted him to be out when I dropped around today. Right?

I swallowed back the unexpected need to cry. “No thanks. I need to do some last minute things before my flight tonight.” I said with a wavering smile. “Tell everyone I said goodbye, and keep in touch.” I said feeling a tight pressure on my chest from the need to yell, or scream or do something.

But what?

What could I possibly do?

Turning around I faced my head down walking away from his house.

Unfortunately I ran into the last person and only person I wanted to see.

Daniel Blake.

Daniel Blake’s P.O.V

I walked home, away from my best friends attempts in cheering me up. Picking up girls wasn’t exactly the highlight of my day when all I could think about was Clover. Compare them to Clover. Judge them for not being exactly like Clover.

Their hair would be too long or short. Or it just wouldn’t be the same shade, or have the same straightness that ran like silk through my

fingers.

Or they're eyes weren't as big. Or the right colour.

Or they wore too much makeup.

Or they wouldn't laugh in a way that made my stomach clench, or make me want to laugh with them.

When they smiled it wouldn't be as carefree, or as hypnotising as Clover's. It didn't made my heart beat to a stop, or my fingers itch to pull them closer.

None of them could make me stop thinking about her.

None could stop me from wanting to around her.

None of them were her.

I hadn't seen her in a week now.

She wants to move in a week.

How long until her flight? I didn't even know when it was. If she was gone already. My heart squeezed at the thought, and my stomach churned.

She could be gone and I wouldn't even know it.

I should have gone to her goodbye party. But that was a celebration, and what had I left to celebrate? I lost the girl I love. It didn't really feel like partying in honour of that.

Maybe I could have convinced her to stay though. A purely selfish part of me whispered in the back of my mind.

She was finally going to reconnect with her family. I *knew* how important that was to her. How much it killed her that they had all grown so far

apart. I had seen her cry so many times over it. I couldn't stand to know that I would be standing in the way of that.

Even if it means that I spend days, weeks, months, with this hollow feeling that had appeared in my stomach. Even if it meant that for however long it took me to get over her just thinking about her would make my heart twist painfully.

I could do that for her.

Was this what love meant?

Because it sucked the big one. Every instinct of mine was telling me to go after her and damn the consequences. It would all be worth it to have her stay with me. But a part of me was holding back.

The same part of me that most desperately wanted to hold her just one last time. Hug her. Kiss her. Hell dance with her if it made her stay just that little bit longer.

The same part that was dying to see her smile, because my memory would never do it justice.

I wanted to be the one she would direct that smile at.

I wanted to be the one to make her smile.

I wanted to be everything she deserved and better.

I kicked the pavement with the tip of my boot huffing loudly. What I really wanted right now was to stop acting like such a girl. I was practically shredding the 'man points' I had left. And the same small part of me didn't care.

She probably hates me.

The thought popped out of nowhere. But it was probably true. And that was my fault. I had yelled at her when she had told me. But what had she expected? For me to be happy? I had just managed to squeeze out the three words that had been eating me up from the inside out and she chose then of all times to tell me?

I turned onto my street. I just wanted to go home. Stay in bed. Ignore the world.

Try to forget.

The last thing I expected to see was Clover walking down the street away from my house.

Did she come to see me?

Was she going to stay?

My heart was pounding with hope. I wanted at that moment more than anything to rush up to her and take her into my arms. Feel her holding me back, like she wouldn't ever let go. Refuse to ever let go. Instead I froze mid-step, just staring at her.

She was actually here.

I got to see her again.

She came.

Then I realised she was walking *away* from my house. She wasn't waiting to see me. She probably wasn't here to see me.

I felt my hope deflate, leaving my stomach churning.

But I still couldn't move. My feet remained firmly in place.

I could have stopped her walking into me if I wanted to. Or maybe I couldn't have. I felt like I had lost all control of my limbs.

She didn't look up, and when her body crashed into mine I barely moved as she stumbled back, steadying herself.

My fingers curled at my side, dying to pull her closer. For a brief moment I had to fight myself from tugging her into a hug. From reaching my hand out to steady her.

I watched as both surprise and dismay crossed her features when she looked up at me.

It felt like she was forcing my heart to shut down. I ground my teeth against the pain.

She didn't want to see me.

She had been hoping to avoid me.

It was written plainly across her face.

Closing my eyes I breathed calmly through my nose, hoping to ease some of the pressure that had appeared out of nowhere in my rib cage.

My eyes snapped back open when I heard her speak. "Oh." She licked her lips like she did whenever she felt nervous or awkward. My heart lurched. Since when did she get nervous or awkward around me? "You're mum said you were out." She shuffled awkwardly on her feet.

"It got boring. Wasn't worth staying." I could hear myself answering, but my mind was still whirring. Trying to decipher what she said.

Did it mean that she had asked about me? Had she wanted to see me?

My hope was crushed again with her next words. "I was only popping around quickly to give your mother something before I left." She

scratched the back of her neck, shrugging.

Of course she hadn't wanted to see me. Why should she? We were broken up now.

"Right." I nodded my head, trying not to let her see that right now it felt like someone had delivered a blow to my stomach.

An uncomfortable silence passed between the two of us, and it was killing me. I just wanted this to end. How was it that just a week ago everything had seemed so perfect?

Now she wouldn't even look at me properly. Couldn't talk to me properly. I hated it.

"I'm sorry I couldn't make it to your goodbye party." I said. It probably wasn't the best awkward silence breaker.

"You knew about that?" She asked shocked.

It was my turn to feel uncomfortable. "I was invited." I said with a sigh, watching for a reaction. I saw both hurt and disappointment cross her eyes.

Had she wanted me there?

"Right." She nodded. "It's fine." Something flashed across her face but it wasn't there long enough for me to decide what it was. "I'm glad I ran into you actually." She said eventually, making my heart stutter painfully. Her voice had come out barely above a whisper, but I heard every word.

Why did it sound like she was giving up?

I didn't like the thought, but it refused to go away. "Really?" I asked unsure.

She nodded her head. “Yeah. I wanted to say goodbye.” She explained. I felt like the floor was being swept out from under me. “Properly. I-” She paused shaking her head. “I really don’t want things to end on the note that they did.”

I wanted to say something. I just wanted to stop her from talking because I was sure that it wasn’t going to be something I was going to like.

“You were really there for me, and I can’t tell you how much that means to me.” Her voice seemed to catch in her throat. “I’ll really miss you Bl-” She cut herself short. A smile that didn’t meet her eyes at all crossed over her face. “Sorry. I’ll really miss you Daniel.” She corrected herself, before she walked away.

I wanted to scream in frustration. Usually when she said my name it felt great to hear. Usually when she said Daniel instead of Blake it got my insides jumping in excitement.

But this was different. This time she wasn’t saying it because she wanted to. I knew why she had cut herself off.

Stop calling me Blake. Just stop. My name’s Daniel.

My heart felt cold. I was wrong. I didn’t like her saying my name like that. I thought it would have felt better.

With me having said I love you and her not saying it back it had hurt to have her then call me by my last name. I started to wonder if she felt anything at all. Because who calls there boyfriend by their last name?

But I had been wrong. I didn’t want her calling me Daniel if she said it so distantly.

I hated hearing her say my name like that.

And I hated the smile she had given me more.

Cold. Distant. Emotionless.

She cut herself off from me. And the thought of that terrified me.

I lost her. She was really gone.

I span around quickly, swearing loudly. I didn't care who heard me.

She was really gone. I couldn't get her back.

Clenching my hands in to fists determination flared up inside me.

I had to see her. Even if it was just one last time.

I needed to see her because I couldn't leave it like that. I couldn't let the last thing I heard from her be her saying my name so detachedly. I couldn't let that smile be the last thing I saw her with.

Anything had to be better than that.



Step Thirty-Three: You Hold On Tight

so this chapter wasn't as long as I was expecting but i found the perfect place that i wanted to end it :)

I want to thank everyone who read this, and supported me you have no idea how happy and sad i am that this is the last chapter!

And an apology to whoever *didn't* want this book to end this way, but i've actually had this ending planned from the begining, hense the quick upload :) (that plus someonelovesyou updated)

How To Turn A Good Girl Bad::

::Step Thirty-Three: You Hold On Tight::

“Hailey you’re going to make us late.” My mother chided. I was stood outside the airport, my bags lying at my feet, my ticket clutched in my hand, unmoving.

I just stared up at the perfectly clear sky. There goes my hope of the flight being cancelled due to weather conditions. People bustled all around me, but the ones that caught my attention were the ones that were reuniting. Hugs. Tears. Happiness.

Shouldn’t I be feeling some of that?

I was getting back my family after so long.

But all I could feel was the crushing weight of disappointment. Everything was so wrong. Too much had changed in just a couple of weeks. I just wanted to reverse time.

I wanted to be able to say those words to him. But what good would that do now?

“Hailey!” My mothers snapped again, when I still hadn’t moved at all.

I looked towards her. She was stood with her hands placed on her hips, watching me with an annoyed expression. It wasn’t abnormal behaviour for her. Even before Tommy had died she had always been an anal nut-bag.

Everything always had to go to schedule.

But even under her disapproving glare I couldn't bring myself to care.

"Come on, Hailey we don't have long left until our flight arrives." Rebecca voiced making me look towards her. She was giving me a pleading expression, and I felt stupid and childish.

I had been purposefully dragging my feet over the past few hours. Ever since I had run into Blake at his house.

I don't want to go. I just want to stay with him.

The realisation had hit me hard after our brief encounter. The awkward silences, the tension filled air. I didn't want that with him. I wanted things to go back to the way they were.

But he hadn't turned up to even say goodbye. He had been invited to the party, but he hadn't showed up. That made it the clearest to me that he didn't have anything more to say to me. Whatever we had, it was gone.

Yet I still wanted to stay.

If I couldn't have Daniel Blake I didn't want anything. If Blake wasn't going to be by my side I didn't want to mend the relationships with my family. I didn't want my old life back because I wasn't the same Hailey Winters that I used to be.

But I wasn't so different that I didn't realise that I was being a melodramatic teenager. And begrudgingly I had to admit that I wasn't with Blake anymore.

To throw everything else away because of that would be stupid. Wouldn't it?

Swallowing I lowered my head in defeat.

What was I trying to rebel against here? There was no point in me doing this.

Picking up my bags I slung one over my shoulder whilst dragging the second one behind me. I had got a lot less with me than Rebecca who had to convince our father to carry half of her luggage for her.

“Alright, alright, I’m coming.” I muttered to my mother who was still looking down at me in disapproval of my ‘attitude’.

As far as I was concerned she could stuff it.

I knew that that probably wasn’t the best way to ‘rekindle’ the family bond, but I just didn’t care. If I wasn’t permitted to stay I was sure as hell allowed to throw a moody. Because hell that was their problem now.

If they really wanted to start acting like parents, this is what they were going to have to deal with. At least for a couple of weeks. Or maybe months.

Just as long as it takes to get him out of my head. For however many days it took for it to stop being so painful to think about him.

I could see from the corner of my eye that Rebecca was watching me. Like she was waiting for something to happen. Like she was expecting me to do something.

I ignored her looking towards the huge entrance to the airport.

I don’t think I can do this.

A big part of me was screaming in protest with every step I took closer to leaving. I curled my hands into fists, refusing the sudden insane urge to start tearing up my ticket and then throw it in my mother’s face.

My mind conjured up an image of Tommy. Our happy family. He always hated arguments, it would kill him inside if he knew just how broken our family had become. He would hate it if he knew his death was the cause.

I owed it to him to at least try to keep our family together.

Here forever.

Tears threatened to fall as I thought about him, and my heart started to ache painfully.

I had lost one family member. Did I want to lose the rest?

Then again, I had lost them once before did I really want to lose the only person who had stayed?

My mind started picturing Blake again. He'd been there. He'd helped when I didn't even realise I needed it. I hadn't asked him to but he had.

I didn't want to lose him.

I looked back at my family before me. I missed how close we used to be. We used to tell each other everything. We used to be so perfect. Or at least normal.

I didn't want to lose them either.

I should be happy that Blake had walked away. He was making the decision easy for me. So why did I hate it so much? Why did I still have to fight the urge to drop everything this instant and just go to see him?

I ran a hand through my hair.

When had things gotten so complicated?

It shouldn't be this difficult.

Just a high school relationship, they never last do they?

Family was forever right?

Here forever.

So why didn't it feel like an easy choice. All I had to do was think of his smile and I was wavering with uncertainty.

It's no wonder I'm so in love with you.

I never said it back. I would never get the chance. The need to tell him, just so he at least knew was eating away at me. But what good would that do?

Just a high school relationship.

I was so lost in thought that I didn't realise that Rebecca had pulled to a stop in front of me. I scowled stumbling back from how I had crashed into her, due to her abrupt halt in movement. Wasn't she in a hurry just a few minutes ago?

"What the h-" I wasn't even half way through my question when our dad interrupted me with the answer.

"Hailey, love. Isn't that the Daniel guy you were dating?" He asked sounding mildly surprised, which for my dad was floundering astonishment.

It took a minute for his words to sink in, because they didn't make sense. I stood there puzzling over it but I couldn't think of any way I could have misinterpreted that. Surely enough when I looked to where all three of my mother's sister's and father's eyes were directed Blake was there.

My heart tripled in speed as I took him in. He was leant against the wall at the front entrance of the airport with his hands stuffed deep into his jean pockets, his hair falling into his eyes, looking...bored out of his mind.

From this distance I could see his eyes scanning the crowd of people as they entered the airport.

My jaw fell open and I couldn't do anything else but stare.

What was he doing here? My pulse was now drumming loudly in my ears as anticipation took place of all the confusion and stress that had been there before.

He was seriously here.

My thoughts only became more jumbled when his eyes met mine.

I love you. I love you. I love you.

I wanted to scream the words at him, but I couldn't. I didn't give my feet permission to start moving towards him, but they did it anyway. I ignored my mother who was still complaining loudly about being late.

I didn't care. He was here.

"Wh-" I started to ask when we both stopped in front of each other, but he just shook his head. Jaw firmly set in place. "Dan-" I tried again but he put his hand over my mouth, cutting me off childishly.

I huffed in annoyance, but it felt good to have him close. This felt almost like normal.

"Nope." He denied me the right to talk. "I have this horrible feeling if I let you talk you're going to break my heart. Again." He added onto the end in good measure, making my heart stutter in pain. "So you get to listen instead, and you're not allowed to interrupt until I finish okay?"

I nodded my head but he didn't move his hand. Instead he stepped closer to me, bending his head so his was level with mine.

He sucked in a deep breath. "I love you." His eyes stayed steadily locked with mine as they widened. "But I already told you that." A ghost of a smile appeared on his lips as he remembered. "And you didn't exactly react in the most confidence boosting way."

I was itching to say the words back. They were burning on my throat but as soon as I opened my mouth to say them he shook his head, reminding me not to speak. I tried again anyway but he spoke over me.

"And so I tried getting over you." He put blankly. I clenched my jaw, trying to fight back the stab of pain his statement brought. What exactly did trying to get over me entitle? "Needless to say I failed. When we ran into each other earlier-" He cut himself off shaking his head. "I hated being in the same place as you and not having the right to be close to you."

My chest constricted as I remembered the feeling. Wanting to be near him and knowing that I couldn't be. Knowing he probably didn't want me to be. Yet here he was, saying the exact opposite.

"That was a week Hailey." He scrunched up his face. "One week of being away from you and it was torture."

It was probably a good thing he wasn't allowing me to talk right then because I'd probably be blubbering like a fool, crying endlessly.

This was his fault. A few months ago I would have been just elated at the thought of living with my parents, of having a family again. And now it was actually happening because of him I felt like I was going to cry any second.

"But the worst part was being broken up." I could feel my jaw slackening and if he wasn't holding it closed I'm pretty sure that my mouth would have fallen open.

“Do you have any idea what you’ve done to me?” He glared at me in accusation. “I kept having all these insane mushy thoughts.” He wrinkled his nose in distaste. “I would find my self staring at the phone, waiting to see if you’d call? Wanting to call you and leave you girly voicemails begging you to stay.” His eyes met with mine again.

“I never agreed to let you do that. To let you constantly invade my mind with ridiculous ideas of being able to have you by my side.”

My throat closed in on itself.

“It only gets worse.” He scowled. “I kept imagining up different scenarios.” He pulled a face of disgust. “Scenarios where we never broke up. Where we grew up together. Got married. Had children.” He rolled up his top lip, his eyes growing distant as he thought back. “I imagined up a house we’d move into. I imagined up what it’d feel like to get to wake up every day to see you. I imagined up several other prissy stuff, like the food poison our children would get from my cooking, or the emotional scars they would carry from your nervous rambles, or the arguments I’d pick with you simply for the make up sex afterwards.”

My lips twitched up slightly as my heart pounded in my chest. He couldn’t help adding the last bit could he? But despite myself my heart was racing in excitement in my chest as his words. I wanted that. I wanted it all so badly.

It hurt to think about it. To imagine just how imperfectly perfect the rest of our lives could be. Just like our first two attempts at dates.

“Hailey.” My mother’s voice broke through to me. I turned my head to look at her but Blake gripped my arm, demanding all of my attention.

His eyes blazed with determination.

My breath caught in my throat, and his hand slowly fell away from where it had been stopping me from talking before.

“I know that it’s selfish to want you to stay.” He said letting out a deep sigh. “I know it’s selfish of me to want to keep you all to myself. Being selfish is what I’m *good* at.” His anger faded and he just looked pained.

It made my heart break inside to know that it was my fault that that expression was on his face.

His eyes closed shut tightly, before he brought them back to mine. “So I’m not going to beg you to stay.” He said finally. “All I’m going to ask you for is a chance.” My eyebrows furrowed together in confusion. “A chance to make you fall in love with me. Even just half as in love as I am with you, because then I’d know you’d never leave me.”

My heart melted like butter in my chest.

I closed my eyes fighting back the tears.

I couldn’t do it.

Opening them again I gave him a shaky smile, silently asking if I could talk now. He nodded his head, his eyes closing like he was bracing himself.

“You don’t need a chance.” I told him my voice coming out hoarse. “I’m already in love with you.” I admitted. It felt great to tell him, finally. “I have been for a while actually.”

His eyes snapped open, wide with surprise as he stared at me. “You couldn’t have just told me that before?” He asked incredulously. No ‘I love you too’. But I didn’t expect there to be. That was far too normal for our relationship.

I smiled, feeling a few tears leaking out of my eyes and running down my cheeks. “You’re the one who wouldn’t let me talk, remember?” I asked leaning closer. “How long did it take you to plan that speech?” I asked jokingly.

I felt him shake a little with laughter, as an answering smile graced his lips. “I just winged it.” He answered.

“Daniel Blake.” I said teasingly. “Who knew you had such a way with words.” My voice came out a little shaky but he didn’t take notice.

He grinned widely back down at me his hair shadowing his eyes slightly. My hand instantly moved up to wipe it out of the way. He quickly yet gently smiled and captured my hand in his own.

“One of my finest moments, I’ll admit.” He said leaning even closer so his nose brushed my own.

My smile only widened as I brought my mouth to his ear. “I’ve seen better.” I whispered imitating the first words I had ever spoken to him. He let out a low joy filled chuckle and quickly attacked my lips with his own.

I didn’t stop him. Instead I kissed him with twice as much love than I had ever before.

I forgot about everything. I forgot about my family. I forgot about Mark. I forgot about my flight that was probably by now almost ready to leave.

Only one thing stayed in my mind.

I love Daniel Blake. And nothing was going to stop that. Not even me.

He pulled back, a smile on his face the biggest I had ever seen. “So long distance?” He asked moving his hand from where it was resting on my hip up to brush through my hair.

My heart was rejecting the idea. It was painfully twisting in my chest.

Long distance relationships never last.

Slowly I shook my head.

I wanted the future he had described so badly. Food poisoning, emotional scars, fights, and make up sex included. “No.” I told him determined. His smile dropped as he started to pull away. I gripped on to him tighter, refusing to let him go now.

“I think I want to stay here.” I finished.

A handful of emotions played across his face. Confusion got replaced slowly with understanding and hesitant joy. “What about your parents?” He asked still wary. Like he expected me to back out any second.

I smiled at him reassuringly. “Haven’t you heard?” I asked him. “You’re quite the bad influence.” I said with mock disapproval. “I’m no longer the good girl I was when you met me. In fact you’ve turned me into a complete badass.” I moved my hands so they were lying flat on his chest. I could feel his racing heartbeat matching my own. “That means I don’t need to ask my parents permission.” I joked, trying to pull an ‘I’m a rebel and I don’t care’ expression.

As I spoke his grin grew wider.

I was telling the truth. I was eighteen. I didn’t need their permission, and if they really wanted to fix our family then *they* could try the long distance relationship with me.

All I knew was that I wasn’t ready to leave Daniel Blake. I wanted him in my life. By my side. I needed him there. Wanted him there.

“I love you, Daniel.” I said it like it was a promise. A promise that I wasn’t going to leave. A promise that I wasn’t going to change my mind.

He sighed pressing his forehead on mine. “You can call me Blake.” He said, sounding regretful over something. “I didn’t mean to yell at you for it. I was just...” He trailed off.

Hurt. Mad. Emotional.

I knew what he was trying to say. “I know.” I said shaking my head. “But I want to call you Daniel.” I said licking my lips. “Otherwise when we do all that stuff when we’re older, get married, have kids, it will be weird.” I added light heartedly.

He chuckled lowly, before kissing me again.

I closed my eyes pushing myself closer to him. It had been too long. I pulled back when my lungs ran out of oxygen.

“How’d you know when my plane arrived?” I asked breathlessly. As far as I’d known I hadn’t told him. Not that I wasn’t glad he was here, but I was curious. When I looked up at him he was scowling.

“I didn’t.” He said shaking his head with a frown. Before looking at me with an accusing expression. “It would have been a lot easier on my if you had just answer one of my damned calls.”

He had tried to call me? “My phone’s broken.” I answered distractedly. If he hadn’t known when my plane was how on earth did he find me here?

“Oh.” He said some of his annoyance evaporating. “Well after our run in earlier I tried calling you, but couldn’t get through, so I came to the airport instead.”

My eyes widened. Our ‘run in’ had been hours ago! Had he seriously waited here the whole time?

“Why didn’t you just come to my house?!” I asked in shock.

He pulled a face. "I didn't want to take the risk of missing you all together. Luck hasn't exactly been my best friend lately."

Butterflies paraded in my stomach. He was really sweet when he wanted to be.

I closed my eyes, relishing in the warmth that flooded through my veins.

Even though I knew that things were hardly going to be smooth sailing from now on, I knew there were going to be fights and complications, and that neither of us had perfect lives, I couldn't help but feel deliriously happy.

I had Daniel by my side and that was all I needed.

I didn't care how stupidly cliché it all was.

Love was doing stupid things to my mind, and I didn't mind at all.

I pulled him into another kiss, trying to tell him just how much he meant to me. Trying to let him know that I was going to chase after that future he had promised me with both hands.

"I love you." He mumbled against my lips.

I smiled as I finally gave him the right response. "I love you more."

bawls eyes out! I can't believe that it's the end O.o You guys are awesome!

Hope you liked it x x x There will possible be an epilouge but this is essentially the end x (Feel a little bit lost on what to say right now so i'm just going to stop here)

Epilogue

so here's a much demanded epilogue to all my awesome fans, i hope this answers and questions!

Epilogue:

Daniel Blake's P.O.V.

I scowled angrily at Hailey as she packed our bags.

"I told you I'm not going." I told her moodily pouting like a child. Even though she was faced the other way I knew she was rolling her eyes at me.

"You don't have a choice." She told me straightening her posture, looking around the room as if she was looking for what else we needed to pack.

I glared heatedly at the back of her head. "I'm a grown man. I can make my own decisions." I told her with narrowed eyes. "If you insist on going, go by yourself." I sat down defiantly in the chair at her dresser in our apartment.

She spun quickly on her heels, hands on hips as she glared at me.

I'd become very familiar with that expression over the years we had spent together. It was an expression that told me that she wasn't going to back down.

It was the same expression she had given her family when she had told them that she was staying. With me. I had to fight back a smile at just the memory of it.

Her mother had made quite the scene, but eventually the psychotic need for everything to be in a schedule in her had won over and she rushed very last minute to board her plane. It was amusing to watch.

It felt great to be able to have my arms around Hailey the whole time. Knowing she was picking me. Staying with me. But the down side was that her mother to this day held a grudge. Five years later.

Another reason not to be going to spend the weekend with the Winters family.

Not that I didn't love Hailey, but her family was a whole different story. A long complicated story.

Hailey was advancing on me now, a stern expression set into place. "Seriously Daniel? You're acting more like a baby than Abby." She scolded.

Yes Abby. The other light of my life. My other reason for getting up in the mornings. Literally. Apparently three months after birth children still didn't know the difference between day and night, and slept whenever they wanted.

Cried whenever they wanted.

The amount of sleepless nights our child had caused me, it was exhausting.

But one look into our daughter's bright green eyes, and all my annoyance would fade away into nothing.

It was ridiculous how wrapped around her little finger I was without her even knowing it.

And it only made me more annoyed at Hailey's parents. Because the thought of losing my daughter scared the living hell out of me. So how could they have pushed Rebecca and Hailey away for so long?

The thought of missing out on everything- it terrified me that I couldn't be with her all the time.

I was scared that I was going to mess up royally, or miss something really important in her life.

I was scared of somehow making her hate me. And when I started thinking about it I was glad she was still so young, because it meant that I still had a long time to perfect parenting.

Not that I had ever been perfect at anything.

Hailey on the other hand? She had mother instincts running through her veins or something. It felt almost like the split second before Abby would start crying Hailey was already on her feet to the rescue, ready to rock her in her arms until she fell into a peaceful sleep.

And they looked perfect like that. Hailey holding Abby in her arms, Hailey's hair draping over her shoulder, like a curtain between the two of them and the rest of the world.

It made my heart beat faster when I saw them together. I wasn't sure if I was ever going to be able to get used to it. Hell a smile from Hailey still made an unknown warmth spread through me. I'm pretty sure that if I tried explaining the emotion people would call me crazy.

"We spent Christmas with your family, we have to spend new years with mine." Hailey continued when I still hadn't said anything.

Now she was right in front of me. She had lowered herself so she was looking right at me. Staring at me with pleading eyes. I felt my stubbornness give way slightly under her stare.

I groaned internally. When was it that I would grow immune to that look? The look that made me want to hand her the world on a silver platter just to make her happy.

“The difference is my family aren’t direct descendants of the devil.” I told her with an eye roll, trying to play off the fact that I had already pretty much given in just from her looking at me like that. I didn’t think she knew just how much power she holds over me, just how much I love her.

And it was hard to tell her, because I didn’t know what words properly describe how I feel.

So five years later I was still trying to *show* her. Even if it meant that I was going to have to spend the weekend in torture. If it made her happy...

Sighing I hung my head in defeat.

I heard Hailey squeal in happiness as she placed her hands on either side of my cheeks and pulled my head up to kiss me.

As soon as she tried pulling away I didn’t let her. Instead I gripped onto her waist pulling her into my lap, to deepen the kiss. I felt her muffled laugh through our kiss at the sudden movement. I was sporting a smile of my own as I pulled away.

“Don’t worry Daniel, you’re supposed to hate your in-laws.” She told me as she pulled away her hands still buried in my hair.

I smiled as I put my hand on her left wrist, bringing her hand to hold in the two of mine. My thumb grazed lightly over the smooth silver metal of her wedding band.

That’s right. We’re married now. I reminded myself. It was still strange to think about a year later. I still didn’t make sense to me. I don’t know how I convinced her to say yes, but I must have done something spectacular in my previous life or something, because she did so without hesitation.

I still got a smile on my face when I remembered that everywhere she went now she was holding on to something to say she was mine.

As she tried to worm her way off my lap I held her in place.

She wasn't going to get away that easily. I raised an eyebrow at her. "I think I remember you promising me something after all of our arguments." I told her with a confident smile in place, making her laugh at the memory.

"Oh really what was that?" She asked feigning ignorance.

I just smiled at her, running my eyes over her body suggestively. "...A hug?" I said after a pause.

That got her shaking with laughter. "A hug?" She repeated. "That's new."

I grinned at her. "An intimate hug." I elaborated. "That involves both of us being naked and me ra-" Her hand slapped over my mouth to silence me, as she gave me a glare, as I laughed at her expense. She hated dirty talk, or anything like it.

"Don't even think about it." She said with a murderous look in her eye. "Anyway, this wasn't even a real argument." She said shaking her head. "This is just you throwing a wobbly over having to see my parents. This happens every year."

I smirked at her. "No it isn't." I said childishly.

She rolled her eyes. "Yeah it is."

"No it isn't." I continued, my smirk growing.

"Yeah it is." She pushed herself further away, but I quickly pulled her back.

I raised an eyebrow at her picking her up bridal style and chucking her onto the bed. "Okay that was enough of an argument for me, what about you?" I asked climbing over to her.

She suddenly clicked onto what I had been doing and hit me playfully on the arm. “You’re a pervert.” She told me.

I shrugged my shoulders at her. “Well you didn’t get pregnant from me being celibate.” I told her placing a butterfly kiss onto her shoulder.

She laughed pushing me away. “Oh really then how did you get me pregnant?” She asked sarcastically.

I grinned. “Allow me to demonstrate.” My voice came out huskily as I whispered into her ear, before nibbling on it gently.

She laughed silently shaking her head, her hair tickling me as she did so. I groaned lowly pressing my nose into the crook of her neck, placing soft open kisses wherever I could reach.

Over the past few years I had gotten to know Hailey’s body all over. Every dimple in her skin. Every stretch mark from her pregnancy. Every freckle. Every mole. Every weak spot...

I ran my hands up her thighs gently, massaging her skin gently slowly itching my way up to the edges of my favourite skirt that she owned. She’d gotten it shortly after she moved out from under her parent’s thumb, to get an apartment of her own.

Now *that* had been a fun night.

My stomach tightened in anticipation, as I thought back to it.

I know she wore it on purpose, we both knew that when she wore it my fight wavered. But hell, if this was the outcome of her wearing it I couldn’t bring myself to care that she was playing me like a violin.

She let out a low moan from beneath me, making my lips tug upwards into a smug smile.

She hooked her long legs together around my waist and I let out my own moan of appreciation. My blood was thundering loudly in my ears now, as my excitement grew as she ran her slim finger lightly over my stomach.

I shuddered, unable to help pulling her in to a kiss, claiming her mouth as my own.

I almost didn't hear the cries indicating Abby had woken up.

Hailey noticed instantly however, her mother instincts coming in as she pulled away, detangling herself from me easily.

I groaned in defeat rolling onto my back, fighting the urge to pull Hailey back into my arms and make work on giving Abby a sibling to distract her whilst Hailey and I had some more *us* time.

Hailey laughed at me obvious disappointment.

"Abby's awake." She chimed unhelpfully. Like I didn't know that.

I scowled in her direction. "Our daughter has the worst timing ever." I pouted. "She gets that from you."

She grinned leaning in to give me a peck on the lips before pulling away. "And she gets her constant scowl from you." She fired back whilst sliding herself out of the bed and fixing her clothes.

It was true. Our child wasn't a smiley one. She had an almost permanent frown on her face, that made her look like the first ever gothic baby.

But then again I wasn't exactly expecting a normal baby considering the relatives she had on my side of the family. Most of them were complete nut cases. Plus it made me feel really rewarded when she did give me one of her rare smiles.

I gained pride from being able to make my daughter happy when most couldn't. It made me feel like I could maybe manage this without screwing up ... too badly.

I shrugged my shoulders lightly heartedly. "She gets her constant whining from you." I said quirking an eyebrow amusedly in her direction.

Her jaw dropped open, but she quickly snapped it shut narrowing her eyes at me. "You're an ass." She said letting out a loud 'humph' before twisting sharply on her heels.

I chuckled at her, shaking my head. "Yeah but you love me." I called out after her as she exited the room.

She didn't even turn back around. "Debateable." She quipped.

I just smirked. It was too late for her to change her mind now. She had married me, and given me a child, and we were even looking for a proper house to move into together. She was stuck with me, because I wasn't about to let her go anytime soon. Or ever.

The phone started to ring from the bedside table, making Abby start to cry harder to be heard over it. When Hailey shouted through for me to answer it I already had the phone in my hand.

Pressing the green button I put the phone to my ear. "So did you convince him to stop being a child and come over for new years?" Was the greeting I got.

I rolled my eyes. "Hi Rebecca." I said recognising her voice anywhere. "Hailey's busy right now, can I pass on a message?" I asked.

I heard her laughing, not at all embarrassed for how she had answered the phone. "I guess that will have to do. Can you tell your wife to call me back?" She asked. "You know when she has the time for little old me that is."

I rolled my eyes, a smirk pulling up the edges of my lips. “I’m sorry she’s anticipated to be...*occupied* for the next few hours.” I hinted heavily with my words. I was already planning ways in my mind to steal away Hailey’s attention when our daughter was done with it.

I intended to pick up exactly where we had left off.

“Okay ew. I don’t want to hear that.” I could imagine Rebecca’s disgusted face that her tone was implying for her. “You guys are married now, and with a kid. Don’t you ever calm down?”

“Nah.” I waved her comment off. “I plan on having a few more kids.” *In the distant future.* I added silently. I don’t know if I could handle having two babies keeping me up at night.

Then again if one was a boy...

I imagined all the things I could teach him. Football. How to win in a fight. Picking up chicks. I liked the sound of it a lot. We were definitely going to have to try for a boy next. I felt myself smiling as I remembered what Hailey had listed of things I could teach our daughter to do.

“Think about it. You teach her two of the most important things she needs to know when she’s a teenager. How to defend herself from boys... and how to apply her make-up like a pro.”

Yeah she still hadn’t let that one go. She even occasionally brought back my lack of man points and the old nickname ‘girly Dan’. I think she just likes emasculating me.

“Hey Danny boy you still there?” I scowled a little at the nickname she had given me before realising that she had been trying to say something.

“Sorry can you repeat that?” I asked. “I got distracted thinking about my plans for later.” I couldn’t help add on to the end.

“Right I’m going to have to rid that mentally scaring image from my mind.” She snarked. “I hope you know that your kids therapy is going to be expensive as shit when she gets older.”

I laughed. “I’ll start saving now.” I promised, as I was speaking Hailey returned to the room cradling Abby gently in her arms.

I felt my lungs struggle to breathe a little at the image. Yeah more kids wouldn’t be such a bad idea.

Hailey raised an eyebrow in silent question of who was on the phone. Mouthing ‘Rebecca’ to her, I offered to pass it over. She nodded her head.

“Hailey just got in here if you want to talk to her real quick.” I told Rebecca.

She instantly demanded that I hand the phone to her sister, making me roll my eyes, before trading the phone over to Hailey in exchange for Abby.

Abby squirmed gently in my arms, finding herself a comfortable position, all the while a scowl stuck to her face. I could feel my lips unconsciously tug into a smile as she burrowed herself in closed to my chest, her tiny hand curling onto the fabric of my shirt.

Even with her moody expression she was adorable. I used one hand to hold her head gently; still wary that she was a baby, and I could inflict serious damage on her if I wasn’t careful. I ran the soft pad of my thumb over where her hair was growing to be a pitch black colour, matching mine.

I felt a glow of satisfaction when her scowl lessened, to give way to a much more calm expression.

I couldn’t wait until she was older. To find out what her voice sounded like. To find out what personality she had gotten – either mine or

Hailey's. Or maybe she would be like Rebecca.

I shuddered at the thought. If so Hailey was dealing with her tantrums, because it was from her side of the family.

I heard Hailey saying goodbye to her sister and hanging up the phone before coming to sit next to me on the bed.

She leant into my side her head resting gently on my shoulder.

"So new years with your family..." I said starting up a conversation quietly, trying not to disturb Abby's peace. "Any chance we can bring Jo or Sapphire along?" I asked in hope. They were both still friends of ours, and were two people who were still fully on board the 'anti-Hailey's-mum' boat with me.

She pulled away raising an eyebrow. "So you either want to bring along your ex stalker or your ex fling with us?" She asked amused.

I flinched. "When you put it like that it sounds bad." I winced.

She just laughed quietly shaking her head. "I'm just joking with you." She pressed a kiss onto my cheek. "If you want one of them to come along you're going to have to convince them not me." She ended the conversation.

I grinned happily, knowing that Jo wouldn't miss a chance to throw death glares at and conspire against Hailey's mother with me.

"I love you." I said pressing my lips gently to her, trying not to jostle Abby in my arms at all.

"I love you too." She responded, her eyes warming into a glowing smile. "If you put Abby to bed we can procrastinate packing for a while." She suggested raising an eyebrow at me, her hands subconsciously straightening her skirt.

“Sounds like a plan to me.” I said beaming.

Actually it sounded perfect.

~*~

hey so that's it! NO SEQUEL! sorry to dissapoint there might be some random extras - actually i know there will be at least one in Rebecca's P.O.V because I promised someone that i would write it, but i don't know when that will be up, but it won't be officially a part of this story so it will be posted seperately, along with any other random extras :)

hope you enjoyed!